NOVEMBER, 1926 VOLUME LXIV, NO. 3

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THREE GREAT EDUCATORS

WITHIN the past month three of America's greatest educators have died: Eliot, Sherman, Beers. The lives and works of all three were founded on principles of sound scholarship and finely directed living. It is difficult to see others to take their places. All three during their lives met with the patronizing critics who called them "old fashioned", yet in their obituary notices we find ourselves realizing that they stood for the things which mean true greatness.

Henry Augustin Beers, modest, shy, remains as one of the most inspiring memories to anyone who sat in his classroom or knew him on the Yale Campus after his retirement. His short stories are among the finest in the English language. His scholarship was unquestioned, his influence as a teacher tremendous. Even in the last years of silence and meditation he was ever aware of modern thought and modern writing, ever alive to the changes of the times. His potentialities would have made him one of the great critics of our time, yet he chose to exert his influence in the quiet of academic retirement.

Stuart Pratt Sherman died tragically at the zenith of his power, just when he was beginning to break through the cocoon of university thinking and come out strongly for changing ideas and ideals of his time. In a few years his philosophy of criticism, tempered by his contact with journalism, would have been, as it had been in the past, a beacon of light in the darkness of American critical thinking. Eliot and Sherman could smile in their meditations on the folly of youth, but Sherman was young, he was a fighter, and he would have continued to lead a a battle for honesty and care in art which has suddenly become a battle without a leader. In Sherman, youth has lost a friend, and age a kindly interpreter.

A leader must arise. From what academic cloister, from what unseen direction will he come? There was never a greater need for strong humanistic criticism to guide a developing robustness in American letters toward sturdy accomplishment.

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WHOM THE SHOE FITS

INTERVIEWING authors today must be a great deal like talking with protesting criminals in their cells. A good many authors have to writhe at once into a posture of defense and explain that they meant to slander no one through their characters. A reputable general's wife writes a temperate story of the Philippines and looses thereby an avalanche of criticism from army women; a sober Texas lady suggests that the wind blows fiercely there, that Sweetwater was not as big in 1870 as it is in 1926, and she is charged with calumny and slander; still another lets a holiness evangelist ravish an adolescent girl, and is accused of writing up town characters in her native heath. Now Edna Ferber has drawn a vortex of publicity by introducing Tom Taggart, West Baden, and roulette in three paragraphs on page 303. It will soon come to the point where no novelist can include any villainous fellows in his cast without being sued simultaneously by a hundred mayors from as many cities of the democracy.

It is true that many of our novelists' characters today wear only a thin petticoat of fiction; it is sometimes difficult to decide where Jean Rothchild leaves off and the local manicurist begins. This is nothing if not an age of depicting types with splendid verisimilitude, and some of the townspeople are pretty likely to fit into some of the types. Given such art, capably wrought, and a self conscious and neighbor-ogling public, the result is likely to be just what it is: a group of injured readers with none of the detachment necessary for appreciating fiction.

Whatever may be said of the novelists, the lesson at the moment seems to be for the American public. Its grave error is not so much a technical one as an emotional one. Americans need to learn that they can best escape the jibes of current fiction if they go blandly about their business as if none of these jibes were meant for them. The fatal mistake comes in yelling and thus achieving incriminating publicity for themselves and profitable notoriety for their tormentors. The popular aphorism, "A hit dog hollers", has too much currency to be overlooked in a matter of this kind.

A college president recently made the misstep of taking an April Fool paper seriously. Thereby he secured for his administration no end of ignominy and embarrassment. This is what too many prominent readers are doing — they are so heightening the glee of the fiction artist that novel writing is tempted to go to sadistic lengths. The novelist is tempted to write punitively for yowls instead of for honesty of art. Hysterical readers would probably help both the contemporary novel and their own reputations if they would read novels, in case they do read them, with more detachment and less alarmed introspection.

A CHALLENGE TO THE NEGRO

THE appearance of "Fire", a quarterly review devoted to art among the younger Negroes, is particularly encouraging at a time when the Negro shows ominous signs of settling down to become a good American. Indeed, if Carl Van Vechten is to be relied upon, he is already making rapid progress in the matter of economic comfort and opulent display. And as Langston Hughes, among others, has

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pointed out, it is so much to the economic advantage of the Negro to become as nearly like his white neighbor as possible that he will probably not be able to deny himself the chance. As the Negro begins more and more to measure up to the white yardstick of achievement, he will gain a merited position in American society — however grudgingly it may be accorded him. This attainment may conceivably be for the best interests of both races.

Yet it is a bit tragic to see Negro literature slip over into American literature. There is some irony in considering the Negro's workmanship as a contribution to American arts and letters. Here, at last, is one time when the Negro should willingly keep in his place — and it is perhaps the one time when the white will not want to keep him there. Certainly the Negro has the basis for a literature which is singular and distinctive, which possesses a breath and animation all its own. No background for intense, emotional writing could be more auriferous than that of the Negro. In form and spirit he has the most desirable of models, for his blues and folk songs have a shapeliness no ingenuity could devise and he has injected into his best writing a blood curdling intensity no cool headed Americanized colored man could ever recapture. Why then must he be patronized and encouraged to become like his colorless brothers in the arts?

Apparently the Negro has felt that he needed some journal distinctly his own — under his own editorship and management — to serve as the vessel of his thoughts. It is to be hoped that he will find in this new Negro quarterly the thing he needs to keep his artistic individuality. Possibly the shout of "Fire" will awaken him to some sense of his own inimitable worth.

Let the Negro artist be himself. We could ask nothing more.

THE FATE OF THE JEW

THE most self conscious race in the world, the Jews have not been wont to face their problems squarely. Men like Ludwig Lewisohn write of trials and tribulations. They carry on the tradition of oppression and make it clear that the rest of the world is against the poor and wandering Jew. This is far from the case. The Jew is his own worst enemy. His sensitivity has always led him to suspect insults where only friendship was offered. He is a plant somewhat unwilling to be grafted upon another and a stronger root, and while this is his racial strength, it is also his racial tragedy. In America the place of the Jew is assured; as a result of his ability in things intellectual, his activity and influence in our intellectual life are both deepening and increasing. It is therefore a boon to find a young Jew who happens along to write clearly and convincingly of the problems of himself and his people. In the "To-Day and To-Morrow Series" the son of Rabbi Wise makes it evident that he has brain power and stamina.

There is an alarming simplicity in James Waterman Wise's predictions of the Jewish future that is singularly effective in a day of loud explosions. We have become rather deaf to the shout that youth's debauch will wreck the present order; the church is fairly well prepared for some new alarm. It will doubtless find the signal in the quiet, direct utterances of young Wise, who asserts in "The Future of Israel" that he cannot envisage among Jews or

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among Christians a believing religion for the future. Both faiths, whatever else may be said for them, have based their demands "on the validity of their theological concepts". These concepts cannot virilely persist in an age when faith plays an ever less important rôle, and it is this fact which leads Mr. Wise to the conviction that "Judaism the religion cannot survive", though the Jews may be expected to have a religion of conduct. For "while the ultra-fundamentalists of all ages and faiths have insisted that right conduct was impossible except when arising from correct belief, mankind has generally known better".

Mr. Wise addresses himself also to the future of Israel's land and the future of her soul as a race. He evaluates the Zionist movement in the light of the encouragement it has given Jewish hopes. His understanding of his own race, its history and its nature, is the breath and life of his book. Yet he writes with objectivism and in an admirably fitting manner.

DISROBING THE SAINTS

ONE by one the saints are being denuded. Perhaps it was the rise of impartial analysis in biography which prompted the public greed for the overlooked details of a master's life; perhaps it is the pleasure of knowing that the great men, like us, were sodden clay; or it may be sheer ghoulish interest in the outrageous features of the fellow's conduct. Whatever the cause, the unrobing proceeds apace and readers apparently derive a great deal of excitement out of knowing that men who have hitherto been used as pulpit illustrations or have been thought of as impeccable, were of the same glandular weakness or virility as many a lesser mortal.

Now in these last days Tolstoy stands exposed. Though he has been the author of his own undoing, it is easy to imagine the pleasure and conversation his admitted susceptibility for bare legs will afford those who can read the unearthed journal of his youth in French or its reviews and quotations in English. The journal offers detailed and unmistakable evidence of the carnality of the great Christian. It reveals an Adamic depravity which a diminishing energy and a mounting discipline did finally conspire to eliminate, but only after the Count had done more than enough to convince theologians that he was sinful, and general posterity that he was not all he was cracked up to be.

There are those to whom such revelations appear as a matter of imperious consequence. If one listens enough in some quarters, one gets the impression that gender must have come into existence around 1900 and that any suggestion of it prior to that time is most curious. A young professor, so the report goes, recently gave a paper on Stevenson before a group of serious young thinkers in a southern city. The paper mentioned in incidental fashion the possibility of Stevenson's having had a natural son or so. In the literary discussion that followed, little else was talked about. One beribboned girl flung herself from the room at last, wailing, "You have ruined my Stevenson for me!" And it is possible that the irrelevant vivisection of the essayist's moral being, which was protracted into the early hours of the morning, came near ruining any sensible approach to Stevenson for the whole lot of them. Stuart Sherman used to have a way of saying, with an inimitable intonation, that the young people

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today will "talk about anything, ANYTHING — and not much of anything else".

The upshot of the current craze for salacious details is that it stultifies interest in the artist as an artist. There are excessive moralists who will not read the poetry of Burns, to take an incredible instance, because Burns had certain affairs without the benefit of clergy. It is not hard to see some degree of similitude between such an attitude and that of a group who will spend an evening on Stevenson's murky reputation as a moralist.

Certainly these remarks may be anent only a small portion of the literary population. If so, to this small portion let it be said that we may well have a casualness and relaxation in discussing a writer's amours, a sort of abated interest that will allow us to discuss them in due proportion and with as much objectivism as we should exert in discussing his diet or his mental poise.

WAR BOOKS

IT was several years ago that a publisher, and a good one, wrote to an author whose war book he had rejected that to his mind everything to be said about the years 1917 and 1918 and the soldiers in France had already been said. Nor was this particular publisher alone in his belief. At that time the magazine editors were deaf, dumb, halt, and blind to almost any manuscript that treated the war more fully than to say, "Then the war came." Stern, hard headed publishers were grim and silent at the mention of any book dealing with combat, and the booksellers — well, the booksellers had plenty of war books that they couldn't even give away.

But that condition was not long to last. First there was the writing and acceptance of "Three Soldiers". People soon realized that there had happened in France a great many things that they had not thought about. Then there came "The Enormous Room", that lyrical and sometimes absurd account of a young man's disgust, hate, bewilderment, at military minds and prisons. "Through the Wheat" appeared not long after to present a record of behavior under continual fire that was not quite like what Arthur Guy Empey and other wartime writers had made it out to be. And then Laurence Stallings wrote "Plumes", wherein the disillusioned, disabled soldier spoke in a very arresting voice and asked the value of sacrifice. After which Mr. Stallings and Maxwell Anderson got together and asked the same question a little more sharply in their play "What Price Glory".

Even with these books, and numerous others, the publication of war books did not cease. For the publishers discovered a strange thing. These books were actually bought. Some of them went through any number of printings. Within the last year there have been Captain John W. Thomason's delightfully illustrated reminiscences of scenes at Belleau Wood, Soissons, and Champagne; Hervey Allen's extraordinary account of affairs among the commanding generals; and now at last Leonard H. Nason, whose war stories have been appearing in "Adventure" for the last couple of years, has brought out a book about the A. E. F. that is as essentially doughboy, as essentially robust American, as the A. E. F. itself.

All of which goes to show that each man, if he can achieve the difficult job of honesty, has an individual story to tell; and that if it be competently done, he needn't worry about an audience.

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ON PARTING WITH A FAVORITE CHARACTER

By Hugh Walpole

I AM very well aware as to how thoroughly old fashioned the heading of this little paper appears. For the novelist in these days to admit to a favorite character at all is old fashioned enough, but to lament at parting from him hurls the novelist back almost to the period of Henry Mackenzie and his "Man of Feeling".

I am no scorner of my own times; I think that on the whole for a man interested in contemporary life this present period is the most adventurous of any that one can choose; but this is a debatable question and it depends too absolutely upon the separate conditions and experiences of each individual to be settled finally by anybody! I enjoy my times, my contemporaries, and my modern novel, and some of the newest artists in the field of the novel I enjoy for several reasons the most. But this does not mean that I am not often aware that the most modern novel is in many ways ceasing to be a novel at all. I read only the other day somewhere Aldous Huxley's own personal assertion that what he wanted to do in his novel writing was to blend the essay with the novel and make some new sort of composite (there is nothing new under the sun, however). All the young men and women who acclaim "Ulysses" as a perfect novel seem to me to be making a magnificent misappropriation of terms.

A young man with whom I have been corresponding, who has already published two novels of the old fashioned kind with considerable success, fell last year suddenly upon "Ulysses". Since then he has been like Rosa Dartle, wanting to know how I can find any pleasure in pursuing the old forms, trying to tell a story, endeavoring to create a world outside myself. Well, the answer is that one does what one must, and a further answer still is that one loves doing it. With all the brilliance and clever wisdom of the very modern psychological novel, depending as it does for its principal interest on evanescent moods and feelings personal to the author and on a negation of external physical happenings, if one is inquiring simply as to the fun that the author himself gets out of his work then I am sure that the new man cannot compare in that with the old. Indeed, when I ask any novelists among my friends (and I know most of them) as to whether they enjoy the actual experience of writing they will in most cases answer that they do not, that it is a distress and an agony and a slave driving affair, and that they should prefer to dig potatoes.

For myself, quite frankly, I know nothing that for sheer unalloyed happiness approaches the absorption, the real complete absorption, in creative storytelling. I am not here perhaps rating the novelist very high, I am taking the commonest denominator of all. I have no doubt that Shakespeare was gloriously absorbed and carried into another world when he wrote the play scene in "Hamlet"; I am equally certain that Mrs. Henry Wood knew exactly the same glorious absorption

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when she described the return of poor Lady Isabel Vane disguised in green spectacles as governess to her husband's family; and I remember once having to read for review a work by Marie Corelli entitled "The Master Christian", which, absurd though it was in its incidents and characters, gave one a queer friendly sense of the lady novelist's eager excitement while her pen like Sir Walter Scott's rushed across the page in tempestuous creation.

No, it is not in itself, this passionate creation, a rare gift nor a proof of fine sensibilities or critical taste. I am speaking only of the happiness that it gives to its possessor, a happiness most surely not to be despised. I have myself recently had a consciousness of this acuter and sharper than any that I have in my twenty years of writing life experienced. There is nothing in this confession of much interest to anyone, but there does come from it a curious question of experience which is perhaps worth a moment's comment. This book that I have at last finished and parted from has been my companion for nearly six years. Other shorter books have intervened, there has been in the course of it every sort of change in place and occupation, myriads of interests and excitements from my first view of the Arizona Canyon to the Test Match at Lords the other day have occurred in the course of it; but always I have been aware that there was this group of persons and of individual histories into which I could retire at any moment that I pleased. It has been a sense quite unæsthetic and quite uncritical: for an author of my kind this is one of the problems of novel writing — that so completely does this little world possess you with its reality and truth that it is almost impossible while you are in the middle of it to be critical about it.

It has happened also that the hero of this particular book has been more actively real to me than any other character I have ever created. For six years he has been my constant and unfailing companion, and all I have had to do, it seemed, has been to select out of all the incidents in his life of which I am conscious those most pertinent to my particular subject. But now that the book is finished and the proofs are finally corrected, he has slipped away and is mine no longer. The effect is precisely that of some intimate friend who, after living closely in your company, moves to a foreign country; you see him at once in a light quite apart from your personal contact with him, his acts and moods and habits are no longer one with your own but are to be criticized and studied impersonally and without prejudice. "Now then", says the critic, "is the moment to transform your work into something artistic, to make it a work of literature." But now the creative energy has departed, the urge has gone from you; because he has withdrawn himself you can see him clearly no longer — he has ceased to be your friend but is rather a figure in a book about whose probabilities and absurdities the whole world if it pleases may argue.

I have thought sometimes that the highest pleasure in novel writing would be to engage upon a work that would never be concluded and never published. A friend of mine remarked to me the other day that no book was written until someone other than the author had read it, that the reader created the work quite as completely as did the writer. If that is true I can only say for myself that, if a book when it is published is different from the book when it lies in manuscript on the author's table, it is the second of these two I care for, and this not because I

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fancy I am guilty of any peculiar sensitiveness to criticism but rather because I am not sensitive enough. I delight in praise (I have never known an author who does not) and I am irritated for the moment at least by hostile criticism; I like a book to sell well, I enjoy the knowledge that many people are reading it if I have that good fortune; but all these things are of a low order of experience in comparison with the excitement and happiness that come while the novel is still my own and while the characters in it have the inevitability and intimacy that come from private acquaintance with them.

Only six months ago my hero, his friends, and his enemies were mine, I did not doubt their authenticity nor question their close relationship with myself; they were there for me whenever I wished to find them, I alone was privileged to listen to the accidents of their careers and to watch the antics of their behavior. Now they are anybody's game, they have withdrawn themselves from my friendship, and they will appear in the published book as only wraiths and faint images of the things that once they were.

BRIEFLY LAD SHE MOURNS THEE

By Charlotte Hungerford Perry

BRIEFLY, lad, she mourns thee,
Briefly, aye, but well:
Seated by the cypresses
With folded pimpernel

Purple on her bosom,
And dusted in her hair,
(Just enough for prettiness)
The ash of her despair.

So with lagging lashes,
And tender, brimming eyes,
She beholds a comforter
With delicate surprise . . .

When thou comest, eager,
On the wind's cool wing
Seeking her wet cheek, lad,
For all her suffering,

Here is moss, soft-matted —
A handkerchief, a dash
Of fallen purple pimpernel,
A flake or two of ash!

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Silhouette by Julie Brown

ELLEN GLASGOW: CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

NO one has ever suggested that a rapier was not as deadly a weapon as a blunderbuss. "A scratch," says Mercutio, "marry, 'tis enough." The main thing is to let blood. In skilful hands the rapier does it most successfully. The rapier of Ellen Glasgow's satire has pricked with neatness and dispatch every part of the old romantic, sentimental, gallant-gentleman-and-lovely-lady tradition of the south. More than that, it has pricked the entire bubble of men's and women's relationship. Ellen Glasgow lives in Richmond but she is a citizen of the world. That she has done it in a gentlemanly manner does not detract from the accuracy of her thrust. There is much of Mercutio about Miss Glasgow herself. She is gallant and she is a philosopher. She is brave, for even in her sheltered southern girlhood she insisted upon challenging the conventions which bound in varying degrees all women of the day. There is moreover a gaiety, a wit, a joy of living, along with the relentlessness of the iron hand in the velvet glove. A person to be reckoned with from the first! A valiant opponent of all humbug! She possesses a passionate and pervasive love of life but she shears away with that sharp rapier of her irony the false traditions, amiable humbugs, even the smaller tricks of behavior and opinion which obscure what is fine and vigorous.

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In large part no doubt the romantic southern legend was thrust upon the south from without, or at best it applied to a very limited part of the population. The popular tradition of New England in a similar manner describes accurately only a small percentage of New Englanders. It awards New England all the narrowness of the country, though as a matter of fact there are a dozen sections more New Englandish than New England has ever been. Even the far famed Victorian tradition proves the veriest of shams when it comes to applying it to the whole age over which Queen Victoria presided. These legends act as a kind of protective coloring which helps screen the normal course of development.

A good many things are said of Miss Glasgow from time to time which are not true. The fact that she has a national reputation, even an international one, does not prevent her being the legitimate outgrowth of her own environment. There are always a few persons too large to see the limits of their environment. Stress has been laid upon the fact that she was herself a part of this very Virginia background, and that she attacked her own traditions. Yet tradition and convention are the cords by which the weak seek to bind the strong. Always a few women have realized that there is no sex in brains. Ellen Glasgow is the outgrowth of her environment, but her work has won her the right to be judged irrespective of time or place. In manner and in some aspects of her temperament, Miss Glasgow is essentially feminine. The thrust of her intellect is masculine; but when was there ever a really vital person in whom the characteristics of both sexes did not intermingle curiously? Miss Glasgow may have brought realism into Virginia. She may and doubtless did give it a big impulse all over the country while Sinclair Lewis was still a schoolboy. The supreme fact about her, however, is that she is one of those very few writers whose work transcends the labels of the schools. She is a realist, but what a world of romance she mingles with her realism!

The few big writers are bound by neither sex nor environment. It is worth observing, nevertheless, the environment from which Miss Glasgow came. In the more practical north — Miss Glasgow would doubtless take exception to that adjective! — parents are prone to discourage literary ambitions in their children because the odds are so much against their earning a sure or sufficient income. In the south, after the Civil War, there were just two occupations in which a gentlewoman might engage without loss of caste. She might establish a little school and teach the children of her friends whatever she herself knew, or she might write books. In either case she required about the same amount of preparation, and in either case her friends responded loyally. I suspect it was because she did not want the loyal patronage of her friends that Ellen Glasgow's first two novels were published anonymously. These two books were published before she was twenty. This fact is significant because, though southern girls frequently married young, a southern girl was sheltered and protected so that she was far more ignorant of the world than a girl of that age could well be at the present time. These two first books were well received; the general belief was that they were the work of a mature writer and a man. Personally, I suspect the nineteenth century touch in the final part of this verdict. I find little that is obviously masculine about Miss Glasgow except her handwriting. And

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if you stop to think of it, very few men write a masculine hand.

Her own home was a strict southern home and she never went to school. Under the direction of her mother she taught herself to read, picking out the letters from one of Scott's novels. She went in and out of the cabins of the Negroes probably very much as the little girls at Uplands do in "The Battleground". In the same way, very possibly many things were not mentioned before her. "Aren't you ashamed to speak like that before your Miss Betty?" Mrs. Lightfoot chides one of her Negroes. You could not read Miss Glasgow's books without realizing that her feeling toward the Negroes is something of which no northerner is capable. She is intensely sorry for them, as though in some way they were children who must be protected. It is equally impossible not to believe that some of her inimitably funny Negro talk had its foundations in stories and anecdotes she picked up as a child, listening as Betty listened to the talk of the Negroes. It is only because there are so many things to heed in Miss Glasgow's books that more attention is not paid to her remarkable gallery of Negro portraits with their droll and pathetic and wise and pompous talk. As a matter of fact, Miss Glasgow's wit is one of her most notable qualities. It is woven all through the fabric of her stories — quite as it is woven into the fabric of life. It ranges through the whole gamut of her moods. She is far wittier than most of our humorists. I should not be surprised if she were the wittiest of all our novelists. Her wit is all the more enjoyable because there is no stage direction to warn you that now is the time to laugh. It will break through her soberest or her bitterest pages, for after all our soundest philosophers are convinced that this human life of ours is comedy, not tragedy.

One is inclined to ask where this southern girl, living her sheltered life, discovered her range of characters. The answer is found in the books themselves. With one exception her books are written about Virginia. They have an inclination to settle about her own city of Richmond. In one of them she brings in the square grey house in which she lives today. The wealth and variety of character is all to be found in the life about her. Only in her case she has the seeing eye, while most of us are totally unconscious of the possibilities of the people we are passing every day. The whole range of Virginia people, from senator to slave, drift through her pages.

When she was writing her third book, "The Voice of the People" — the first of her novels to bear her name — she wanted a description of a state convention. Women of the eighteen nineties did not mix in politics in Virginia. Nevertheless, Ellen Glasgow was writing a political novel. So she inveigled a family friend who was a delegate to the state convention to smuggle in her sister and herself, because forsooth no artist would describe a convention when she had never seen one! On a hot June day the two girls sat in their obscure corner, listening to the flood of southern eloquence — and Ellen Glasgow got her story. I suspect it was because she was so very feminine, and because the Virginia gentlemen were so notably gallant, that she was able to secure her facts about politics and battles. "The Battleground" is so remarkable an analysis of Civil War conditions that a British general recommended it to his men for reading for that very reason!

It would be fortunate for author and

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reader alike if more people would take the time to read an author as a whole. They would learn more than they dream of the real substance, the ideas, and the atmosphere of the author's work. On reading one of Miss Glasgow's novels, your mind may be absorbed wholly by the story. On reading a number of them one after the other, you get perhaps first of all her deep love for the natural beauties of her state. Readers of "Barren Ground" alone might utterly miss this aspect of her work. I think most happily of her gardens so full of roses that the paths are covered with rose petals. Wild grapes, flowering dogwood, Virginia creeper, red winged blackbirds, dark pines, sycamores, and always roses abound in her books. If one took time to go through Miss Glasgow's novels with this one purpose in mind, it would be easy to reconstruct the flowering countryside of Virginia, quite as Robert Frost makes us conscious of the hostility of nature in parts of New England, or as the rich fertility of the corn belt seems to have an identity of its own in the pages of some of our middle western writers. And how she loves the beauty of Richmond! She pictures it as the gay capital of the Confederacy in "The Battleground", with Jefferson Davis living in his tall pillared White House, with all the great figures of the Confederacy coming and going in the city, and the Richmond belles wondering just how much longer they can make their old dresses do. Or again it is the Richmond of "The Romance of a Plain Man" ten years after the war, or a Richmond already recovering and rebuilding its prosperity after the ruin of the war, as we find it in "The Voice of the People".

Ellen Glasgow was born at the end of the decade following the close of the Civil War. This means that by the time she was ten years old, when we might expect her to have become acutely perceptive, the problems of reconstruction had become an accepted condition. The old plantation life had disappeared. At its best it had been a gracious existence, and it is small wonder that those who had personally known it actively regretted its passing. It could, however, exist only where there was a large servant or slave class. The land owning classes of England have faced similar problems in recent years. Taken together, Miss Glasgow's novels reveal the whole social history of the south. Any of us have had opportunities to observe the fatal ease with which people slip into habits of luxury, but the opposite process is usually accompanied with sore distress. Ellen Glasgow grew up in a south which was bitterly regretting its past glories, and fostering a sentimental regret for an order which could never be reestablished. Even a child could recognize that this was a poor scheme of life. Any scheme of life which denies progress is apt to end disastrously. For that reason, straight through her career we find her rapier puncturing the convention of courtly southern gentlemen who might toast the ladies at dinner and allow their wives to get up to scrub the steps before breakfast, or who insisted that their womenfolk remain in the home struggling to make ends meet rather than engage in any gainful occupation. One can almost see her lip curling at the wide discrepancy between their language and their condition of living. Even in "The Battleground", whose earlier chapters take place before the war, Miss Glasgow is poking fun at these Virginia gentlemen.

Miss Glasgow spends just as much time poking holes in the tradition of the Virginia lady as she does in that

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of the Virginia gentleman, but there is this difference — she is very sorry for the ladies. She does not find the men deserving of sympathy. However they shine in the pages of literature, they must have been an irritating lot! In "Virginia", which she herself likes because it offers so accurate a picture of a girl's life at the time of her mother's girlhood, the pages are literally barbed with her ironic comment. Virginia's whole education was "founded on the simple theory that the less a girl knew about life the better prepared she would be to contend with it". On another page she writes: "Virginia's education, like that of every well-bred Southern woman of her day, was designed to paralyze her reasoning faculties and to eliminate all danger of mental unsettling. She was the passive and helpless victim of the ideal of feminine self-sacrifice." In Virginia's white muslined girlhood the motto of the household was, "Virginia must be spared." Spared, comments Miss Glasgow pithily, for marriage. It looks to us today like the preparation of the sacrificial lamb. She was spared everything hard in order that she might remain lovely and innocent and desirable to eligible young men. The moment her marriage was achieved she became instead the one who must sacrifice and endure. She realized that she had entered into her woman's destiny. Her beauty and her attractions disappeared because her beauty has been the bloom of girlhood and her mind has never been developed. After years of hard work and self sacrifice, Virginia discovered that her husband and children had grown away from her. She no longer interested them.

It is obvious that while Miss Glasgow feels a profound pity for Virginia, her own sympathies are all with Dorinda of "Barren Ground" who, having discovered that life had cheated her in love, packed away her dreams along with her wedding finery and wrung from life the same sort of success which a man would demand. Dorinda is a gallant fighter, and the fact that she violates all the aspects of the romantic tradition must endear her to the heart of her author!

One aspect of this social history does not bear to be ignored. Realist to the core of her being, Miss Glasgow reveals that the southern lady's life in one of the great houses of the old order was a much more hard working existence than most of us have supposed. She was busy early and late, keeping a firm hand on the reins of the household, managing, supervising, doctoring, disciplining, sometimes even nursing the large numbers of Negroes. Even the girls were used to these tasks. Betty and Virginia Ambler are good housekeepers. When Mrs. Lightfoot is ill she does not depend on her servants; she sends the Major hotfoot to Uplands for Betty to come over and look after her and manage the household. The Major makes some very gallant speeches about the pleasure of carrying off a pretty girl, but it does not in the least disconcert him that he carries her off to look after his own comfort. After the big Christmas dinner Betty sends her mother and sister to bed, while she stays up all night to finish tying up parcels for the servants and filling stockings for the long list of children in the quarter. Her mother goes reluctantly, but how Miss Glasgow must have enjoyed making Betty's father retort that, having been Governor of Virginia, surely he can fill a few stockings! Miss Glasgow has no illusions about the usefulness of these fine speaking gentlemen. She knows well who had

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the easiest life under the old order. It is amusing also to watch these gay southern gentlemen going off to war with their servants to look after them, and their wonder whether they should take both winter and summer underwear. And yet, and yet, through all their conjecture of a two weeks' or a six months' war, how strangely we hear the confident promises of those English boys who would be home by Christmas of 1914 at the latest! It is just another evidence of the way in which Miss Glasgow understands men and women and boys and girls and life itself.

Miss Glasgow began to observe life at a crucial period in the history of the south — the period when the old aristocracy was sharply contrasted with the more virile blood of the new south. Every novelist likes to study character in a crisis, under the impact of a tremendous change. Here was splendid material, for the fortunes of war which impoverished the old aristocracy brought opportunity to another class. Many an overseer was able to buy his master's estate. Miss Glasgow likes to play these two classes against each other, and she is strictly nonpartizan. In her books no one class of people has all the virtues or escapes all the vices. Like Mercutio she is a gay idealist with a deep grain of skepticism hidden in her heart. In "The Deliverance" she illustrates this point of view most effectively. She shows us Christopher Blake so wholly tender toward his blind mother that he builds up a fabric of lies which consistently protects her from the realization that the Blakes have lost their old home and that her children are living in penury. But this same Christopher Blake, who can be so chivalrous toward his own, dwells bitterly on his humiliations until he reaches the point where he deliberately sets out to undermine the character of young Will Fletcher. His purpose is to wreak vengeance on old Fletcher, the boy's grandfather, former overseer for the Blakes, who when the Blake fortune was lost purchased their old home. In poverty the Blakes retain their refinements, while in wealth the Fletchers are still crude and vulgar. Yet instead of sentimentalizing over the unfortunate Blakes, Miss Glasgow reveals how in the crisis the essential weakness in Christopher Blake made possible a hideous vengeance which he himself could never undo.

There could not well be three more varied types than we find in the three southern novelists of foremost reputation today, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, and James Branch Cabell. Of the three Ellen Glasgow, for all the deadly accuracy with which she has done battle with the old traditions, seems to come closest to the spirit of those old Virginians who first settled the state and laid the foundations of its greatness. There was no mysticism about those old Virginians. They looked life in the face. They found the world pleasant and they liked the good things pertaining to it. Miss Glasgow likes life so well that she insists upon wrestling with it till it reveals its secrets to her. Like Dorinda we see her running toward life rather than escaping from it, as Mr. Cabell escapes into a universe of his own making, or as Miss Johnston escapes into that larger consciousness which we find pervading her later work.

There is much to say of Miss Glasgow, for she has packed full of achievement these years of her writing life. She is one of the few women — even of the few people — who have written the epic novel. "Barren Ground" was an admirable example of this, for as we followed the individual fortunes

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of Dorinda, we were at the same time conscious of the way in which a whole scheme of life was impaled before us. The two themes are marvelously interwoven. Dorinda represents the woman who triumphantly vindicates the idea that romance is not enough to fill a woman's life. Yet we know that Miss Glasgow's supreme concern, in her derision of the way of living of the old southern lady, embraces the whole relationship between men and women which gave to a man a variety of interests in life but demanded that a woman's life should have or lose significance by the success or failure of her love episode. Can one forget Cousin Lydia who in true humility of spirit believed that as a spinster she had no right to dress as well as a married woman? If love is not enough for a man to live by, no more is it enough for a woman. Today the world — or at least a sizable part of it — has come round to Miss Glasgow's way of thinking. But what an iconoclast she must have seemed when she first uttered this heresy! Often in her ardent feminism it seems that Miss Glasgow's men are much better lovers than are her women. Her irony finds a subtle satisfaction in making men the slaves of a passion which for the woman has ceased to exist.

Yet granting all the things which Ellen Glasgow has done to the southern gentleman — and indeed the pricks of her rapier must have left him in sore case! — she has surpassed herself in her new novel, "The Romantic Comedians". It may not be her greatest novel, but I have a strong suspicion that it is her most brilliant. The swift passes of her rapier dazzle us and her irony is fathomless. Moreover the deadliest quality of her thrust comes from the fact that this time she has made her realism an international affair. Judge Honeywell may have acquired his manners in that state which found "the school for gentlemen" a prouder title than "the mother of presidents", but Judge Honeywell's propensity for finding springtime in his aging heart cannot be limited to time or place. Possibly nowhere except in romantic Virginia could an Amanda have cherished a hopeless passion for one man while so many equally eligible men were seeking to comfort her. Not in Virginia alone, however, do men of sixty refuse the suitable marriage with the woman who has waited faithfully for them. It is realistic and quite disillusioning that Judge Honeywell as a widower should look upon his loving Amanda as too old for marriage. "An object of respect was far from being the partner with whom you would prefer to dance." They do not make women like Amanda now, he reflects sadly, as he turns his eyes and heart to Annabel, one of those modern young girls "without corsets and without conversation".

Ellen Glasgow harries all these good Virginians with their smug little conceptions of life, for she is one of the few novelists of whom the psychologists heartily approve. She does not even respect our October judge whose love is all gentleness. What has gentleness to do with love, we find her reflecting scornfully, while the marriage fails and the incorrigibly gallant judge once more puts his lips to the intoxicating spring of youth!

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THE GODDESS YESANDNO

By Bartlett Cormack

ONE of the most significant comments on American personality today is the fact that visiting foreigners no longer comment upon it at all. The American personality was a positive thing to Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Kipling, Arnold Bennett, even Dickens, when they toured these United States. It affected them like a swarm of bees, and stung fresh — very fresh — comment out of them. But visiting writing men react to our things, our material conditions, instead of to *us*, now. What strikes them and furnishes them copy about the United States is its clangor, skyscrapers, traffic, crime, wealth, not its personality. After reading scores of foreign accounts, interviews, impressions of America in 1926, I find myself crying, "Yes — yes — but didn't they see, talk to, meet any *people* here?"

Now, there is an American personality today, of course. But except in its professionally fanatic aspects, it is entirely negative. Therein, it seems to me, lies the reason for the visitor's perhaps unconscious failure to see that, washed out though it is, a personality does exist throughout the land.

This personality is new to the United States. It no longer strikes sparks. It not only does not wait until it sees the whites of its enemy's eyes before it fires; it does not even fire. For there is no enemy that it can see. It not only does not say "Yes!" or "No!" with the vigor and bellicose amplifications of yore; it does not even say "Yes", or "No". "Yes-s and no", is what it says nowadays, with variations of, "Well-l, it is and it isn't", and "But on the other hand". Its traditionally forthright character has been deflated so that it hems and haws where once it roared pointblank. The Goddess of Liberty has become the Goddess of Yesandno, given name Prudence; and since her elevation and fixture in the last six years, the personality once distinguished by an enthusiasm that, as a phrase of the belligerent past expressed it, "made the fur fly", has collapsed like a stuck balloon.

The eagle has become almost indistinguishable from an eel, or is it a clam?

One does not have to be an exquisitely artistic temperament, or even a literary *émigré*, to realize that this is so, and that the American scene accordingly lacks the gusto and verve that once made it such an exciting, dramatic show. One does not even have to be old. One has only to read the new accounts of the past being turned up by professional historians as well as by literary necrophiles.

The pre-Yesandno personality may have been crude and mulish, as Mr. Beer indicates with elegant snobbery in "The Mauve Decade"; but it was not, in the nineties any more than in the seventies, "The Dreadful Decade" of Mr. Seitz, or back to "The Day of Concord and Lexington" of Mr. French, crass and crapulent as it is today. That it was alive, and kicking, then, these and their related records show. And abounding life is all that should be required of any personality. The American personality in those days did strike sparks. It even set up con-

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flagrations now and then. Taking its temperature today from the contacts with it that a working reporter, reader, and diner out makes, one doubts whether it could get hot enough, over anything, to fry an egg.

This contrast between today and yesterday is jerked into sharp relief by these new accounts of the fathers and of the times in which they lived and, it has become evident, sweat, scrapped, and swore. These exhumations are startling to one schooled on American "history" that, examination of the sources proves, bears as little relation to the facts as Dr. Henry W. Longfellow's midnight ride through Middlesex bears to that of Paul Revere.

Poets and novelists as well as historians always used to give the past a military burial, thereby insuring the fixture of myths and chromos in the heads of us who read at home as well as in school. A century, age, or epoch (decades were not then separately and fastidiously embalmed) was swathed in its country's flag, interred under the auspices of an "authority", the proper number of salvos were fired (in honor of the "authority", never of the corpse), and the job was done, definitively. Canonization was a part of the technique of literary undertaking, too; and in sprinkling holy water on the past the "authorities" warped and distorted it so that its reality was lost, and it became the sweetly lulling, noble fairy tale still current in grade and high school history and literature texts.

That lost reality is clear in its most picturesque stretches and upheavals, however, in the contemporary minutes that give flesh and blood and brain to the histories, biographies, and reminiscences issuing from the presses now. And it is by juxtaposing the personality they disclose with the personality, or lack of it, in the saddle (of a mechanical horse) today that one realizes that what ails life in the United States as an exciting, dramatic show, its politics, business, and letters — even the starved-for-culture litterateurs who bark querulously at its smug monotony — is simply the reigning goddess, Prudence Yesandno. That female's fat, somnolent face ought to be stamped upon our coins to symbolize this age. The press of the country, still in the ineffable trance into which it fell at Harding's first ascension in 1920, snores now and then, but, too comfortable to wake and take a shower, lets comment go at that. Public affairs, and accordingly the public, follow in Prudence's train.

"Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity", said Blake. But then, Blake was "a nut".

Absence of opposition is what takes the starch out of life, and the decay to the vanishing point of any articulate, forceful opposition throughout the land has inevitably produced this attitude of Yesandno. What caused the decay of opposition may be said to have been what caused the decay of Rome: indigestion. Every meal in the United States is a Thanksgiving Dinner now, and the meal is continuous. And Thanksgiving Dinners have always been an excuse for a nap.

But whatever the cause, opposition has decayed. The personality once characterized by words that connoted opposition — "spunk", "dander", "get-up", "gumption", "sassy", and the like — has developed what one whose work brings him up against it in all its activities concludes is a positive incapacity for opposition against anything, because of the often remarked tendency of the nation to take on and make virtues of the characteristic of the administration in power — perhaps.

The very expressions that racily de-

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scribed that personality in its active tense, and gave the language savor and dash, have expired from print and, in public and city life, from talk — "hot under the collar", "riled up", "fly off the handle", "cold turkey", "keep your shirt on", "gall", "right off the reel", "forty ways", "lay down the law", "read the riot act", "not by a jugful", "first crack out of the box", "on your own hook", and "face the music", for example. Affairs and their spokesmen snooze in the broad, yielding lap of Yesandno; and what the inquiring reporter hears is, "Well, yes, and no, if you see what I mean", and, "But on the other hand, now — ", and, "This is the day of compromise, with non-antagonism the watchword of the hour."

Young reporters read Mr. McDougall's account of the excitements of being a newspaper man twenty, thirty years ago, when all one had to do was to keep his ears open to get stories galore; and they sigh wistfully, "That *must* have been the life!" The American scene then apparently made a noise like several calliopes and a brass band. Today it is so quiet that a reporter no longer needs ears, professionally, at all; only a nose.

This extraordinary passivity is most striking in politics, of course, where pussyfooting, seesawing, and compromising to avoid antagonism have become reflex actions as mechanical as the winking of an eye. "The Rip Van Winkle Decade", this period might be nicknamed by some future Mr. Beer; and under that title the author could justifiably deal with the letters, particularly the criticism, of today, as well as with its public life.

In criticism, pusillanimity has doped to maundering the voices that one expects to hear raised, offensively or defensively but always aggressively, in debate. Mencken (one does not "Mister" a classic) still propheteers, but repetitiously. He is an old story, indeed an axiom, now, so that the figure he cuts is that of, say, Columbus charging up and down Fifth Avenue bawling that the earth is round. In newspapers and reviews generally, criticism practises an avuncular benevolence, a rhapsodic eulogy, or a pretentious banality that is as incongruous and pernicious in criticism as it would be in any war. As *Cher Maître* Mencken himself might say, American criticism today is full of adenoids.

In public affairs, personality is similarly comatose. There is no public interest in either the way the wind blows or the wind itself. In the news, for light example, a Mr. See, an elevator manufacturer, spasmodically emits long statements arguing with passion, and therefore commendably, that the teaching of Latin in the schools is nonsense and approved of only by nincompoops. But no one makes the newspapers and life more interesting, as someone certainly would have done in the enthusiastic past, by hurling back an argument that Latin, by heaven! is all that stands between students and complete illiteracy, and that by his harangues the manufacturer indicates that he is something of a nincompoop himself. In New York there is only the hoarse voice of the Reverend John Roach Straton crying Biblical injunctions and imprecations in Broadway and Dayton, Tennessee, slang. No one has back at him. In Chicago recently, an organization of the presidents of the leading business houses of the city smoothly deflected an investigation into the tieup between politics and gang killings that a special grand jury proposed to make. No one said it nay. "College men", a prominent educator declares, "are battling against the social, po-

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litical, and economic pressures that choke spontaneity in the United States." To anyone realistically in contact with college men, even to college men themselves, such a statement is absurd. But no one shoves out his chin and gives such cant either the lie or a laugh. No one steps out to demonstrate that college men are "battling" to become alumni, and nothing else.

In personal contacts, when dining out, for instance, there is the same apathy toward, or it may be fear of, give and take. "I have to get my guests jazzed up with cocktails, highballs, and wine these nights to make a dinner at all bearable", a hostess complained the other day. "People simply cannot, or will not, *talk* any more. No one seems to have any bones to pick with either prevalent opinion or the conditions of things at large, though there certainly is an abundance of bones! I suppose it's because no one actually *believes* in, has faith in, anything any more." The evidence is everywhere the same. The same spontaneity once so typical of the American personality, the rather charming, youthful brashness that advanced and supported a point of view, has evaporated; and now the facial expression of that personality is that of a profound, fixed yawn, or a well fed stare.

Even the cash register, which is certain to get on our flag, possibly as a crown for the eagle, if the present coolidgidity of things continues — as long ago as 1897 Mr. Dooley called the cash register "the crownin' wurruk iv our civilization" — even cash registers have noiseless attachments now.

Things are very quiet, and not only along the Potomac, under the Goddess Yesandno.

Now it is not necessary, for life to be a stimulating, dramatic show as the new exhumations and divestments of the past are disclosing yesterday to have been, that one be for or against any given thing. But it is necessary for one, and it would seem obligatory for one's spokesmen, to be for, and against, *some*thing, to have and express a point of view, to "take the bull by the horns", as another of our expired phrases used to say.

It is better to wear out than to rust. "And", as Miss Millay has penetratingly said, "he whose soul is flat — the sky will cave in on him by and by." The American personality is distinctly flat nowadays, possibly because of its recently acquired and thoroughly un-American propensity to play safe. What set loose this epidemic of timidity throughout the land may be explained by sociologists, who can explain anything. Perhaps it was "those bolsheviks" again.

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THE SHIRT

By Genevieve Taggard

With Sketches by Lydia Gibson

THE mouth of the charcoal iron glowed under Marie's sharp breath, and a shower of sparks danced over the board. She beat them out with the flat of her hand, and bent to count the damp lumps of cloth in the basket.

Paul, on the floor, kept her company. They talked constantly of the time when he would not keep her company any more — when he would go to school.

"First we sell the chicken, if he ever get big", he was saying in his weary-of-waiting voice. "Then I get a shirt like Antone. Then I go school."

They spoke English these days — the English of conglomerate Hawaii — in place of Portuguese.

"Say, 'Then I will go to school'", corrected Marie.

She shook out the lady-teacher's fifth ruffled petticoat and drew it over the board. These petticoats she was ironing into smooth perfection would come down the aisle and stand over Paul if he went to school.

She was afraid of Paul's going to school.

She slammed the iron down the front panel, pressed an extra moment on the embroidered flounce, and peeled the gleaming length, brittle as glass, from the board.

Marie was afraid of the way the petticoats would come rustling down the aisle, of the way they would stand out under the ample smile of the lady-teacher. Why did the lady-teacher like to make a ring of rustles around her, a widening circle of little starchy noises, like the circle that widens out from a duck on a pond? . . .

She knew there were no fears in Paul's round little head beyond the daily fear of the mongoose, no problem but how to make the little chicken grow big enough to be bartered for a shirt.

In spite of the worms he fed it, and the bread he stole to crumble for it, the chicken on whose growing everything waited seemed to slump. Its neck got thinner, its body lighter, its legs began lengthening out like stilts. It was a good-for-nothing little chicken, Paul knew, and unless it grew no one in the valley would give them a quarter for it.

It would take a quarter to buy the shirt. That had been decided long ago, when the chicken was still in its pin feathers. At first there had been four chickens and a hen. The hen stretched her neck with a croak, one morning, and died. One by one the three other chickens vanished, with only a feather or two to tell how.

Paul was thinking about those disappearances, when the mangy survivor craned its neck above the sill, ventured inside, and pecked speculatively at a knothole.

Through the partition came the sound of their mother's grumbling, and the defiant slap and rub of wet clothes. Their mother was indifferent to the plans for the shirt and school. She was indifferent to nearly everything. When she lost a customer she grumbled as she was doing now. When she gained one,

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" They talked of the time when he would go to school "

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she gave extra presents to Father Sebastian. She had threatened once, when he was ill, to give him the little chicken for broth.

A breeze creaked the door of the shack, and blew up to Marie the distant shrillness of the children who had gone by long ago, on their way to school. The red road ran on, beyond them, past a clump of trees around the school flagpole, till it ended in a shimmer over the hot streets of Honolulu. Sometimes Marie looked down at the toothpick tangle of masts beside the wharves and wished that Portuguese girls could sell flowers, as native girls did, out there. Charcoal irons are heavy, and the starch nearly always sticks, on hot days.

She shifted her bare feet on the gritty newspapers and stared at the door.

Paul had made himself a pencil of charcoal. He was lying flat on the floor droning as he drew.

"One chicken and one chicken make two chicken."

"Make two *chickens*", corrected Marie.

After a while she got to the tablecloths. The mother's rub and squash of clothes, Paul's sleepy voice, and the bees muttering in the honeysuckle over the door went pleasantly with the long sweeps of the iron. After the tablecloths were the blue-damp napkins, where the lily-of-the-valley patterns came out in the path of the iron's hot pressure. Paul wriggled forward on the floor over yards of previous charcoal outlines, and took a new grip on his pencil.

"One marble and one marble make *two* marble, eh, Marie?"

"Yes, yes, Paul."

She turned the heavy iron around to catch the wind with a twist of her bony wrist and went to the door. The school children were near the taro patch that jutted into the road, just before the school. They were calling shrilly, spreading arms wide in the air as they ran, kicking the dust. The short, stiff skirts of the little girls were careening like balloons in the wind. A bell jerked in the distance.

She shaded her eyes from the morning light where the air was dizzy over the slopes of guava bloom. Across the barren river bed, the hunchbacked mountain lay warm in the sun, and a little knot of windblown guava bushes stuck up like the chicken's anxious head. Marie was tired of thinking so.

She was more tired of thinking that than of ironing, so she turned back — when outside something shook the dry weeds in a long serpentine. A brown arrow, all fur and tail, leaped for the stone wall.

"The mongoose, Paul."

Paul pushed by her, roughly. They looked everywhere. Nothing moved in the weeds. The stone wall was a blank. While they stood there, the second bell clapped suddenly in the lower valley, and Marie imagined that it was stiller because she knew that the children were making a silent salute to the flag.

Paul, still dwelling on the mongoose, did not hear the muffled drumbeat, or think that he heard the marking scuff of a hundred feet. . . .

Marie turned back sharply. She had liked school.

The iron sizzled under the smart slap of her wet fingers, and puffed indignantly as she flung it across the expanse of smooth linen. Paul hung at the sagging door, watching the biggest hole in the wall. He thought he could see two bright points there, like eyes.

The claws of the sore headed little chicken scratched across the floor, and ticktacked over the sill.

"Arrrrrr. Go way", Paul yelled at it. "What's the matter with you,

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what's the matter with you, you don't grow!"

It spread its weak little wings, eyed Paul, and scuttled. Straight for the stone wall's darkest hole. There came a diminutive squawk. The mongoose leaped, and then made for the underbrush, trailing the lanky little chicken, bit clear through the neck.

The children stared.

They were coming home in the evening sleepiness, with empty baskets, from delivering clothes.

"Marie," Paul said accusingly, and by the sound of his voice she knew what he was going to beg, "Marie, you don't like I go school."

"You know first you must get a shirt, Paul."

"Can't you get me shirt some other way? Marie?"

"I don't know what way I can get it, Paul."

In all the weeks past he had not come near the subject. Marie's tongue had been as sharp as his mother's lately. She scrubbed the charcoal figures from the floor, and shut him outside in the uneventful yard. They had nothing to talk about now. He had to look at the freshly combed and starchily clean little company of slate carriers, morning and evening, without much sympathy from her.

But her voice was softer, tonight.

Paul glanced sideways at her hand. The laundry money made a little lump in her closed fist. She didn't seem to remember that she was holding the money. She was not looking at anything in particular, just at the pure sky, with the empty basket on her head, and one hand holding it. Paul suddenly yanked at her fist.

She shook him off, but gently, and put the money inside her dress, on her flat bosom.

She did not seem to be angry with him.

There were damp ferns in a niche hanging over a dust streaked shrine beside the road. Marie made a sign and sat down crosslegged on the grass. Paul pulled his ragged blouse off over his head, and thrust his arm up to his shoulder into the muddy spring that dripped at the feet of the cross, feeling for frogs.

Just then a picnic crowd of white people—*haoles*—ladies like the teacher who would have taught Paul and men with lumpy sacks over their shoulders — passed them. One of the women screamed, and then laughed, when Paul fished out a frog and let it jump against her skirt.

"No, no, no", scolded Marie.

The lady who had screamed ran on laughing, and caught up with the rest of the *haoles*.

"Why didn't we stop and ask the Virgin to make the guava jelly jell?" she called as she ran.

Marie and Paul put their baskets on their heads again.

Paul was engrossed in the recaptured frog's back legs. He pulled them in and out as he trotted along, kicking up a cloud of red dust. Marie trod on the thick, soft grass by the roadside, balancing the basket on her head. They turned into the path to their house. Paul was scowling, as he hurried, at the hole in the wall, when Marie caught him and whispered:

"You pick guavas. The lady-teacher will buy guavas, Paul."

In the midst of the teacher's singing on Saturday morning came a knock and whispers. The teacher knew Marie's face. It had come into her dreams several times, floating on a cloudy cabbage patch of her own starched petticoats. She had said to her hus-

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band, the gentleman-teacher: "James, it isn't right that that child should do all my heavy ironing. It gets on my conscience. Are you sure she *had* to stop school? I'm going to have the laundry done at home." Ching Lee ironed the petticoats now.

But Marie had forgotten the loss of the laundry. She held up a pail of guavas awkwardly, trying to smile at the teacher.

"The lady-teacher like guavas?"

Paul stole a glance from his sister to the big clean lady in the door above. The lady came down with a rustle of skirts.

"I wonder if Ching Lee can make jelly", she pondered, turning over the gnarled fruit. "I don't know as I'd have time. . . . Oh, well, all right. I'll take them." A great benevolent smile bent over them. "Did you pick them, Marie?"

"No ma'am. *He.*" She gestured her hooked little hand at Paul.

"I must do the ordering now", said the teacher to herself. "When are you coming back to school, Marie?"

(The lady-teacher was still the lady-teacher, even with her fingers clean of chalk dust, even on Saturday mornings.)

Marie shook her head and then looked suddenly across toward Paul. . . .

The teacher interrupted.

"You run along and play in the swing now, while I do my ordering, and then I'll empty your pail." She put a new dime in Marie's palm.

"Only ten cents. . . . Only ten centavos. Marie, ten centavos can't buy shirts!"

Paul would have whined out the whole thing there, before the smiling lady-teacher. Marie had to shake him and hush him and hustle him off.

He fingered the money morosely as it lay in her hand, and looked back angrily at the house.

"You get some more guavas", whispered Marie, still jerking him beyond sight of the teacher's veranda.

"Let me hold it. Let *me.*" He was tired now, certain that he wouldn't march in with the other children day after tomorrow, as Marie had promised. She had said she would sit up all night to make the shirt, and even sew on Sunday, out in the bushes, if she didn't get done.

"Take it."

Paul's stubby fingers clutched, almost dropped the money.

"Put it in your mouth", ordered Marie. "Bite! You mustn't lose."

They didn't swing in the swing. Paul absently traced cats in the white dust at the foot of an old tree. They were careful not to look at each other.

A vegetable Chinaman trotted past them into the teacher's yard, calling his truck as he banged the gate. Marie got up, stiffly. At the gate she looked down at Paul. His face was twisted into a contortion of fright and despair.

"Paul!"

He gazed up helpless.

"What is it? Paul! Oh, Paul", she cried. "*Why, why, why* do you swallow your money?"

She shook him desperately. He let her.

"We can't get it. No use."

The teacher hurried over, sternly.

"Why are you mistreating your little brother, Marie?"

"He swallowed something. A button, I think, ma'am."

"Oh, that's dreadful. Let me see. What shall I give him? Wait a minute."

She hurried into the house.

The vegetable Chinaman covered his baskets, made change, put the morning's purchases on the back steps, and jiggled off.

Paul quit swallowing hard, and nudged Marie.

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" The lady-teacher like guavas ? "

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On the railing, between some tomatoes and a bunch of bananas, lay a quarter.

It was not hard to take. His lean fingers closed over it; the other hand stacked some lettuce over the tomatoes; and no one saw but Marie. They were far away, gasping in the red dust of the home road, when the teacher came out on the steps with a bottle and a spoon, and looked from left to right, wondering.

For a week Marie toiled over the shirt, stitched double each seam, and sewed on the big eyed bone buttons. This was a serious joy. She did not want to hurry through it. So she put Paul off with stories of next week, with talk of how he must act — never be late in line, never speak without raising his hand — while Paul whined and fretted and jogged her elbow, to see if she would ever be done.

Then she soused his head and scrubbed his feet, brushed his tight little pants, and starched the shirt. It crackled when he moved, the Monday he was to go, as stiffly as had ever the teacher's petticoats. She had resolved to starch it into a sort of armor for him against all possible perils.

He had no doubts about school. He did not even fear facing the lady-teacher. He pulled away from Marie, took his pencil whittled out of charcoal, and ran after and caught up with the other children.

Marie stood in the door and let the iron burn through the cloth while she watched. During the silence after the first bell she scorched Father Sebastian's surplice, and when it was time for Paul to come home, stole out, while the mother was changing suds, and went to meet him.

That day, as for days after, there were long stories of the splendors of purple chalk, the teacher's tuning fork, the teacher's songs and games. The teacher didn't seem to know Paul in the new shirt. She had asked why he came so late in the term, and he had hung his head until she let him go back to his seat. She had not spoken of the button, and she did not want to know why they ran away, as Marie feared she would.

Still, something kept troubling Marie.

Paul could answer hard addition questions now by folding his arms against his ribs and counting on his fingers. Once he drew cats instead of copying the writing drill, and the teacher did not mind.

He was told to make whiskers with outward strokes, eyes with pyramid pupils; and after a while the teacher selected him to draw on a little board that was never erased. He took purple chalk for this. The teacher asked the children if there were any purple cats in the world, and they laughed at Paul. She told him to keep his eyes open and tell her next day the color of all the cats he saw. Then she made him use common white chalk.

That afternoon Paul brought something home with him — chalk, a purple half piece.

Marie grew thoughtful when she saw the gorgeous cat made on the floor with the teacher's chalk. She waited while he sniffled and grunted, toiling over it, and then blurred it with her bare foot.

"Bad boy", she said over and over to his dismay. "Trouble for you if you steal. I tell you, Paul, there will be trouble — *pilikia*."

But Paul could not be so easily frightened by her now. Who was Marie, when there was a lady-teacher? She tried to shake him to emphasize her words, in her sudden terror, in her intuition of what would happen.

"Leave go", he yanked away. The shirt almost tore. "Leave *go* me." He tramped sulkily out of the door.

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For punishment Marie wouldn't wash the shirt.

"Go dirty", she said wildly. She was in a rage at the lady-teacher, with her rings, her tuning fork, and her utter power over Paul.

The shirt got grimier. . . . Paul never told her things that happened now. There were purple stains in the pocket where he always carried home the chalk. He stayed in the yard after school, and decorated with a chain of grinning cats the door of the mongoose's home.

Marie saw them, and her face grew hard and warped looking.

She wore the same expression at confession next Sunday.

She said to the priest:

"If the mongoose steals from us, we must steal from somebody else. School is good for Paul. It is not bad to take what is good."

And while he rebuked her, she stared at the familiar crochet on his surplice. Ironing that surplice made her feel less reverence for the holy father. She was not afraid to argue a little and to go home unrepentant in her heart.

All during the day, while Paul was at school, she faced as she stood at the ironing board the velvet-black hole in the stone wall, where two wicked mongoose eyes twinkled. It was a plump mongoose, the only prosperous creature in the whole law abiding valley. It was better to look at than the scrawny chicken. For hours she defended Paul.

The defense she repeated like a catechism. Paul, the priest, the chicken, the lady-teacher, and the mongoose pulled her world about among them. She was beginning to believe in the mongoose, when someone broke into the schoolhouse at night and stole the flag.

Paul came home on the run, forgot his silence, crying and gasping, and told her about it.

His words went on and on. . . . He couldn't stop. What the lady-teacher had said: It was bad to steal. It was bad to steal. *It was bad to steal.*

"She looked at me", he confessed at last. "She looked at me. And she came. . . . I can't go back. I can't go back. I can't!"

Marie bit her nails and stared at Paul, lying like a lump on the ground; heard absently the bad words in English he was learning from the other boys. This stealing. . . was it good or bad? Marie shrugged her shoulders. One thing was good, she knew — to have Paul stay home and play again on the floor under her feet.

He was unbuttoning the shirt, squirming his shoulders as if he hated it, saying, "I can't go back."

It was better to have him there, through the ironing days ahead, sniffling and drawing cats as before. A crafty look came into Marie's eyes as she sat staring at the shirt, lying limp and dirty on the ground. She picked it up suddenly and took it into the house, and returned with the old Portuguese blouse again for him to wear.

Next morning the teacher found a neat newspaper parcel on her front steps. She was in a hurry for school, so she picked it up and opened it as she crossed the playground, read the note as she spoke a model and benign good morning to Antone, to Joe, to Mercedes. At recess time she was still puzzling over the starched little shirt, with its big eyed bone buttons and double stitched seams. Finally she put the package into the emergency chest, and the note with its careful copybook writing into the back of her plan book, and forgot all about them.

The note said that the shirt had been stolen from the lady-teacher; and that it was bad to steal.

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PUBLIC WOMEN IN MARRIED LIFE

By June Lucas

I AM so tired of reading articles on married women in public life that I think I'll write one myself. I am wondering if I'll get as mad writing about women as I do reading about them. I don't know. I can't tell until I try. The funny articles make me the maddest! I don't see anything funny about married women in public life, and I don't think many of them feel funny. I grant that there are funny women in public life, just as funny as some men who boom around and make headlines for the newspapers. I went into the office of a woman in a small city and I found her sitting at her desk, facing a large window that looked out upon the main street; in fact her whole office, which was a busy one, seemed to me to be on the sidewalk. The passersby stopped, looked in for a while, or walked slowly by watching every move of this public official. I spoke of it at once, saying as women will, "My dear, how do you stand this awful public place? How *can* you work?" She is a very good looking woman, smartly dressed always, a woman who won her election to office in a fair fight by making her own direct appeal to the voter. She smiled sweetly at me and said, "My dear, you sound like my husband. I was elected to a public office, wasn't I? Well, here it is." The newspapers in that town who opposed her picture her always as *funny*, and I talked to women there who say they won't ever vote for her again because she is making women in public office seem ridiculous. Well, the more I thought of it, the more I failed to see anything funny in it. She kept herself in the front page of all the papers. Of course her husband doesn't like it; he told me so; but that's just a phase of his development. When he gets used to it, he'll like it. Husbands never are pleased at first.

We had an exposition in our city not long ago and a prominent woman citizen in public affairs was appointed on an important committee whose job it was to keep a rather watchful eye on the shows in progress on the Joy Zone. Now, of course, our committee was not expected to wreck the shows. The concessions on the Joy Zone were big income producing features of the exposition. Well, the way that woman went after the shows *was* funny. The man who was conducting the Freak Show complained bitterly. "Whose runnin' this Freak Show anyways? Or are you runnin' your own?" he'd say. "I can't keep no good freaks here with that woman findin' other jobs fer 'em all the time. She's sent my four legged kid to a hospital, she's got my elephant skin man what *she* calls a respectable job, as if I ain't runnin' a respectable show. She's sent my two fat sisters weighin' 580 pounds apiece to a warmer place cause she says they'll die if they wear the clothes I make 'em wear in this climate. I ain't got nothin' left but the man what swallows knives. I say you calls off your freak woman or I quits." Now, I admit she *was* funny, and her husband who sat on the financial committee was awfully annoyed.

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But I don't want to start a controversy, and I am not going to write anything funny about women. I am going to make one criticism but I am not going to do it until the end of this article; I hope the reader won't skip and read the end first. Another thing I am not going to do, and that is to argue or to try to prove anything. So I don't want to start with a premise. That makes it rather difficult to begin, because we have all become accustomed to looking for something to argue about in almost everything we read. The whole world is divided into just fundamentalists and modernists on every subject I can think of except "Women", and here you always find a third group, who say, "What a racket about nothing. Let's have dinner", and just dismiss us like that!

But to begin this article without an argument isn't easy, and I'm a little bit mad already. I don't want to argue about women. I want to talk about them nice and easylike so my readers can read my article aloud to the family without seeing the wall paper turn red before they finish. I often wonder how editors ever sleep nights if they remember all the controversial articles on married women in public life they throw into peaceful households without a bit of warning. You just pick up the article and begin to read it aloud to your husband, thinking to enjoy something refreshing together, and either he leaves the room or you do in cold rage, all because of a "fresh" treatment of an interesting premise! If the argument hits *you*, your husband chuckles and *your* voice gets drier and crosser; and if it hits *him*, *your* evident enjoyment brings either disgusted ejaculations from him or a look of superior boredom. If you laugh at the article, it's fatal; if you laugh at him, it's more fatal; if he laughs at you with that meaning kind of note in his voice, you are surprised "that you can't read a simple truthful article about women in general without people's becoming personal!"

So I want to make it clear that I'm not trying to prove anything about married women in public life. There probably are many women in public life today because they tried to read such articles to their family circle; but I have no intention of trying to prove that. Public life is getting a bit difficult to define because we have so little private life. The communal spirit seems to have settled down hard upon us and perhaps women have been the most susceptible, though I am not saying that. You can't be shy and be a communist. You have to share everything with the public: your comb, your powder puff, your rouge stick, your elastics, the mistakes nature made in your figure as well as your good points!

But women have become the public speakers of today and it's mighty difficult at times to reconcile your public utterances with your private ones, so to speak. I suppose the time will come when we'll do just as men do and not bother, but in the present self conscious era of woman, we care a lot. A husband is really a great hazard to a woman's platform work. Of course he never attends her lectures, but he is always sitting right on the front seat in her consciousness. In the back of your mind you hear George laugh or grunt disapproval, and after that it just isn't possible to let yourself go with that fine abandon that would really capture your audience. If he does surprise you and come — well, you don't give the same lecture, that's all. And you'll hear someone say to your husband as you pass out that he

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ought to have heard you at the last lecture, that you were really inspired! Of course you know just what that means. His coming has cramped your style!

It's mighty difficult to find a subject that you can talk about on a public platform without running into this husband complex. I wrote a book once on how women spend money or how they should spend it, and of course I had to talk about it — it seems that's why you write books. It was all right until I married; I could discuss the whole subject fervently before; but from then on I could only be humorous about a very serious subject, all because there was a man in my world who knew I couldn't ever balance my check book and that I didn't keep accounts! And now I have revealed the fact that I have a husband long before I intended, and I'll be terribly conscious of him from now on, I am afraid. He'll think I am talking about him in everything I want to say in general. Well, I can't argue with him here, but I'd just like to say in passing that so many husbands who have wives in public life always *do* come into the room just in time to interrupt their wives' best line of talk, and it's so hard to get back to it when he — no, they — insist upon passing cigarettes around and everybody's attention goes up in smoke!

Well, if I may go on without further interruptions from the subconscious husband, I'd like to say how difficult platform work is for married women from the aspect of "subject". You run into *him* everywhere. If you want to talk about the beautiful influence of gardening upon happy home life, you are conscious that fully two thirds of your audience know that your husband doesn't know a lemon verbena tree from a poppy and that he never works in the garden. You can't discuss the disintegrating effects of the movies upon family life if your husband is a movie fan. Whatever his interests, you are bound to protect them in your public utterances, at least in your own home town. It almost makes me wonder whether married women ever can speak effectively on the platform anywhere in their own county! It begins to look as though public speaking might easily wreck married life!

Well, women have about nine public lives open to them. There isn't any use in my naming them all because it would bring on controversy and I am trying to avoid that. But I'd like to discuss one of them, and that's the public life of "causes". I might just as well tell you that's my field, because you'll guess it from the easy way I can talk about it. But I've got to watch my step. I know that. There are lots of causes in public life, and women study them hard and become sort of cause specialists. I know a woman who has taken up the cause of homeless men and I think that's a fine one. Before the great war women had suffrage and prohibition, big causes that demanded the same tools. You could chop your way through any plate glass window and have an audience before you knew it. But now we have lots and lots of causes; almost everything you don't like becomes a cause if you talk about it long enough; that's what makes women so busy today. Some European diplomat — it sounds like Lloyd George — said you must never make a public cause out of a private injury. That just shows how little attention men pay to details. Why, we'd never have had the garbage in our town properly taken care of if we hadn't made a public cause out of all those private garbage cans!

Of course I don't think that was

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what Lloyd George meant — if it was Lloyd George; but diplomats never take time to explain what some of their fine sentences mean. Perhaps they can't explain them. Anyway, I think he meant that anybody all wrought up over a private injury ought not to fight for a public cause. Here's where I am kind of nervous, because the one criticism I said I was going to make of married women in public life is right here. So many women who are fighting perfectly good causes either have meek little mouselike husbands, or husbands who never *can* get home for an evening. I've watched them at the legislature fighting for a lovely cause, and they go at those men as if they were one composite Husband! It always makes me nervous and a little resentful. It doesn't seem quite fair. One shrinking little man said to me in the lobby, "Say, you women all act as if you had a grudge against us."

So I always wish that a woman who has a private injury would fight it out at home and not speak to the State Legislature as if it were her husband multiplied ninety five times. I think it delays things. The legislators say, "Oh, damn these women, let's go into committee to talk", and then we can't follow.

Now, I am not saying that legislatures don't often behave like some husbands. They do, but it's sort of best to let sleeping dogs lie, and I am not calling them dogs either. It's just always difficult to express the truth without hurting somebody's feelings. What I am trying to say is that if a woman feels like giving her own husband a tongue lashing, be man enough to do it at home and don't come up to the legislature and stir *them* all up, because husbands *will* stand together even in the legislature. You've always got to remember that some of the meanest men you meet in public life are making some women perfectly happy. At least you can't prove it otherwise. So I say about married women fighting for a public cause that they'd better stay out of it if they're not happy at home. I find I'm getting sort of mad so I think I'll stop. My husband won't like this a bit even if he isn't in the legislature, and he'll get mad and the first thing I know I'll have to give up causes!

TO A PSYCHIATRIST

By Gladys Oaks

THE busy men who measure souls by inches
Tell me my female points are eighty five.
I must appear to them a numbered column
Whose chief defect is being too alive.

Live things are apt to jump out of their places,
And that is an improper thing to do
In a neat row of two dimension figures
Where a straight line reveals the sum of you.

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THE DRAMATIC CAREERS OF POE'S PARENTS

By Eola Willis

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S imagination was a direct inheritance from his parents, who lived among the lights and shadows in the land of makebelieve. Elizabeth Arnold, his mother, was born in London about 1787, the daughter of Covent Garden actors, who came of stage people on both sides. Mr. Arnold died about ten years later and Mrs. Arnold and her daughter came to the United States.

It was announced on February 11, 1796, that Mrs. Arnold, an English actress, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, would make her first appearance at the *Federal Street Theatre*, Boston. On February 12, the following appeared in the *Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser*, Boston, Mass. — "Mrs. Arnold was received with applause; she made a pleasing appearance; not a heart but was sensible of her merits, not a tongue but vibrated in her praise, not a hand but moved in approbation; and her merits have since been the leading theme of every conversation."

This cordial reception assured Mrs. Arnold other engagements which she filled acceptably in various cities. While in Boston, or earlier, she married Mr. Tubbs, a pianist and actor of small parts, who became very much of a deterrent in her theatrical career in America, so auspiciously begun.

Elizabeth Arnold was trained by her mother to sing popular ballads, studied a few juvenile parts in acting, and during her mother's 1796 winter in Boston appeared at one of the performances, singing between acts "The Market Lass". In Newport, on April 5, she made her acting début as Solomon Smack in "Trick upon Trick". In Portland, Maine, she was alluded to as "the beautiful Miss Arnold whose powers as an actress command admiration", although she was said at this time to be "a Miss of ten years".

When Mr. Sollee, proprietor of the City Theatre of Charleston, was making his bookings for the fall season of 1797 and the winter of 1798, he engaged Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs for light comedy and songs, and Miss Arnold for a few childish parts. The season opened November 7, with the following company: Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, who had played a number of seasons in Charleston; Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Theatre Royal, Haymarket; Mr. and Mrs. Placide of the Charleston Stock Company; Mrs. Tubbs (late Arnold) from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar and Mr. Downie, Theatre Royal, Bath; Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Arnold, and Messrs. Clough, Jones, Dickson, Stephens, McKenzie, and Tubbs. Elizabeth Arnold made her début in Charleston on November 18, singing "The Market Lass", and her first theatrical appearance in that city on December 26, as the Duke of York in "Richard III". The family continued playing in Charleston through the spring of 1798.

Shortly before the close of the season a disaffection arose in the company, instigated by Messrs. Tubbs, Edgar, and Whitlock. The result was a division of the company, a portion of

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them leaving the city. Mrs. Tubbs, having taken Mr. Tubbs for better or worse, had reluctantly to follow him with her daughter, and to relinquish a part of her salary. Mr. Tubbs was denounced by Mr. Sollee as the "least member of the company and a vermin".

At the close of the season, Mr. Edgar gathered together the disgruntled players who had left the theatre and arranged a series of performances, the bills for which were given each day from April 3 to May 3 in the "State Gazette" of South Carolina. Mr. Edgar was a man of ability but of a turbulent, disputatious nature which was always at the boiling point because of his general state of inebriety. He attained his ambition to be a theatrical manager by forming his own company, under the name of the Charleston Comedians, with the following members: Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock; Mr. and Mrs. Hughes; Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar; Miss Arnold; Messrs. Downie, Clough, McKenzie, Fitzgerald, Lewis, Wilson, Powell, Franklin, and J. Jones.

There had been great indignation in Charleston over the unwarranted trouble stirred up, so the Charleston Comedians received scant notice in the press. But while they added very little lustre to the dramatic history of the country, they performed one service for art in America which will cause the name to be remembered. It was in this company that Elizabeth Arnold (the mother-to-be of Edgar Allan Poe) "found" herself as an actress. Up to this season, she had acted only in juvenile parts, but as one of the Charleston Comedians she perfected herself in six adult characters and appeared at almost every performance, either acting a part or singing and dancing. Her newly acquired characters were Anna in "The Death of Major André"; Miss Biddy Bellair in "Miss in Her Teens"; Nancy in "Three Weeks after Marriage"; Pink in "The Young Quaker"; Sophia in "The Road to Ruin"; and Phoebe in "The Reapers". She was honored at her benefit performance with a farewell address written by a gentleman of the city, and she and her mother were accorded the only complimentary paragraphs in the Charleston notices allotted to the Comedians.

At this time there emerged into manhood a handsome youth named David Poe. As a boy he had formed a Thespian Club with a playhouse in his home in Baltimore, where he and his companions exhibited their histrionic skill to one another. So strong was the dramatic urge within him that he finally shut up the law books which irked him, took fate into his own hands, risked disinheritance, and deliberately chose to be an actor.

He came to Charleston after a brief stay with an uncle in Augusta, Georgia, and consulted Mr. Placide, the manager of the Charleston Theatre, telling him of his desires and aspirations. He was sympathetically received, given several characters to study, and engaged as a member of the company for the winter season of 1803–4.

It is gratifying to be able to give a full account of his earliest efforts, with the encouraging personal criticisms then published. The Charleston "Courier" at this time had an official critic, "Thespis" (C. C. Carpenter), a cultivated Englishman who not only wrote dramatic criticisms of a peculiarly honest and helpful nature but took a keen, fatherly interest in the advancing careers of the young members of the company. His sympathy and understanding must have been very comforting to the tyros who were trying to prove their worth to the manager's satisfaction.

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David Poe, as was usual at the time in a first performance, came on the stage unheralded by name. The bill of the play, "Jane Shore", stated that the rôle of Belmour was being played "by a Young Gentleman, his first appearance on any stage". The following is one of the criticisms of the evening's cast:

> Of the Young Gentleman who made his first appearance on any stage, it would be hazardous to take an opinion from his performance this evening. For some time he was overwhelmed with the fears incident on such occasions to an excess that almost deprived him of speech. A first appearance is a circumstance of novelty, and the audience therefore did not, as the European audiences do, on such occasions, greet the newcomer with encouraging plaudits; nor did the young gentleman receive one token of welcome or approbation till it was earned by him. Though he could not, even to the last, divest himself of his fears, we thought he disclosed powers well fitted for the stage. His voice seems to be clear, melodious and variable; what its compass may be can only be known when he acts unrestrained by timidity. His enunciation seemed to be very distinct and articulate; and his face and person are much in his favor. His size is of that pitch well fitted for general action if his talents should be suited to sock and buskin. On the whole, we think that if the young gentleman has a passion for histrionic fame he may promise himself much gratification. What he did disclose was greatly in his favor; and extreme modesty, though it may operate as a temporary impediment, will be considered by every judicious person, as a strong prognostic of merit, and earnest of future excellence.

David Poe applied himself assiduously to his chosen field, and perfected an extensive repertoire of the lighter characters. His first season's accomplishments would seem to refute the critics who have belittled his attainments. While he filled no leading rôles, he advanced with each new play. And although love for the stage clouded his judgment as to his fitness for this chosen profession, there is no doubt of his unswerving loyalty to it.

The characters acted by David Poe at the Charleston Theatre at this time were: Belmour in "Jane Shore"; Laertes in "Gustavus Vasa"; Harry Thunder in "Wild Oates"; Donalbain in "Macbeth"; Grimm in "The Robbers"; Falliero in "Abaellino, the Great Bandit"; Stephano in "The Tale of Mystery"; Young Woodland in "Cheap Living"; Williams in "John Bull"; Don Pedro in "Much Ado about Nothing"; An Officer in "La Pérouse"; Tressel in "Richard III"; Pedro in "The Voice of Nature"; Allan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood"; Thomas in "The Marriage Promise"; Trueman in "George Barnwell"; Carmillo in "Julia, or The Italian Lover"; Trifle in "The East Indian"; Dennis Crackskull in "The Scheming Lieutenant"; Don Garcia in "A Bold Stroke for a Husband"; Mezetin (pantomime) in "The Touchstone of Truth"; Don Antonio Gaspard in "Liberty in Louisiana"; Hunter in "The Fatherless Children"; Hortensio in "Catherine and Petruchio"; Sebastian in "Charlotte and Werther"; and Lover in "The Old Soldier".

This list of characters studied, rehearsed, and performed in a company representing some of the leading actors in America was a commendable record for a young man during his first four months of professional service. The following criticisms by "Thespis" give an idea of Mr. Poe's progress:

In "The Tale of Mystery" Poe performed the character of Stephano "handsomely, he looked it well, and his dress did credit to the Manager's taste".

"Richard III": "Young Poe in the character of Tressel did more to justify our hopes of him than he has done in any character since his return from Savannah." (Mr. Placide often took his company over to his Georgia neighbor for a few plays, and sometimes ex-

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changed actors and actresses by way of variety.)

"Much Ado about Nothing": "Young Poe being less than usual under the dominion of that timid modesty which so depresses his powers, acted Don Pedro so respectably as to animate the hope we have entertained of his future progress."

"George Barnwell": "Young Poe begins to emerge from the abyss of embarrassment in which natural diffidence from his first appearance, until two or three of his last performances, had plunged him so deep as to deprive him of all power of exertion. But he must have not only courage but patience; slow rises the Actor."

The later history of Elizabeth Arnold and David Poe has been written. In the revival of interest in America's great poet, much of the shadow that has fallen aslant their son's name has disappeared. Here, however, for the first time since original publication are brought forward some new facts about the dramatic appearances of both parents of Edgar Allan Poe and the interesting and quaint world in which they moved.

ADVICE BEFORE ROUGING

By Margery Swett Mansfield

WOMEN should look well at lips before they rouge them,
Rouge lays any story bare
That may be hiding there, quiet and proud
On pale lips. Rouge makes it cry aloud.

Oh I have seen such desolate despair
Cut through the dark and shock the still night air,
From carmined lips! No friendly shadows hide
Splotches of scarlet, drooping and wide.

Some mouths are bitter, twisted jealousies,
Some fairly drool
The syrup of their mental lecheries,
Starved lips there are, and lips that sucked distress,
And even young and cool
Soft lips have tales of selfish wilfulness.

Mouths are the records of the changing years,
They stand when frowns have been forbidden, and quick tears;
But give a pencil, give a pencil to a fool,
She'll underline with crimson what they tell.
Women should look well at lips before they rouge them,
Women should look well!

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

KUDAT, NORTH BORNEO. The steamers from Singapore call at all the principal ports of British North Borneo. But the tourist who supposes that he will be able, at these places, to study those romantic beings "the Wild Men of Borneo", is profoundly mistaken. At Kudat, it is true, we actually did see two small and dirty people from the interior, hurrying apprehensively along the relatively metropolitan street of that moribund little port as though in haste to be back in their forests. Poor specimens they were; but we had to be content with them. They were the nearest approach to Wild Men we had seen or were destined to see, the only genuine and aboriginal Borneans. For the rest, we saw only Chinese. Except for a few Englishmen they are the sole inhabitants of the ports. Labuan and Jesselton, Kudat and Sandakan, are merely Chinese colonies. And behind the ports, in the land that has been conquered from the forest — there too they are to be found. With the Javanese they work the big company owned plantations, they cultivate small holdings of their own. And everywhere the shopkeepers, the merchants, are Chinese. It is the same all over the archipelago and in the Malay peninsula. Not European capital so much as Chinese labor and perseverance is developing the East Indies. Abolish the Chinese, and European colonization would be impossible. Or at least it would be a merely nominal and honorary colonization. Flags might be planted without the assistance of the Chinese — but not rubber. It is pleasant, no doubt, it is soul satisfying to look at the colored bunting flapping in the tropical breeze. But it is still pleasanter to draw dividends. For this keener pleasure Europeans must thank the Chinamen.

Sandakan. Sandakan, like Jesselton, Kudat, and, I suppose, all the other sea coast towns of North Borneo, is a Chinese colony governed by a few white men inhabiting the bungalows in the suburbs. It is a picturesque place, has a marvelous natural harbor with a great red rock, like a second Gibraltar, to guard its entrance, and is the port and capital of a little hinterland of cocoanut groves, rubber and tobacco plantations. A club house and a golf course proclaim it to be, if not a part of the British Empire, at least a protectorate. (Examined in detail and at close quarters, our far flung Empire is seen to consist of several scores of thousands of clubs and golf courses, dotted at intervals, more or less wide, over two fifths of the surface of the planet. Large blond men sit in the clubs, or swipe the white ball down clearings in the jungle; blackamoors of various shades bring the whisky and carry round the niblicks. The map is painted red. And to the casual observer, on the spot, that is the British Empire.) But to return to Sandakan. Besides a club and a golf course, it possesses four steam rollers and superbly metaled road, eleven miles long. At the eleventh milestone, the road collides with what seems an im-

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penetrable wall of forest and comes abruptly to an end. You get out of your car and, examining the wall of verdure, find it flawed by a narrow crevice; it is a path. You edge your way in and are at once swallowed up by the forest. The inside of Jonah's whale could scarcely have been hotter, darker, or damper. True, the jungle monster sometimes opens its mouth to yawn; there is a space between the trees, you have a glimpse of the sky, a shaft of thick yellow sunlight comes down into the depths. But the yawns are only brief and occasional. For the greater part of our stroll in the belly of the vegetable monster, we walked in a hot twilight. It was silent too. Very occasionally a bird would utter a few notes — or it might have been a devil of the woods, meditatively whistling to himself as he prepared some fiendishly subtle and ingenious booby trap to terrify the human trespassers on his domain.

Nature is all very well halfway to the Pole. Kept on short rations, she behaves decorously. But feed her up, give her huge doses of the tonic tropical sunlight, make her drunk with tropical rain, and she gets above herself. If Wordsworth had been compelled to spend a few years in Borneo, would he have loved nature as much as he loved her on the banks of Rydal Water? If the "Excursion" had been through equatorial Africa, instead of through Westmoreland, old William's mild pantheism would have been, I suspect, a little modified.

It was with a feeling of the profoundest relief that I emerged again from the green gullet of the jungle and climbed into the waiting car. The Chinese chauffeur started the machine and we drove away, very slowly, for in Sandakan you hire a car by the hour, not by the mile. The drivers are marvelously cautious. We drove positively majestically down the eleven mile road. I thanked God for steam rollers and Henry Ford.

The Southern Philippines. The Dutch and English were never such ardent Christians that they thought it necessary to convert, wholesale and by force, the inhabitants of the countries which they colonized. The Spaniards, on the contrary, did really believe in their extraordinary brand of Catholic Christianity; they were always crusaders as well as freebooters, missionaries as well as colonists. Wherever they went, they have left behind them their religion and with it (for one cannot teach a religion without teaching many other things as well) their language and some of their habits.

The Philippines were Spanish for upward of three hundred years. They were neglected, it is true; they were governed at one remove, through Mexico; still, they were Spanish. That is a fact of which you become aware the moment you set foot on the island of Sulu, the southernmost and, as it happens, the least Hispaniolized and Christian of the Philippines. At Zamboanga you are made more certain of it. At Manila it is fairly drummed into you. The landscape is familiarly tropical and East Indian. (Sulu is like a miniature Java, impossibly beautiful.) But the world into which you have stepped — you realize it at once — is unlike anything of which you have yet had experience in the equatorial Orient. It is Spain — diluted, indeed, distorted, based on Malayan savagery and overlaid with Americanism, but still indubitably Spain. The Dutch have been in Java for more than three centuries. Their colonists have freely intermarried with the natives; many have made

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the island their permanent home, have lived and died there and left their families behind them. But Java remains Javanese. The people have retained their clothes, their language, their religion; even in the towns, at the cosmopolitan ports, they are totally un-Dutch, just as the Malays of the peninsula, the Dyaks and Dusuns of Sarawak and North Borneo, are totally un-English. If we had been as passionately Anglican as the Spaniards were passionately Catholic, the urban Malays would now be wearing cotton plus fours, talking Cockney, and, on Sundays, singing hymns A. and M. But — luckily or unluckily, I do not know — we were only tepidly Anglican. The Malay continues to wear his skirt, to talk Malayan, to worship Mohammed's newfangled Allah and the immemorial ghosts and devils of his native forest. Landing at Jolo (one pronounces it Holo), the capital of Sulu island, we found ourselves in a small decaying Spanish town. There were public gardens with fountains and a group of comically sublime and allegorical modern statuary. A noise of nasal singing issued from a church; we looked in and saw a choir of small brown urchins being taught by a brown choir master to chant the canticles and responses. Filipino ladies, dressed like the beauties whose portraits one sees on the inside of cigar box lids, swam past. Their long trailing skirts were looped up on one side to show the under petticoat. Their bodices of stiff muslin were amazing relics of the eighteenth century, sweepingly cut to reveal a brown décolleté, and fitted with enormous puffed sleeves, like the wings of butterflies or the fins of some more than usually improbable kind of tropical fish. While the girls and the younger women wore their hair "up", their elders, preposterously, kept it hanging in a long black cataract down their backs. As for the men, those who were not Filipinos and wearing the most elegant of white duck suits, were dressed — it depended upon their tribal and national affinities — either in skin tight fleshings, a gaudily colored sash or belt, a little toreador jacket and a colored bandanna for the head, or else — flying to the other sartorial extreme — in more than Oxford, more even than Mexican trousers of brightly colored silk (pale pink, green, yellow, orange), a larger sash, generally ornamented with an enormous kris, a still more handsome bull fighter's jacket, and, over the bandanna, a colossal hat.

Fantastic garments! But surely not of indigenous devising. Nowhere but in the Philippines do the Malays dress themselves as toreadors and cowboys. The least original of people, they have borrowed their clothes from their conquerors and enemies. The fancy dress of the Sulus and the fierce proud Moros, who were the Spaniards' most dangerous foes, has been taken from a Spanish-Mexican wardrobe. And that extraordinary swagger, those noble attitudes — those too are Spanish. And then the language. The country folk, of course, have never learned it. But it rumbles nobly in the urban streets and shops. Nor, as we discovered, is it the Filipinos alone who speak it. We had made our way along the rickety pier on which, perched above the sea, the Chinese traders have their shops and dwelling houses, and were seeking to buy some of those enormous pearl shells for which the island of Sulu is celebrated. We found them after much searching in the back room of a Chinese shop — mountainous heaps of the shining nacreous shells. We sifted the treasure and selected as many as we wanted. Then came the time to pay. We turned to the Chinaman. He knew

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no English. Our two words of Malay were spoken in vain. In despair, we tried Spanish. He responded. English and yellow Celestial, we conducted our little haggle in pidgin Castilian.

Manila. Manila is the capital of an American colony. That is a fact of which I was not for long permitted to remain in doubt. Within three hours of my landing, I had been interviewed by nine reporters, representing the entire press, English and Spanish, of the city. I was asked what I thought of Manila, of the Filipino race, of the political problems of the islands — to which I could ably reply by asking my interviewers what *they* thought about these subjects and assuring them, when they had told me, that I thought the same. My opinions were considered by all parties to be extraordinarily sound.

When this sort of thing happens — and fortunately it very seldom happens except on United States territory — I am always set thinking of that curious scale of values by which, in this preposterous world, men and things are appraised. Take, for example, the case of the literary man. (I am a literary man myself, and so the matter interests me.) The literary man is invested, it seems to me, with a quite disproportionate aura of importance and significance. Literary men fairly pullulate in "Who's Who". They are more numerously represented in that remarkable book than any other class of notorieties, with the possible exception of peers and baronets. Almost nobody who has sold five thousand copies and had a good review in the "Times Literary Supplement" is missing from its pages. A dispassionate observer from Mars would be led, by a study of "Who's Who", to suppose that a certain gift of the gab was the most important quality an inhabitant of this planet could possess. But is it?

Art and the artist have become tremendously important in our modern world. Art is spoken of with respect, almost with reverence, as though it were something sacred; and every adolescent aspires to be an artist, as regularly and inevitably as every child aspires to be an engine driver. Art is one of the things that have flowed in to fill the vacuum created in the popular mind by the decay of established religion. The priest, whose confessional functions have passed to the lawyer and the doctor, has bequeathed his mystical prestige, his dignity as a guardian of the sacraments, to the artist. Hence the enormous number of literary names in "Who's Who". Hence the interviewers who flock to ask the wandering novelist his opinion about things of which he must necessarily be incompetent to speak. The obscure scientist, whose mental equipment may be incomparably superior to that of the literary man, is left in peace. The public, being incapable of understanding what he is talking about, takes no interest in him. He must achieve something spectacular before hostesses ask him out and reporters come to meet him at the station. The practical man is hardly more esteemed (unless, of course, he happens to be immensely rich) than the man of science. To many people a man who writes poetry (even very bad poetry) and has an opinion about post impressionism, is necessarily more intelligent than even a first class engineer, or capable official, or the organizer of a great industry. Doctors and mill owners, government servants and lawyers, can cross the seas without running the slightest risk of being buttonholed at every port by a crowd of newspaper men. They may be more intelligent than the man of

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letters about the things which reporters love to discuss; but they will be permitted to land unmolested. Their work lacks the prestige which attaches to art; moreover it is private work, confined to one place and to the actual time of its achievement. The novelist's work is public; it exists simultaneously in many thousands of places; can be looked at over a long space of time — as long indeed (if his vogue lasts) as wood pulp can hold together.

As a mere spectator of the world, not an actor in it — one who looks on and forms opinions of what other people are doing, but does nothing himself — I feel the profoundest admiration for those who act, who impress their will on stubborn things, not merely on yielding ideas, who wield power over men directly, and not impersonally as the writer does by wielding power over weak words. I admire and envy; but I do not aspire to be their rivals. Born a spectator, I should make the poorest performer. I have a certain talent for using the opera glasses and making appropriate comments. I have none for acting. It is better to be content with doing what one can do, than to make a fool of oneself by trying to do what one can't. If I were set down to do some of the serious practical work that has to be done in order that spectators can watch the comedy in comfort and safety, I should behave like that Burmese king of whom it is written in the "Glass Palace Chronicle": "For the sake of his concubines he composed the Paramatthabinda, that they might know of mind and the qualities of mind, matter, *nirvana*, forms of being and personality. He would not even lend an ear to the affairs of the villages or kingdom. Whenever there was an enquiry to be made, power exercised, or point of law determined, he caused his son, Uzana, the heir apparent, to dispose thereof."

I admire Uzana; but oh! I understand, I sympathize with, I have a fellow feeling for his poor father. How infinitely pleasanter, if one happens to be born with a speculative mind and a gift of the gab, to chat with one's concubines about *nirvana* and the qualities of mind than to bother oneself with affairs of the villages! Uzana was undoubtedly the better man; but his father, the distinguished author of "Metaphysics in the Harem" and "Kant for Concubines", must have been the one whom everybody wanted to meet, who received letters from distant female correspondents, who was asked out to dinner, interviewed on the wharf, and snapshot walking with a friend in the Park. All these things would happen to him; and he — for I take it that he had really and seriously thought about the qualities of mind and the forms of matter — he would be astonished every time and, thinking of Uzana, he would feel embarrassed and even rather ashamed, as though he were an impostor.

Shanghai. I have seen places that were, no doubt, as busy and as thickly populous as the Chinese city in Shanghai, but none that so overwhelmingly impressed me with its busyness and populousness. In no city, west or east, have I ever had such an impression of dense, rank, richly clotted life. Old Shanghai is Bergson's *élan vital* in the raw, so to speak, and with the lid off. It is life itself. Nothing more intensely living can be imagined. There are as many people — there are very likely more — in an equal area of London or Lahore, of Glasgow or Bombay; but there is not so much life. Each individual Chinaman has more vitality, you feel, than each individual Indian or European, and the social organism composed of these individuals is there-

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fore more intensely alive than the social organism in India or the west. Or perhaps it is the vitality of the social organism — a vitality accumulated and economized through centuries by ancient habit and tradition — perhaps it is the intense aliveness and strength of the Chinese civilization which gives to individual Chinamen their air of possessing a superabundance of life beyond the vital wealth of every other race. So much life, so carefully canalized, so rapidly and strongly flowing — the spectacle of it inspires something like terror.

All this was going on when we were cannibalistic savages. It will still be going on — a little modified, perhaps, by western science, but not much — long after we in Europe have simply died of fatigue. A thousand years from now the seal cutters will still be engraving their seals, the ivory workers still sawing and polishing; the tailors will be singing the merits of their cut and cloth, even as they do today; the spectacled astrologers will still be conjuring silver out of the pockets of bumpkins and amorous courtezans; there will be a bird market, and eating houses perfumed with delicious cooking, and chemists' shops with bottles full of dried lizards, tiger's whiskers, rhinoceros horns, and pickled salamanders; there will be patient jewelers and embroiderers of faultless taste, shops full of marvelous crockery and furriers who can make elaborate patterns and pictures out of variously colored fox skins; there will still be letter writers at the street corners and men whose business it is to sit in their open shops inscribing words of ancient wisdom on long red scrolls — and the great black ideographs will still be as perfectly written as they are today, or were a thousand years ago, will be thrown onto the red paper with the same apparent recklessness, the same real and assured skill, by a long fine hand as deeply learned in the hieratic gestures of its art as the hand of the man who is writing now. Yes, it will all be there, just as intensely and tenaciously alive as ever — all there a thousand years hence, five thousand, ten. You have only to stroll through old Shanghai to be certain of it. London and Paris offer no such certainty. And even India seems by comparison provisional and precarious.

ALL I REMEMBER

By Henry Morton Robinson

ALL I remember is the well
You were to me at first,
And how you wept to hear me tell
My litany of thirst.

Under the hills today I found
A meadow pool run dry.
The year lay stiffly on the ground
And snow hung from the sky.

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THE SOMERSET MAUGHAM OF "THE CASUARINA TREE"

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

BUT first, about "The Casuarina Tree" —

These six long chapters of human histories are not short stories. Or, if they are, then most short stories are corn fed anecdotes. The six are possessed of a unity more perfect than that of most novels, and I do not mean mere similarity of scenes and passions. They have the unity of the mind that produced them.

About each there is the agreeable satiation you get from a novel or, more accurately, from an evening in the playhouse when the dramatist knows his people.

Somerset Maugham knows his people. You read about Millicent in "Before the Party" or Mrs. Crosbie in "The Letter" and ask, on an indrawn breath: "How, in heaven's name, *how* — ?"

I think I know how.

W. Somerset Maugham is among the most memorable of men. He is possibly less handsome than his photographs, because only in a photograph do the shape of the bones of the head, the modeling of a forehead, recessing of eyes, contour of chin and the planes of head and face make their instant impression on the beholder. I think the eyes are brown. No photograph conveys their quality of a calm regard, a steadiness of penetration, an impassivity of observation, an entire comprehension, a sympathy which finds in nothing human anything strange. But it is the voice that one misses most in looking at a photograph — the voice with its occasional hesitation, sometimes acute, that comes so quickly to be unregarded; in my own case I think to be extravagantly liked, just as I like the unhurried utterance to which it leads. There is something marvelous in the timbre of the voice, free from the habitual inflections of English voices and with an enunciation of words beautifully distinct. The voice is richly and warmly colored; it can be polite with an exquisite politeness, faintly ironical, hostile without abating a jot of courtesy, cynical for an instant of fun; its only indiscretion comes with the expression of an affectionate kindness which is most natural to the man.

The voice betrays him.

Yes, but to those who think between the lines, his fiction — every blessed book since "Of Human Bondage" — betrays him too.

Not all of these are stories of Borneo. "P. & O." deals with Mrs. Hamlyn after she has left her husband in Yokohama to the untender mercies of his middle aged love affair and is on her way home to England. Neither are they all stories of married women. "The Outstation" concentrates exclusively upon two white men at a

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Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

W. Somerset Maugham

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lonely post and "The Yellow Streak" is a man's story. With Maugham, as with any artist, the slight irregularity is a part of the design.

I have sometimes felt that Maugham was the supremely civilized man of my acquaintance and it is true that all his stories deal with the efforts of men and women to civilize themselves — I mean, of course, men and women already outwardly civilized. Naturally the instances among women are more abundant, and perhaps they are most abundant among married women, because marriage is the grand effort toward exorcism. . . .

In the case of Harold, Millicent's husband in "Before the Party", the devil was not exorcised.

The account of him opens "The Casuarina Tree". We are introduced to a respectable English family, that of Mr. Skinner, a member of the legal profession, about an hour before they are to attend Canon Heywood's garden party. Mrs. Skinner has finished dressing and has invented her excuse for wearing the hat with the ospreys. Poor, dear Harold brought them home to her from Borneo. He has been dead eight months, Millicent's husband, and there has been a question about what Kathleen, the other daughter, should wear this afternoon — now settled by Kathleen's appearance in a black and white jumper, quite smart but not exactly mourning. Millicent seems rather in favor of the jumper but Mrs. Skinner finds Millicent somewhat perplexing since — The remaining member of the family is Mr. Skinner, in a tail coat and pepper and salt trousers. The Bishop of Hong Kong is to be featured at the party with an address on Chinese missions. Will there be a collection? Probably not; it would be rather bad form. But if there is, Mr. Skinner will give for them all, ten shillings if he can, a pound if he must.

"Millicent, why did you tell us that Harold died of fever?"

Kathleen's bombshell. The Bishop knew Harold and was in Singapore after Harold's death. He has naturally spoken with regretful horror of Harold's suicide by cutting his own throat. During delirium tremens. And — well — none of the family had so much as known that Harold drank.

Millicent is controlled, but finally, after some cross examination and in reply to the direct question as to whether Harold really did drink, she answers:

"Like a fish."

Great but pardonable inaccuracy characterizes the Bishop's version of Harold's demise. The true story has now to be told. Mr. Maugham elects to have Millicent tell it but spares the reader the tedium of quotation marks, the pallor of once removed events. He goes from scene into narrative as easily as a fine motor slips from second into high. A young woman who does not really love a man has become his wife because she seems to have no other chance in life. There is no doubt of his love for her. Many thousands of miles away from her family and all that she knows, she learns that her husband has been an apparently hopeless drunkard. But for some time he abstains completely. His marriage, in fact, was determined upon with the idea of keeping straight, in the curious way men have of adopting marriage in principle, the particular person to be found afterward.

Some day an exquisite treatise will be written on the technique of the short story, and "Before the Party" may well be referred to for an example of more than one excellence. I dislike to say anything about technique, be-

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cause only writers and a handful of readers are really interested. The reason is simple: bad technique is a bore to discuss and good technique escapes all but the professional eye. I have spoken of Maugham's glide from the family scene into narrative, but this narration of Millicent's married life of eight years also breaks into scenes; and the whole complex of past event directly reproduced, past event told about, and present family scene is managed with a smoothness, speed, and illusion which make the fadeouts and fadeins, the cutbacks and other devices of the motion picture abrupt, self conscious, and clumsy. Here is reiterated evidence that the good short story, more than half the time, has more in common with the drama than the novel. But most of Mr. Maugham's fiction suggests his career as a dramatist.

"P. & O." follows "Before the Party".

Mrs. Hamlyn did not exactly blame her husband for falling so desperately in love since, as appeared, it was a thing quite out of his control. But this did not lessen her sense of outrage. The woman was eight years older than herself and the affair had been laughed over by all Yokohama before Mrs. Hamlyn heard of it. And the Hamlyns had been married for twenty years. It was not to be borne; so, after giving Mr. Hamlyn the fair chance to do the decent thing, Mrs. Hamlyn was not bearing it, but was on her way back to England; she supposed she should get a divorce.

The scene of the whole story is on shipboard — a Peninsula and Oriental boat crossing the Indian Ocean from Singapore to Aden. The materials with which Mr. Maugham works are the scanty and apparently irrelevant incidents of such a voyage. It is true he permits himself one central drama, of a kind not uncommon on a passage of this duration, the affair of one passenger developing to a crisis under the eyes of all on board. But even Mr. Gallagher's misfortune seems to have no more than a casual relation to Mrs. Hamlyn. Mr. Maugham's art consists in showing not only the peculiar involuntary intimacy of shipboard; he must persuade you that Mrs. Hamlyn will do the thing every woman finds it hardest to do. And he accomplishes it, characteristically, by the exact method of a woman's mind. Of course Mrs. Hamlyn is not going to do this thing; she is not even thinking of this thing; and all the while the thought is going on under cover; her emotions, wrought upon by events, are putting her resolution under an oblique and deadly attack. Suddenly, at the end, her will is undermined; she thinks openly of the impossible business, recognizes that her heart is changed, and sits down to pen that matchless letter beginning: "My dear. It is Christmas Day." What shall one say to such a story which carries in its ending the secret of that single sure happiness which is always within the reach of every human soul? One is wisest to say nothing, no doubt; but silently to put it with the pages describing the death of Philip's mother in "Of Human Bondage", or the pages in "The Painted Veil" which picture the devoted nuns at work in a Chinese inland city wasted by plague.

The third tale, "The Outstation", is a brilliant example of freshness in an old theme — that of the two white men alone in a wilderness who come to hate each other. I need not remind you how often this story has been written, and I suppose nothing that has been done so often has been done more badly. It is not, any longer, a subject to at-

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tempt at all unless the author is a master of characterization. But of course Somerset Maugham is; both Cooper and Mr. Warburton are so presented as to become a part of oneself as one reads. You can disown neither completely; you can sympathize with neither entirely; the story is from Warburton's side, necessarily, but the final verdict is dead against him. What, aside from the long drawn suspense of a good story, the fascination of two men who are both individuals of flesh and blood and social types, is Maugham getting at? You must render your own judgment and write your own moral, for Maugham is no preacher and the cunning of the artist is a greater cunning than that of the pulpit and the platform. For my part I feel the shocking pity, the dire needlessness, of what took place at the outstation. Here is Warburton, the gentleman — a snob, sure enough, but a gentleman none the less — and here is Cooper, something of a roughneck. Neither has enough imagination to comprehend the other; neither would have. But one must insist on the fact that in this kind of tragic affair the winner is always hopelessly in the wrong, by the mere fact that he has come out on top in a duel that should never have been waged. It is not difficult to make such a conclusion applicable to some larger struggles of mankind.

In "The Force of Circumstance" we are occupied with a husband and wife who are newlyweds and still in the honeymoon stage. Guy is finally constrained to reveal to Doris the fact that he has lived with a native woman as his wife in the years preceding their marriage. There are three children by this woman.

It is as clear to Doris, probably, as to the reader that sheer loneliness — want of companionship, want of someone to talk to — is responsible. But she is seized immediately by the acute physical repugnance which women feel in such a situation. In order that we may measure the full force of this physical instinct, Maugham has made Doris a woman more capable of reflection and emotional control than the average. Unable to endure the complete intimacy of marriage in face of this disaster, Doris suggests a wait of six months to see if the aversion to Guy will not pass. Of course it doesn't and she leaves him. That very night through one of the children the native woman invites herself back — and is taken back.

I have said nothing about Guy's attitude, which is abject throughout. "Hot tears trickled down Guy's funny, round, spotty face." His immaturity is pitiful but far from unusual. From the moment of his marriage to the moment when Doris leaves him, his behavior is irreproachable. Doris herself absolves him from blame for what he has done and he has no thought of blaming her for what she does.

You may find a condemnation ready-made, for one or the other; I am unable to. When you have found it, may I suggest that no condemnation serves any good? You may find a solution, but I think none which does not evade the two great and obstinate facts of Guy's weakness and Doris's aversion. Biologically, both the weakness and the aversion are quite sound. Science can be singularly unhelpful in solving the problems of society.

"The Yellow Streak" deals with Izzart, son of an English engineer and a halfcaste, educated at Harrow and with all the earmarks of an English gentleman. It is probable that his fraction of native blood might go entirely unsuspected if he were not the victim of a terrific self consciousness. In a river

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disaster he loses his head, ignoring the cry for help from his companion, a white man. The circumstances leave Izzart in the most painful doubt as to whether his act has been observed. That doubt is unendurable; it presses against his inferiority complex like a splinter of bone needling a nerve.

Mr. Maugham, developing the story with fine suspense, draws subtly but clearly a distinction that I have not seen in other stories on this theme. The yellow streak in Izzart is not the instant of mental panic, the physical cowardice, at least not wholly. As Campion says: "I've been frightened too often myself to blame anyone who shows the white feather." Nor is the trouble racial. Turning over the story in one's mind, one cannot say that Izzart's mixed blood was to blame, unless one is going to be content with a stock explanation. In fairness, out of the range of an ordinary acquaintance, anybody can recall all-white men who behave as Izzart behaved, not only at the disastrous moment but afterward.

The yellow streak is the ineradicable inferiority complex. When that complex is too badly hurt, the yellowness comes out in the effort to win after all is really lost. In Izzart's case, his racial mixture was the cause of the complex, that is all.

"The Casuarina Tree" concludes with "The Letter", to which I turn as one turns to any of the masterpieces of fiction. If I refrain from calling it one of the greatest short stories in the English language, it is only because misuse has weakened the superlative.

The place is Singapore. Through a conversation between Robert Crosbie and a lawyer, Mr. Joyce, we are introduced to a dramatic situation. Mrs. Crosbie, a quiet gentlewoman, is in prison and is soon to stand trial for the murder of a neighbor, Geoff Hammond. On a night when her husband was absent he visited her and, as she says, attacked her; she shot him in self defense. Mrs. Crosbie's trial is a mere formality. No doubt exists as to the outcome. Only one detail troubles her counsel, Mr. Joyce. It is that six shots were fired, quite needlessly; and the last four were evidently fired at close range, probably as the murderer stood over Hammond's body.

Mr. Maugham uses narrative and scene to present Mrs. Crosbie's very explicit and convincing story. It is true that her memory fails at the moment of shooting; apparently she was at the mercy of an uncontrollable fury. Mr. Joyce, turning the point over in his mind, reflects that there must be hidden possibilities of savagery in the most respectable and demure women.

Everything is in readiness for the trial when information is brought to Mr. Joyce that Mrs. Crosbie sent a letter to Hammond on the day of the shooting. A copy of the letter is shown him and he is told that the original is in the possession of a Chinese woman with whom, for some time before his death, Hammond had been living.

The letter, although short, is not susceptible of satisfactory explanation, in the lawyer's view. Mrs. Crosbie, interviewed by Joyce, offers an explanation which Joyce finds inadequate. The scene between these two is brought to its crisis when the lawyer is forced to say plainly: "I do not wish you to tell me anything but what is needed to save your neck."

This, however, is not the climax of the story. Little wonder that as soon as "The Letter" was published the right to make a play was sought.

Somerset Maugham is among the very few writers with an absolute

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fealty from his public — never a small one. By that I mean that this public will buy any book he writes. It does not matter whether he has collected some essays, some tales, a group of thumbnail sketches like those in "On a Chinese Screen", or produced a novel. These thousands buy Somerset Maugham. There can be only one reason; he has something so individual to give them, something they crave so much, that they must have it in whichever form or whatever measure he chooses currently to bestow it on them. It is in this audience and its attitude that we must seek the writer's significance, rather than in the large number of readers who may acquire "The Casuarina Tree" because it is an item in the "newest fiction".

I shall not attempt to answer directly the question as to what it is that Maugham uniquely gives. I am not sure that its nature would be explained by giving it a label. Perhaps what I can say about him as a person and about his methods of work may suggest his differences from most of his contemporaries and his claims upon us as a writer.

About his personality I have already said something. It is, I think, to be noted that while a very young man he completed his training as a surgeon. Much has been made of Gustave Flaubert's medical father and grandfather. The "doctor blood" has been declared to be responsible for a part of Flaubert's genius. Thus, "in every line of this work ['Madame Bovary'] we see the great physician's infinite patience in observing, his quick power of diagnosis, his inexorable calm and determination, his kindly but contemptuous pity for every form of human weakness. Nothing escapes him; not the most secret thought or the most carefully hidden infirmity." These words, with a single exception, apply perfectly to Maugham. But in place of the "kindly but contemptuous pity" Maugham's attitude is invariably compassionate. Whatever may be the case with Flaubert, I invite anyone to point to a sentence of Maugham's which imputes to the author either condescension toward humanity or contempt for the most wretched of his fellows. It is not there. Nothing is more noteworthy than Maugham's unobtrusive and unfailing objectivity unless it be the occasions when, for all his impersonal detachment, a faint tinge of sympathy, a something born of the fulness of his understanding, is present — impalpable but unmistakable, not to be analyzed, only to be felt.

In addition, his writing is always visual. He went out to the Far East with his imagination saturated by the Malayan stories of Joseph Conrad, and he discovered very soon that Conrad's East was that which a man might see from the deck of a ship and brood upon afterward. In his habitual fashion, and with the aid of his young secretary, Gerald Haxton, Mr. Maugham filled many notebooks with the sights, sounds, and impressions of the scene. I have known him to set down 70,000 words, the length of a novel, in this manner; but it was at best only the raw material of fiction and the greater part of it was not even that — simply observing, observing, observing. No doubt this faculty for visual and sensuous presentation has been much strengthened by Maugham's experience as a dramatist.

But there is another and very fundamental difference between Mr. Maugham and the majority of his fellow writers. I can best illustrate it by recalling that he was invited, some years ago, to make a contract for three novels.

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In declining the idea he said: "I am sorry, but I am not a person who can make such an undertaking. I happen to have written several novels and I shall undoubtedly write more, if I live. I cannot tell when. I am a man of letters, primarily, and that means for me that I write novels, plays, essays, short stories and work in various forms according to the nature of the subject that presses upon my attention."* He is incapable of repeating himself, just as he will not generally make a play from one of his stories or novelize one of his plays. He has decided the question of form at the outset; why should he bore himself with what seems to him an inferior job?

He looks all around his subject and "stages" every piece of work with an exactitude of intention and a precision of effect very rare among writers. "Mr. W. Somerset Maugham Presents" would be the proper prefix to every one of his titles. His ideas extend even to the physical details of book manufacture; for one example, "The Painted Veil" was printed in a special way that minimized the passage from chapter to chapter, because of Maugham's hope that this would encourage reading at one sitting. It was, he felt, a story that must be so read in order to gain the totality of its impression.

And finally, he is economical. In this day the word means more than ever in the history of fiction, or, indeed, of all literature. I do not mean the fact that he feels no urge to produce a book a year; usually he does produce one. I mean the economy of the artist and beautiful workman of any description. I mean that he makes every word count, every character, every situation, every scene. His short stories are not expanded sketches, but, more nearly, the reduction of most other writers' novels with the same breadth and a greater intensity in every line. Strength, proportion, exquisite penetration, consummate skill — these are the graces of his writing. Happy the day when the achievement of that slenderest of novels, "Liza of Lambeth", spoiled a surgeon of St. Thomas's in London to make a literary artist among the foremost of our time.

*This quotation is a paraphrase from memory but does not, I hope, do injustice to Mr. Maugham's expression at the time.

DEAD LEAVES

By Vista Clayton

DEAD leaves, brittle-curled and dry
Laugh and skitter and cartwheel by,
Dead leaves that know what it is to die.

No bitter tomorrow or yesterday,
One flitting hour for a little play —
Why should a dead leaf not be gay?

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A LITTLE GIRL'S UTOPIA

By George Shelton Hubbell

WE are always interested in what outsiders think about us. Even the ignorant immigrant may get a hearing for such opinions as he can express. And we have a similar curiosity, which Christopher Morley has uncovered in "Thunder on the Left", as to what the children think of our adult society. What would they think of it if they could have full knowledge of the facts? We gain nothing by the offhand comment that their opinion would have no value. Before we could feel sure of that, we should have to find some understanding, articulate child, and give him a fair hearing.

Children do gradually learn about the world, and many of them attain to expression for their thoughts. But by the time they are competent to speak to advantage, the children are children no longer. Now, Nathalia Crane is somewhat different. At nine years of age she found something to say, and an effective way of saying it. Readers of her remarkable verses can easily perceive that with a few pardonable exceptions she knew well enough what she was talking about. Art, philosophy, science, religion, and much miscellaneous learning went plausibly and, it would often appear, naturally into her rhymes. She was not baffled by the great mystery of sex.

And now, while the young poet is still only twelve years old, the testimony of her two volumes of verse is greatly enlarged by the appearance of her prose story, "The Sunken Garden", a romance abounding in love and adventure. Like a true romantic, the author takes us to a far land. She selects an island near the equator, off the west coast of Africa. Her characters are noble, in every sense of the word — no less, in fact, than Orena, Duchess of Kendal; and Octans (so christened by Her Grace, for want of an earlier sponsor), Duke of Lower Lorraine, descendant of Adelis, descendant of Godfrey of Bouillon. The setting of the story is as extraordinary, as superlative, as different as the talented writer can make it. The plot is idyllic, a perfect love affair against a perfect background. It ends with tears. Nathalia's view of life is tinged with strangeness, remoteness, and the glamour of antiquity.

The extravagance of style and the colorful parade of varied learning in this remarkable story are apparently incidents along the way to free self expression. Nathalia's early verses were accepted, paid for, and highly praised as the work of an adult. Her prose is less successful, though a very respectable effort. It appears, too, that the young writer's talent is not primarily for narrative. But I pass over these purely literary matters, and turn to the underlying ideas in the book.

The author believes profoundly in the goodness of her characters and in the benevolence of that power which determines the human lot. Hardy wrote of Eustacia Vye that, "Had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will . . . there would have been the same inequality of lot . . . the same captious

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alternation of caresses and blows that we endure now." But Orena, Duchess of Kendal, "in the vividness of her intelligence and passion . . . for the moment, holding the threads of fate in her own fair hands", presided with ideal justice and wisdom. Plainly, she demonstrated how a child would like to govern the world.

And just how does Her Grace manage all things, including especially the hero? Her dispensation is precisely that of a superior little girl "playing house", with now and then a turn — a very brief session — at "playing school". It is imaginative, idealized play.

Nathalia has visited her sunken garden on that lonely "islet" many a time before, no doubt. The beloved red haired janitor's boy, you may remember, was

> . . . going to hunt for a desert isle
> In our geography.
>
> A desert isle with spicy trees
> Somewhere near Sheepshead Bay;
> A right nice place, just fit for two,
> Where we can live alway.

It really doesn't matter just where such an island is located.

> Only charts from China, drawn by wizards full of wiles,
> Would give the proper bearings for the Salamander Isles.

In short, it is a little girl's Utopia. It is a rich, warm, colorful, peaceful sort of place, appointed ages since by the powers that be, as a haven just for children. There, in "the weedy riffraff of the ages . . . a chosen coterie of the Children of the Crusade" had landed, leaving traces of their occupancy. These children had presumably grown up and settled somewhere in the vicinity, for Octans, the hero, was of their lineage; but the "islet" bore no evidence of them as adults. Now in 1925 nature once again prepares her haven, this time for only two children, a boy and a girl — or rather, to give an idea of their relative importance, a girl and her faithful, adoring slave. True, they have seen some sixteen summers, and the fair Orena at least will be sorely missed from fashionable London society; but we are not fooled — they are children.

The game begins. Did you ever "play house" with a little girl? As a means of entertainment it is deadly for the unwary adult not hardened by experience and fortified with patience. The first rule of the game is invariably that your Orena, whoever she may be, must, like her of the story, take the reins of fate "into her own fair hands". Other players must be slaves — adoring if possible, at all events faithful. The second rule is only a corollary to the first. It is that whatever she says is so must be so, whether it is or not. Generally this dreadful but essential rule is the hardest for a mere adult to tolerate. What Orena does is clever; what she makes is pretty; what she approves must stand. It would never do to suggest an appeal from her verdict. Like Jehovah himself, Orena saw everything that she had made, and, behold, it was very good. And you must somehow manage to behold it that way too, or you "can't play".

The object of this ancient and honorable game must be clearly conceived if the adult is to play acceptably. It is this: simply to have fun by imaginatively reproducing adult life upon some chosen smaller scale. Since it is all for fun nothing need be included that at the moment seems to the player — to the Orena of the game, that is, not necessarily to the slave — distasteful. Since all proceeds by the imagination, the actual appearance or condition of things can be quite irrelevant. Thus,

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to adapt a paradox from Emerson, "Evil may bless and ice may burn"; the weak may conquer the strong, and flat failures may be conceded the full glamour of success. It is a free will world, without external necessity, moral, physical, or economic.

And yet in this play world there goes on constantly a restless, industrious activity, unprompted by any compulsion of need or of authority. All is spontaneous and enjoyable, just for fun. Our Orena has the essentials of life ready to her hand. From the first, she lives in a perfect, or almost perfect, child's universe, protected, supported, supplied with a suitable playmate, untroubled by adult interference. Necessity is not in her case the mother even of invention. Her first contrivance was a comb. She cooked her food, not because cooking was necessary, but because the process was amusing and, apparently, the result was appetizing. The clothes she made were chiefly for adornment. The youthful furniture makers and home decorators had no need for the products of their labors; in fact, hardly made use of them before their adventure ended. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, they were at liberty to concentrate upon the purely decorative arts if they chose.

The love story, told with very great relish, is an adolescent supplement to the childish game of playing house. This love is a cross between the two species known respectively as romantic and puppy. It is too good to be true. I suppose Nathalia would be the first to admit that Octans is too much a dream boy for real adequacy as a lover. He is too obedient, acquiescent, perfect. Even the janitor's boy, though perhaps not the rightful Duke of Lower Lorraine, made a more thrilling lover.

He'll carry me off, I know that he will,
For his hair is exceedingly red;
And the only thing that occurs to me
Is to dutifully shiver in bed.

But those who rule in the game of playing house must always have their own way; and consequently Orena never felt the shiver, dutiful or otherwise.

As I have intimated, romantic love is not quite in harmony with the housekeeping game. Romance, Nathalia's kind, stops short of marriage, where housekeeping commonly begins. Like Traddles, these lovers make a great deal of their preparations. The catastrophe prevents their connubial felicity. It is too bad. One would like to see Orena in the rôle of wife and mother. Models for that picture may be found, I should judge, on many a sunny back porch throughout our land when the little Nichols girl comes over to play with Anna May, and they get out their dolls.

Then it is that the sunken gardens bloom. With nimble imagination the little Crusoes deftly "change a doorstep for a fen"; stern parental authority with its many human failings is banished; and kind Mother Nature herself guards the children without scolding them. By simple magic the old enigma of free will and determinism is solved. Thereby work becomes play, and happiness is a present realization, not a forlornly postponed hope. This is the children's ideal of life. Of course we deadened, purblind adults commonly dismiss their paradise with the intolerant aspersion of unreality. Being only adults, we simply can't do otherwise. And yet, and yet — is happiness an unreality?

Well, I for one would give much to see the world with Orena's eyes. I too should like to have my own way unquestioned; a faithful slave or so, adoring and beloved, to accept my

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whims as law; and a natural subsidy banishing the urge of necessity. We pay heavily for our matured powers, if we lose our grip on such a world.

Nathalia Crane, with the uncanny precocity of genius, knows well the peculiar nature of the game she plays. "It was a dispensation," she writes, "a reversal of old statutes; it surely held some esoteric bearing upon all life." And again, "The islands of the blessed lie in the soul, easy of access to a mind content." The children's Utopia, like so many others, is a parable, with spiritual significance for adults with ears to hear. All too soon even our young author must take passage for the staid continent of maturity, departing like Orena from this esoteric revelation. Must she too, like the "hunters" of her well known poem, sometime go down on her knees in search of the "strays of the playbox hoard"? We should be unhappy to lose that authentic child voice from our literature. Such voices are very rare.

BECAUSE SHE IS VERY OLD

By Leslie Dykstra

BECAUSE we are of the same kin,
And of a clannish race,
Dutifully, we meet with a thin
Discussion on old lace.

And because she is very old
And must not be denied,
And because she is weighted with gold
And I with pride,

I sit quiet and prayerfully
While daylight lingers
And she knots again carefully
With brittle fingers

Threads of our feudful lineage
Long spent and broken;
Until, against the presage
Of thoughts unspoken —

Of words that wound memory —
Paupers of prejudice —
I pay with pity
The coin of my kiss.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART XII

The instalments of Mr. Burke's atmospheric novel which have been appearing in THE BOOKMAN *have necessarily been greatly shortened to meet space requirements; but it has been the attempt of the editors to retain as much as is possible of the quality of this unusual and distinctive piece of highly organized prose.*

AT a quarter past one Perrinchief found Christopher awaiting him in Great Portland Street. The lunch moved at the agreeable pace that belongs to the lunches of those whose affairs permit them to be of the Three-Hours-for-Lunch Club. Through all its desultory chatter, Perrinchief said nothing about his morning visit to Roderick Shower, and a lot about the fortunes made by men who could do the Right Stuff. He talked of cars and of houseboats on the river, and winters in Madeira and yachts, and country cottages, and villas in Italy, and the men he knew — good serious craftsmen — who possessed these things. He urged that life did have a material side, and that those who ignored this side were less wise than they thought. He pointed out that Wagner did his best work in beautiful and gracious surroundings, and that to turn one's face against these things, and deliberately choose a shabby hut in a wilderness, was evidence of an unbalanced mind and an immature soul. The elegancies of life were as much worth cultivating as the elegancies of the mind, and a sane man made every effort to cultivate both. What did Shakespeare write for? Money — so's he could buy a little estate in his home town and be well thought of. What did Dickens write for? What did Rembrandt paint for? The desire for the substantial beautiful things of this life was often a more effective inspiration to a man than the desire for the stars. No man could live a right full life unless he had —

He went on until Christopher interrupted him with: "What the devil are you rattling on about? I thought we'd settled all this years ago."

"Did we? How did we settle it? You agreed, I think, to abandon your thrip'ny cinema and sink your beautiful soul in the Sistine, at eight times the salary and a few of the decencies of life. What?"

"Yes, so's I could go on with my work."

"Exactly. And now it's about time you went a step further. Oh, I'm not saying anything about your Work. It wouldn't interfere with that. I like to see a man with a hobby. Keeps him out of mischief when he's not doing real work. Only, being where you are now, you might easily have been doing work that'd get you out of there — work that'd only take a tenth of your day, and make you practically independent and leave you free to pile up dozens of chamber suites on top of that bathroom cupboard."

"How?"

"How? Oh, there's dozens of ways. Once you're ready to go for it, you can

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find dozens of outlets. Specially a chap with your talent for real pure melody. Supposing I approach one or two people?"

"In what way? What sort of work?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just the sort of work you could do, though, and do easily."

"'M. I don't know . . . I think I'd rather keep on as I am. I'm quite comfortable. I'd rather not get mixed up in that cheap stuff. One's name, you know . . . "

"Oh, yes, of course. One's precious name. And what value is your name to anybody I'd like to know? Why, my name means more than yours. I am known just a bit. Your name means nothing to anybody — neither to Charing Cross Road nor Queen's Hall. I want to show you how to make a name. You can't do anything in anything until you've got a name that stands for something, and there's precious little hope of making a name with your Trios and Quartets. You've got to do something really Big or something Popular. And when I try to help you, all you do is to gibe about your precious Name — which you haven't yet got. I daresay if I thought a bit, I could think of several ways of pushing you on — and pushing you out of that cinema. But you don't give a fellow much encouragement."

"Never mind, old chap. Save your brains for real work."

"All right, my lad. You say you're comfortable where you are. Perhaps you are. Never occurs to you to think of other people, I suppose."

"Other people?"

"Ah. I want to push you on, not only for your own benefit but for other people's. Haven't thought about your mother and father, I suppose?" Christopher dropped his eyes. "D'you want them to spend all their days in that hole? Can't you see your old man's sick of it? That it's getting on his nerves and wearing him? You've got a certain talent and it's up to you to use it and do something for him."

"He wouldn't want me to help him by rubbish. He's always been against that. He's looking for me to do something good. That'd please him more than anything."

"Rubbish be damned. You think that everything that's not exclusive must be rubbish. You talk like a goggle eyed undergraduate. You may think you can write fine Trios and Quartets. Perhaps you can. So far as my opinion goes on what I've heard of 'em, you can't. They're good — and that's all; and for the limited public that wants chamber music, there's already more than enough being done by men who can do it better than you and have more serious things to say. If I had a guv'nor who was hard up and was living in a back street, and who'd been decent to me, I'd —"

"Oh, all right. Shut up. I'll think about it."

"Good. And perhaps when you've thought, you'll realize that the coarse, smart Perrinchief has been your best friend. At present, I know, you look upon him as though he were like that millionaire who married a prostitute and dragged her down to his own level. You think I'm trying to drag you down, whereas I'm pointing out to you that your right path to the stars — the real stars, not the æsthetic ones — is to use whatever talent you've got to do a bit of good to those who've done good by you. What?"

"All-right, all-right. Now leave it and have another liqueur. With me."

"Well, you realize, don't you?"

"Oh, hell, yes, I realize all right."

"Well, then . . . "

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After the lunch they ambled along Great Portland Street toward Oxford Street. At the corner, Perrinchief twitched Christopher's coat. "I say! Look what's coming!" Perrinchief had a decided "eye" for girls. "Look at that! Gosh, old bloke, there's a flaming galleon for you." The flaming galleon in green frock, with Rossetti curls beating against the green shoulders, sailed close to them. Perrinchief stared at it. Christopher cast a casual eye at it; then smiled and spoke. "Well, Connie, how're things?"

Connie, whose eyes were fixed on a distant clock, stopped, stared, and smiled. "Why . . . Hullo!"

"And how are you after all these years? Remember me?"

"Remember you? Course I do. I saw you a few months ago in Wardour Street and recognized you at once. You *have* grown, though."

"So've you, but not so much. Well . . . and what's been happening to you all the time? Haven't heard a word since you ran away from — er — ran away. Often thought about you. Didn't know if you were dead or what. What *did* happen?"

"Oh, when I left — left there, I met a friend — a girl. I lived with her until — until the last three months. There was a — oh, some trouble just then, and I had to come away."

"What are you doing now?"

"Oh, I've been at Queen's Hall the last year."

"Queen's Hall? What you doing there?"

"Oh, I've been — I'm —" she looked away and muttered — "I'm in the cloakroom. But I like it. Because, betweentimes, I can get into the hall and hear the concert. I'm living at Camden Town now. Park Street. With a girl who works at the Philharmonic."

"Oh, yes. I'm living just round here — Berners Street. I'm working at the Sistine Cinema."

"Oh, yes."

While they chatted, Perrinchief stood staring straight at Connie's head. The mask of the brisk young apostle of Getting-on had fallen. He was now the commonplace idiot.

Connie asked: "How's everything at Islington? You still have your quartets?"

"Only Sundays. That's the only day I'm there."

"Oh. I'd like to see them again. I suppose you don't know what happened to — er — to my — er — aunt?"

"Your aunt? Oh, no. No. No, I've never heard anything about her."

"Oh . . . Well, I must bolt. There's a recital this afternoon. I'm late now."

"Well, come round to the Sistine one afternoon when you're free. I'd like to have a chat. Just ask for me."

She smiled with open glee. "Oh, thanks. Thanks. It's awfully good of you. I'd love to have another talk, any time it would suit you."

"Right. We will. Make it about five — that's my free time for an hour or so. Any day that suits you."

"Thanks. Thanks very much. It's awfully good of you. Goodby."

She sailed away to the north, and Christopher moved again toward Oxford Street. But Perrinchief was not following. He stood still on the corner, staring after her, and when Christopher called "Come on!" and he turned to him, it was clear that something had moved him.

"By gosh! I never guessed you knew her. I've seen her once or twice in this street, but never had a close up of her. Red hair always gets me. I say — when you're seeing her again, can I come along? I'd like to talk to that girl. I would, really. I thought I

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was pretty hardened after some years of the theatre, but . . . I've never seen anything *like* her. How long you known her?"

"Oh, I knew her years ago. When we were kids. Quite a nice kid. The ordinary sort of nice girl."

"Ordinary sort of . . . You bat! Ordinary sort! Where's your eyes? The style she's got. The quality. What the devil's she doing in a beastly job like that?"

"I don't know. Haven't seen her for years."

"The grace of her — and the reserve. Wouldn't she look fine in the right clothes? Why, she could go *anywhere*. There's character there. Fine character, too. And poise; mental poise. Don't know what sort of people she comes from, but she could stand with any of 'em for blood and breeding. You can't breed soul. It's there or not, and she's got it. Who was it she ran away from?"

"Oh, only an old aunt she couldn't get on with."

"Ah. Wouldn't she look fine in a punt on the river on a sunny day? Just the background for her — trees and water. And working in a beastly job like that. And you — you — you poor scab, standing there talking to a creature like that with no more interest than a dead fish'd show. Didn't know if she were dead or not. And didn't care, I'll bet. Thinking of your Work, I suppose. Bah! Three minutes of that girl's worth a couple o' dozen of your Impressions for Strings. Do get her along some time. Ask her to lunch one day, and let me join. Will you?"

"Oh, if you like." Christopher was impatient and was listening with a politeness that denied itself. "I must scoot. I promised to be there for the afternoon show. So long!"

He went rapidly westward to his cinema. Perrinchief had been right; he was thinking of his Work; brooding on a theme for a piano quintet; but behind the brooding moved a casual commentary. "Curious, meeting her. Quite a jolly girl now. Bright spot on a dull day. Poor kid, though. Cloakroom. Wonder if I couldn't work her into something better. Perhaps at our place. . . . Then she'd be always about, though. . . . Never thought she'd grow up like that, after the life she had. Quite an interesting five minutes. I'm glad she's kept up her music. Curious phrases she's got — 'awfully good of you'. Don't belong to her style. . . . Interesting to meet her again. . . . Been having a rough time all round, poor kid. Might be rather amusing to talk to her again. . . . Still . . . girls . . . "

Two months later he had no Work to think about; only work at which he swore. Perrinchief and Shower, between them, had done their work so well that Christopher sat in his Berners Street sitting room one Saturday morning, elbows on table, head in hands, and face expressing the taste of quinine. He had soared for five years in the air of comfortable failure; now, with a shot from Perrinchief, he had crashed to the hard earth of Success. And the bruise was made the more painful by the knowledge that the earth, not the air, was his place. The knowledge had been slow in coming, but now he knew inwardly, and de Florent, Perrinchief, and the world had shown him, that he was not meant to be the serious artist; that he had nothing to say. He realized that he who loved grace and hated vulgarity was effective only when he was vulgar; that he could do no more than say the old vulgar things with a polish and twist and spin

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that tickled the ears of half the world. He was facing what many a young artist has to face; the knowledge that he is only a skilled craftsman. The music of the streets — that he could do to perfection. For years he had dreamed, as a vague Dick Whittington dream, of the good work that he wanted to do. In time, these dreams took firmer shape and became hopes; and today they had come wryly true. To most, their dreams do not come true. To a very few, they come as the dreamers saw them. To others, to whom they do come, they come, as to Christopher, in unrecognizable shape. In making his wishes to fortune, he had forgotten that fortune requires minute specifications. He had used for his wishes the careless phrasing of youth — he wanted to do good work in music — and fortune had answered him. He was known now as the composer of the best and most popular dance air of the last twenty years.

On the window seat lay the day's newspaper, a copy of the issue which at that moment was evoking shouts from Fred Gore. The centre page held a story of the famous one step, "Lamps of London". The story carried two absurd "heads": "Genius in a Public House. Islington Youth Composer of Lamps of London." It told the story of the writing of the one step, of its immediate success, and of the contracts that English and American dance publishers were offering to the "Islington youth".

Perrinchief was strolling about the room, urging the youth not to make a damned fool of himself. The youth looked up from the table. "But what I want to know is — who the hell gave you permission to do it? Eh? It was damned impudence. It was a dirty trick. A dirty trick."

"Don't rant, old bloke, don't rant. The thing's done now; and when you're a year older you'll be grateful."

"Oh, shut up, you fool. You had no right to do it. No right at all. No more right to take a note of that rubbish, and copy it out and sell it, than you had to — to steal anything from the room. It's worse than stealing. And you knew it was, or you wouldn't have been so slinky and secret about it."

"Bah! Take some pills and put your head under the tap. You're started now on the job you can do. You can have anything you like now. This thing's only just beginning. Shower hasn't started his real campaign yet. Can't you accept that as my apology for not letting you know about it? A pretty handsome apology, I reckon. Shower's only worked London so far. Wait till it gets abroad. What a situation! A fellow rowing and slanging a pal who's made him."

"But you oughtn't to have done it in the first place. What was the idea? Why couldn't you have said openly what you wanted?"

"Because I knew you, Fathead. I knew the uselessness of asking. You'd have put on your best pair of highbrow wings and gone right up in the air. I've always wanted to put you on the right way, and you wouldn't let me. So when I saw a real chance, I took it without being let. *I* knew what you'd got when you played that thing over, and I saw that the only way to handle it was to get it out without your knowing. You're such a damned fool about life that you don't know good luck when you see it. And don't know good work when you write it."

"But it wasn't straight. It was underhand. That's what I'm complaining about."

"Well, what's the good of knocking dead horses about? The thing's done. You've got a wad of money coming.

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Roderick Shower loves you. I salute you as the best popular man we've had for years. What more d'you want? I've put you now where you can help your people, and let them finish their lives in ease and comfort, and I've given you a Name."

"Yes. What a name! What a tin kettle name. You've damned me for life now. I'm finished."

"Never mind, son. Some souls have to be damned before they can be saved. I've found out for you what you couldn't find out for yourself. I've found out your line and your style. This is the thing you can do. This is what you were born for. This is the job God's given you."

"Yes—to amuse the brainless mob."

"Now, come—don't sneer at God. Remember—even the little sparrows mean something to him. There's no arguing about it. You've just got to get on with it. No doubt Puccini would have liked to write like Wagner, but he knew he couldn't, so he gave himself to the job he *could* do."

"Yes, but taking notes in the dark and slinking round to a publisher—"

"Oh, shut up, you superior fool. You make me sick!"

Christopher stared gloomily at the wall. The phrase brought an echo of the occasion when he had used it to a girl who was amplifying Mozart. He had used it in the mad pride of intellectuality. Now it was turned against himself—the composer of one steps—and he began to see that he deserved it. He was a fool for thinking that he could do serious work, and a fool for not accepting his right place. All his life he had seen his career among the serious and scholarly; he knew now that he could not even wipe his boots on the doormats of the serious. Their doors would be closed. He got up and gloomed about the room, in the first bitterness of conscious failure. Against all his ideals glared the fact that he was the composer of the Damned Thing that every street boy was whistling and every cheap Palais de Danse was playing. He felt that the whole of London knew his shame and was pitying him. His great bushy head and grave eyes and movements gave him a quality that turned people's eyes toward him in restaurants and other public places. These questioning glances he had never noticed; but now he was conscious of them and shrank from them; and whenever he caught them he wanted to answer with a shout, "No, you're mistaken. I'm not Cortot or Solomon or Moiseiwitsch or Pouishnoff. I'm the solemn and serious composer of 'Lamps of London'!"

Perrinchief continued his attack. "You make me sick! Dammit, boy, that thing's genius in its own kind. Just as Johann Strauss and Offenbach were genius in their own kind. As I've told you before, there's a lot of serious stuff being done of the kind you wanted to do. But precious little good stuff of the popular kind. Precious little. This thing's got a flavor that's entirely *you*. And what you've got to do now is to stow your precious twisted-art soul away and turn out some more. You said that themes were always coming for that sort of thing. Well, grab 'em. The world wants 'em. It doesn't want your precious stuff. It wants just this sort of thing, and it'll take all you can do. It wants the Scollard Touch. The hit that this one's made shows it. Dancers everywhere are just crazy about it. They played it nine times the other night at the Cosmopolitan. You said you could write 'em easily, straight off the piano—well, there's another proof that they're your job. The thing you

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can do easily is always the thing you were meant to do."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, supposing you felt that you'd got good stuff in you—and then had to spend your life cleaning boots in a hotel, because you were an expert boot cleaner?"

"What's the point? Perfectly obvious that you hadn't got good stuff in you, or you wouldn't be so expert at boot cleaning. No man has two gifts of the same capacity. Anyway, the analogy's wrong. You're not going to spend your life in the lowest depths of the hotel. You've got good stuff in you, and now you've got a horde of people round you waiting for you to get it out. Yes—Good Stuff, I said. It *is* good stuff; any musician will admit that. It's just your twisted snobbish way of looking at things that makes you ashamed of it. I told you that your little soul wanted a bit of knocking about in Tin Pan Alley. Well, it's getting it now, and in a month or two I hope it'll be all the better for it. Your soul's sick, my boy. If God had made you an eagle, you'd have gone about grousing because you couldn't jump like a panther. And if God had made you a lion, you'd a-been sick because you couldn't swim like a whale. Plenty of the serious fellows you admire wouldn't have been ashamed of owning the authorship of 'Lamps of London'; but just because it's being played by hotel bands and not Queen's Hall, you're bleating, you poor silly wall eyed gazook. After all I've done for you. Pull your socks up, you pie can. Then, when your soul's got a bit more manhood in it, thank God for sending me to you."

"Finished?"

"Yes. I'm off now. You needed that bit of plain talk. I'll be along tomorrow, and I shall expect a new one ready, and then I'll fix the words for it. You and me will have suites in Savoy Chambers next year, my son. Now—" He flung back the lid of the piano. "There's the piano. There's the stool. Go to it, Offenbach."

Christopher sat still and stared at the wall. Perrinchief shot through the door; then shot back. "I say, old bloke, you don't take any offense at what I've said, do you?"

"Eh? Oh, no. No. You haven't said anything offensive, have you? Your tender consideration's so wonderful that it'd be interesting to see you being rude."

"Bah!"

In its first month of publication the one step swept through London and round London; then its career began. It went—but you will remember its progress, and you will remember the frosty sparkle of its air, its tickling phrases and its drum-tap rhythm. Not a street in any town of England that did not throb to its measure. It went to Europe, to America, to Asia, to Australia. Every town of the modern world knew it, hummed it, danced to it. Troops marched to it. In the midocean of the seven seas gramophones played it, and sailors came ashore to it. While its composer was grinding his teeth and accepting his humiliation, it was being sung in lonely camps on veldt and prairie and pampas; in Pacific islands; in settlements in African swamps. Every restaurant band played it. Every street organ had it. Every roundabout had it. Revues here and abroad "featured" it, and at the end of its year it was the central scene of twenty pantomimes. Single dance acts on European and American halls made their individual arrangements of it; and it went beyond its year. It so held

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ears and feet of the public that twelve months did not tire them of it. It gave way only to his second and third, which made equally happy capture of the ear; and last spring it came up again, and still comes up. He, whose ambition was to write for the mind, was to be known as the writer for the common ear; whose airs had all the affectionate pull of some of the old Neapolitan songs.

Roderick Shower had "seen something in it". He thought he would "do well" with it; but sure as he was of its "going", its flight left his assurance far behind. He was accustomed to popular successes, which had their three months' run; but "popular success" was a foolish term for the vogue of "Lamps of London". It was a whirlwind.

In the main room of a yellow and vermilion flat at Hanover Gate, overlooking Regent's Park, within view of ultimate sophistication and within sound of the imprisoned creatures of primæval forests, an assorted party was gathered. The flat was Christopher's and the guests were his father, de Florent, Roderick Shower, Connie Giltspur, and Perrinchief. Perrinchief and Shower were brisk and beaming. De Florent on the chesterfield was, as usual, metallic. David Scollard was grave, and Connie, with eyes possessively fixed on Perrinchief, was shimmering. The appointments of the flat had that quality of thoughtful ease that marked de Florent's flat. It expressed Christopher, and one wall of the sitting room expressed something more. It was bare of pictures, and in the centre of it hung a violin by one of the lesser men of Cremona, presented three years ago by de Florent. It hung there now as a relic only. Cigars and whisky and soda were about, and the guests chatted in couples. On a small table in the window lay a letter from the Roderick Shower Music Features:

DEAR MR. SCOLLARD,

It is with pleasure that I enclose statement of sales of "Lamps of London" for the three months ending June 30th, together with cheque for £3,463. 9. 8. I understand from Mr. Perrinchief that you are making private arrangements about his remuneration for his lyric. I may add that sales since June 30th have been remarkably strong. American sales have made a record, even for that country, and with gramophone and other mechanical-rights receipts, the December cheque, I am happy to say, will be considerably in advance of that now enclosed.

I shall be putting out "Islington Green" next week. All those bands that have had preliminary copies are most enthusiastic about it. "Petticoat Lane" and "Piccadiliana" I propose to hold back until "Islington Green" has had a good start. Do let us get together soon and discuss your plans for the future. I will be pleased to keep any appointment that may be agreeable to you, either at your flat or at this office. Any ideas you may have for the production and handling of your work will be carefully observed; and I need not assure you what a pleasure it is to all of us to be associated with you and your delightful work.

David, standing at the window with Christopher, looked at the letter and frowned. "So this is to be your career, eh? This is what I trained you for? Ah, well, God will have his little jokes."

"Never mind, old man. After all, there's compensations. You can sell out of the 'Sun' now, as soon as you like, and get the place at Golder's Green you've always been wanting. Or something better than Golder's Green if you like."

David gave a heavy smile. "Well, serves us right, I suppose, for not finding our proper places sooner. We can see the place where we feel we ought to be, but we're not properly ready. Haven't got our wedding garments. Now we know where we

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belong. You to fox trots; me, the retired publican."

De Florent joined in. "Yes; I always feel sorry for the man with the one poor talent. He was hit pretty hard because he'd obviously got a little touch above the one talent, or he wouldn't have hidden it. The little bit more that isn't enough. One talent—and a half. Those men are sad cases. The homeless. The spiritually intermediate."

Perrinchief cried to them from his seat next to Connie, "What? Is he still on that stuff, the little grouser? I thought I'd knocked it all out of him. Life, as I keep telling him, is a one way road, and once you've got on a particular road the law says Keep Straight On. And you've got to, whether you want to go that way or not. Life's full of fellows like Chris; fellows that bite off larger mouthfuls than they can take, and spend what ought to be a pleasant dinnertime, choking. Until God or somebody stands 'em on their heads and knocks it out. Fortunately for Chris I happened to be about and stopped his choking fit."

David smiled. "Wise young man. Where did you pick up all this?"

Perrinchief brought his feet with a bang to the floor, and laughed. "Watching you and your son make comedians of yourselves."

There was a general stir and proposals of moving on. Shower, whose bright baby face had been turned toward Connie throughout the evening, had taken Perrinchief's seat and had fallen into a facetious mood of flirtation. Perrinchief broke into another laugh. Christopher asked, "What's the matter?"

"I was thinking of an awful joke."

"Well, let's have it. Awful jokes are the only kind that belong to us."

"It was something about the title of your pub, Mr. Scollard, and your splendid offspring."

Christopher threw a cushion at him. "Go on. Get out and go home. I've got some work to do."

Perrinchief routed Shower from his chair, and pulled Connie up by her curls. "Come on, old thing. He wants to get rid of us, so's he can add up his new passbook." They darted and bustled, and in five minutes they were gone, pulling Shower after them. De Florent lay on the chesterfield, with no sign of moving. His eyes were closed and a wintry smile hovered at the corners of his lips. From the fireplace Christopher saw "the children", as he called them, cross the road, with arms openly about each other. In three meetings Perrinchief had made conquest of Connie, and she had gone joyfully to him, with a gentle push from Christopher. He was glad he had given this push. Girls were a nuisance; one might so easily fall in love with them, and then they got in the way of everything, said the worldly wisdom of twenty one.

He turned to his father. "Well, you'd better start right away on the 'Sun'. It'll take a month or two to get it off your hands, and then there'll be the transfer, so the sooner you start the better."

"Yes." David stared across to the park and brooded. "Very good of you, boy. You know I've hated the place for years. Only, I'd rather it had come from some other means, and not from the very sort of work you loathed."

"Oh, that's all right, Dad. I'm not worrying. One grows up, you know. I've got a bit more sense than I had six months ago. I'm really getting to like the idea. After all, if one can put even a little music and grace into street music — that's a little something to do."

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"Yes. Yes, I suppose it is. I didn't want to come down on you for things. I ought to have been able to push you off to Paris three or four years ago. And I ought to be independent by now. But . . . I don't know. I seem to have wasted my life."

Christopher looked at him, and saw him as an old man, very tired. He wanted to say something to him: something expressive of twenty years of father-and-sonship; but he could not frame the right thing. He thought instead of something he might do; something he had never done before. David was a long way from him; nearly five paces. He wondered if he could manage it. He moved with very casual air, as though about to take a cigarette from the window table. Then with a jerk he put his hand on his father's shoulder and patted him. "That's all right, old man. Cheer up. Things are going to be good for both of you now. I'm jolly glad I wrote that thing and got the chance of doing something for you." He stopped with hot face, and swung back to the fireplace, trying to look as though he had not made an ass of himself. David kept his face turned to the window.

To cover the loud silence that followed, he went to the Steinway. "Listen to this, Dad. A new thing of Frederick Delius. I bought it the other night. Fine stuff." He sat down, intent and serious; brushed back his hair, and struck a few chords. Next moment the chords were overridden by an organ down the street. It was playing "Lamps of London". From the back of the room came a long low noise. He looked round to discover it, and remembered then that they were not alone.

It was de Florent, laughing.

(The End)

THE LONELY

By S. Bert Cooksley

OLD man Thimbly with your greenish high hat,
Old lady Martin with your stale grey shawl,
Old parson Steiber, following your cat,
And you old Peters, who will die next fall —
All of you, each of you, where do you go
Over the road's back, poking in the mist,
Down through the alleys where the spiders grow;
Whither off? Whither to? Who'd want to tryst

Half an hour, whole hour — any time with you? . . .
Hist! I know something, something I've found,
Something about you, about what you do
When the grey morning is spread on the ground
And the frogs run off — I know why you sneak
Off down the back road and talk to the creek!

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LONGFELLOW'S GOLDEN YEARS

By Herbert S. Gorman

This study forms part of a forthcoming biography, "A Victorian American", which shows the great poet of the people surprisingly modern, exceedingly human.

"IT is in its international aspect that we rejoice at the public honor done to Mr. Longfellow," remarked the London "Daily News" after Henry received his honorary degree from the University of Cambridge. "Familiar as his name is in the mouths of the people, among us he represents his country. Such men come among us on unofficial embassies of peace and friendship and good will. Their visits multiply the ties which, as kindred peoples, bind us together. Our tendency is more and more to cultivate our relationship to the progressive and expanding West. Our language, our literature, and our race have a great future here and a great future there. Mr. Longfellow represents the profound unity of sympathy, of home feeling, and of moral aspiration which there is between us. That we can each be represented by the same poet, and feel that the same lyrics express our feelings and move our hearts, is a strong tie of intellectual sympathy." Henry, therefore, is recognized as an ambassador. He is the representative of the new world in so far as that terrain is a shadow of the old world and a definite development of kindred ties. One wonders what Henry thinks of it all, for during the Civil War he had risen to heights of indignation, for him, at the unreasonable attitude of England toward the northern states. Even the Queen is made to see that Henry is not an ordinary mortal, that he is, in fact, a crowned figure in his own right, for to Theodore Martin she remarks, "I wished for you this morning, for you would have seen something that would have delighted you as a man of letters. The American poet Longfellow has been here. I noticed an unusual interest among the attendants and servants. I could scarcely credit that they so generally understood who he was. When he took leave, they concealed themselves in places from which they could get a good look at him as he passed. I have since inquired among them, and am surprised and pleased to find that many of his poems are familiar to them. No other distinguished person has come here that has excited so peculiar an interest. Such poets wear a crown that is imperishable." Delightful Victoria! How sad it is that poor dear Albert could not have received this benign and bearded representative of the new world, that new world that had not been so popular a few years previously. Even the London "Times" joins in the pæan of welcome, expressing its friendliness in a poem by Charles Kent which opens:

Welcome to England, thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bead-roll of our Saxon song.

Henry is now on the high crest of the wave. He has attained his apotheosis. He has been taken to the bosom, figuratively, of course, of the Queen, and

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the entire kingdom, so far as it is at all conscious of Henry, stands with open arms and a bright smile of welcome. It is true that a terrible young man named Swinburne is not to be found in the throng of hospitable intellectuals, but one could hardly expect to find him there. Algernon prefers Whitman to Henry, and Henry we may be sure finds nothing in the first "Poems and Ballads". Indeed, did he not gag a bit at the unpleasantness of Mr. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair", saying that it was a clever, cutting, amusing, disagreeable book that showed too much of the coarse lining of London life? Realism of any sort is not Henry's forte. He prefers his dear Jean-Paul.

He has one more visit to make, however, before he can safely assure himself that he has been accepted by England in toto. Though he has pressed the royal hand of Victoria and the political hand of Gladstone, there yet remains the poetical hand of Tennyson, for he has adored "Saint Alfred" for a long time and, indeed, had sent him an Indian calumet as a token of homage a year or so before this tour. So to Freshwater he goes, to Farringford, with all his entourage, and bursts upon the dour English laureate. Tennyson is in an amicable mood. "Very English he is", he notes, regarding Henry approvingly. The Americans stay for two days, though not at Farringford, and Tennyson shows but little of that gruffness which so marks his later years. He *does* catch one of Henry's daughters turning over the leaves of a book of her father's poems, prominently displayed upon the Tennysonian table with more than usual tact, and growls, "Don't you have enough of that at home?" much to the dismay of the American girl. And he also grumbles roughly at his boys during lunch for some fancied grievance, but the bearishness is for the most part absent. Indeed, he rather puts himself out for his American friends. He takes them to the roof of the house to view the scenery and hastily drags them down again when he sees a woman and child hurrying across a distant field; swearing, as he does so, that the couple are running to get a glimpse of him. He reads "Maud" in his peculiar nasal singsong voice. He discusses spiritualism with Henry, a subject in which he is vastly interested at this time. He even invites forty or fifty neighbors to tea to meet the Longfellows, and Henry, observing Mrs. Fraser Tytler's charming daughters, remarks, "It was worthwhile coming to England to see such young ladies." Henry even in his old age never loses his delight in a pretty face. It is all quite charming and Henry departs with the feeling that he has now seen everybody worth seeing. He has been killed with kindness as it were, and now he desires to revive on the Continent, among the unforgotten scenes of his youth, during those brave days when he was twenty one.

From the Isle of Wight and its Tennysonian atmosphere, therefore, the American party departs for Dover, crosses the choppy Channel, and proceeds up the Rhine to Switzerland, where the summer is passed with the single interruption of a trip over the St. Gotthard pass to Lugano and Cad[illegible] enabbia on the lake of Como. [illegible] ghosts pursue Henry but his g[illegible] nature meets them with tha[illegible] benign valiancy that is so[illegible] virtue of his nature. "The ol[illegible] places saddened me", he remark[illegible] ply in a letter to Fields, a letter incid[illegible] ally in which he directs the publish[illegible] to go ahead and issue the "New England Tragedies". It is possible that, wandering through Interlaken and

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walking in the ancient ways, he met a rather Byronic albeit fresh cheeked young man recovering from the sorrow of his wife's death in Holland. There is so much behind him now, so many hills climbed, so many views forsaken, so many voices mute. The summer days dream away in a pleasant heat and by autumn Henry ventures into Paris, but the Paris of the Second Empire is not particularly pleasing to him. There is nothing in the contemporary literature to attract him. Hugo, for example, is too extravagant and violent. He visits Sainte-Beuve and finds the French critic so fat that he can scarcely move. They talk of Châteaubriand and Lamartine. "Take them for all in all, which do you prefer?" inquires Henry. Sainte-Beuve replies: "*Charlatan pour charlatan, je crois que je préfère Monsieur de Lamartine.*" He dines with John Ruskin at Meurice's and Ruskin finds him "a quiet simple gentleman, neither specially frank nor reserved, somewhat grave, very pleasant, not amusing, strangely innocent and calm, caring little for things out of his own serene sphere". Henry, on his part, is struck by the quiet way in which the Englishman gives vent to his extreme opinions. Of *course* Henry is strangely innocent. He cares nothing for things out of his own serene sphere. Henry, after all, has ceased to grow. He has nothing le[illegible]w but the past upon which to [illegible]d though that past is rich in [illegible]olors and crowded with many [illegible] still the past. The vital[illegible]t. He is an old man and he [illegible]n the multi-hued, barbar[illegible] shifting world as would an old [illegible], not comprehending and not car[illegible]g for the drastic twists of time. What does it matter to him now that new conceptions of art trouble the unresting world of the mind? He, at least, settled the problem long ago for himself. He goes to hear Molière's plays at the Théâtre Française, explores some of the old localities of literary history, and pokes about among the ancient books in the stalls on the quays, his white beard drooping over the worn calf bindings as he chatters excellent French with the pedlers. The autumn wind blows along the Seine and there is a warning nip in it. The mists above Notre Dame seem cold and forbidding. This is enough for Henry, and before winter sets in he flees before it, setting off southward, still with his family entourage, through Arles where the birds chirp from the eaves of the ancient houses and along the Cornihe into Italy. Ah! *la bella Italia!* Next to Spain it is the land of his youthful dreams. Was it not here that he dreamed with Greene of the mighty future that stood pulsating just beyond his boyish orbit? Did they not sit on the roof top and gravely prophesy vast achievements to one another? He pauses for a few weeks in Florence and then proceeds to Rome. There is a brief visit to Genoa but he does not stop at the old hotel where he once lived. He stops "at a newer and better one, close by". "I often took my girls to walk on the seawall", he writes Greene, "and pointed out to them our old terrace with its flower-pots and statues; though I confess that it had grown smaller and somewhat shorn of its former splendors." Perhaps the long perspective of time has shrunk the ancient terrace. There is an autumn flavor over all his gestures now. The past is diminishing into a quiet picture drained of all fevers, and his activities are becoming simplified and less strenuous. In Rome, where he stops at the Hotel Costanzi above the Piazza Barberini, he does not go about so much. He is

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impatient of lingering in picture galleries, churches, and ruins. It is true that he becomes a centre of interest to the American tourists who crowd about him and vie with one another in adulation, and he also makes various acquaintances among the Italians, the Duke of Sermoneta, for example, and Monsignore Nardi, of the papal court. But he does not see the Pope and he does not seek too strenuously for the scenes of his youth. He is getting tired. Vague thoughts of the comfortable study in Craigie House come to him. Perhaps the high point of his pleasurable meetings here is his brief acquaintance with the Abbé Liszt. Healy, the artist, takes Henry to see the old composer, who is living in a convent at the side of the Forum, and in the twilight the door opens and Liszt stands at the head of the stairs, holding a lighted candle above his head, the tiny flame dancing over his black soutane. At a later meeting Liszt plays for them, his long fingers moving swiftly along the keys and his iron grey hair brushed back on his great head. Henry leans back and listens as many voices thread the music.

Spring comes and travel is renewed, the party striking southward to Naples. There is a night with the Benedictines at Monte Casino and a trip to Amalfi. They go to Pæstum and they pause at Sorrento. Perhaps in the sun-shot silence Henry hears the far away voices of the sirens singing but the music is sad now and faint, filled with the minor notes reminiscent of days and times and faces that come no more. He turns his face on it all for the last time, and the party strikes northward to Venice, and over the Brenner to Innsbruck, Munich, Nuremberg, and Dresden. Across Switzerland they go to Paris, and thence to London and to Oxford where he is given the degree of D.C.L. There is a short tour through Devonshire and then to Edinburgh, the Scotch Lakes and the Burns country. It is all over now. Whether or not Henry suspects that this is the last time he shall see his beloved Europe, his land of romance upon which he has fed all his life, and which has provided him with the particular sustenance which his nature requires, it is patent that he has experienced a dim feeling of restlessness and hurry. He has looked for the past eagerly throughout this triumphal journey and it is curious to note how little he is affected by the present. New movements in letters, in art, in life, do not attract him. These things belong to another world, a world that is not the terrain wherein Henry walks so leisurely. He has ceased to be excited by the time spirit except in so far as that inexplicable dæmon affects his familiars, Sumner for example, or poor Greene. So he arranges for his precious purchases of wines and books and turns his face westward. By the first of September, 1869, he is back in Craigie House, setting about paying his taxes, thankful that he has returned his flock safely to the fold, and vaguely ruminating further poetic excursions from the vantage point of his study chair.

The decade turns to the music of Tennyson's "The Holy Grail" and Lowell's "The Cathedral", and it is the sunny seventies. The reconstruction period of the Republic is in full swing and indeed already far advanced, and commercial prosperity is mounting rapidly. The era of brownstone fronts, many equipages, and millionaires is at the door of time, and Henry, settled back comfortably in the Craigie House, has before him slightly more than a decade of pleasant adulation. His New England is now perceptibly quickened

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by a curious commercial urge that has heretofore been lying semi-dormant in the minds of a canny folk who make it a point to seize opportunity by the forelock. In Washington Congress concerns itself with financial matters, with maritime interests, with the troublous question of extending the franchise to former slaves. Old wounds are healing and the readmission of the southern states to the Union is accomplished to a deal of palaver. President Grant issues a proclamation officially ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment and the conquered south mumbles and mutters and casts about for sly means of circumventing the suffrage of these millions of black men who once were slaves. In Cuba there is a violent insurrection against Spanish rule. Most of these affairs do not touch Henry, who passes a rather dull winter at home after the flare and color of his European tour. The dulness, however, is a sedative to his jaded nerves. He scribbles away at more tales for a new series of the "Wayside Inn", and at the same time finds himself conjecturing whether he will write any more, a rather fruitless conjecture, for he commands an unstemmed facility that neither age nor lack of inspiration may impede. As long as there are books to be read there will be subject matter for poems. Life grows quiet. Agassiz is disabled and cannot receive visitors, read or write. Palfrey is away. Lowell is busy. Sumner is in Washington delivering speeches on the refunding and consolidation of the national debt. Greene makes his occasional appearances from Rhode Island, but these are, on the whole, dormant days. The snow falls and the icicles tinkle in the gutters. Nothing dynamic will disturb Henry now. There will be no more far travels and fierce crises of the soul, no more perplexing uncertainties. This quietude is, in a way, for the best. Though Felton, of the loud cheery laugh, and Hawthorne, dark and silent in his corner, are gone forever and though other friends become more and more immersed in their own affairs, Henry has his growing daughters about him and there are plenty of new friends who, though they may never take the place of the old, serve to lighten his days and render this twilight end of time a charming and urbane period. He sits at the study window and watches the light flare and die above this Cambridge that is not quite the old Cambridge but which is still compact with the intimate revelations and memories of long years.

There is something particularly graceful in this spectacle of Henry, returning from the flowery triumphs of Europe, and sinking so thankfully into the placid domesticity of his home. It is the quintessence of naturalism. If he possesses an undue pride in himself (and it is to be doubted) it is surcharged with an ease and assurance and an innate placidity that is astonishing. He accepts his wreath of laurels unostentatiously and brings it home and hangs it up in the study of Craigie House with all the other tokens of the good will of a world that finds in him a peculiarly appropriate subject for praise. After all, it is possible that the great world sees in him a personification of those gentle virtues of living that are so agreeable to contemplate and so dull to put into practice. And yet Henry, for instance, could be so much duller! He might be a total abstainer. He might be an anti-tobacco proselytizer. He might abjure bright waistcoats as the temptation of the devil. But he does none of these things. Delightful streaks of liberalism brighten the pale hue of his goodness. He sparkles (faintly, to be

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sure) in a New England that grows its yearly crop of fanatics. This is because he is aware of more than his New England. And, being aware of more than it, he is all the better equipped to enjoy its finest flowerings.

Charles Dickens dies suddenly and Henry strolls about Cambridge thinking of nothing but the figure of the novelist lying lifeless at Gad's Hill. It has been so short a time before that both men had been sitting together and discoursing animatedly on life and letters. . . .

The sunny seventies in America open and that relatively long period of quiet insular growth has its inception, a period wherein villages shift imperceptibly into towns and towns climb to the proud estate of cities. Commerce quickens in cities where there are no tall buildings to hide the sun, where trees still grow in the streets, where communication is by post and not so generally by telephone or telegraph, although both exist, where no whirring automobiles clog the thoroughfares and where local travel is confined to carriages and horse cars. To be precise, it is a world wherein men may still walk slowly. Behind all this looms the foggy shape of a restless giant, a giant about to crash through the happy insularity with fierce urges, a myriad of inventions to accelerate living, and a new materialistic thirst for the gold of the world. In the terrain of literature there is a brief breathing space between two modes. There is a dividing line here. Before the seventies poetry was the paramount division of American letters, although a race of novelists, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, had existed and partially colored the time to their personalities. It had been the era of Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, of a galaxy of singers. Now there is a pause while Mark Twain and Bret Harte begin their labors and Howells and James and a dozen younger men fumble toward a prose expression. Up to this time the American public, fed upon English fiction, has hardly missed an autochthonous fictional representation. But now an era of analysis and self examination, crude and fragmentary enough at first, dawns and the gentle old epoch of semi-didactic poetry dwindles into a period of tentative prose ventures. The strength goes out of the poetry, except in so far as Walt Whitman stands as a dynamic protest against self hypocrisy. There is, therefore, an almost imperceptible revolution in America.

Phenomena fleck the seventies. There is the great fire in Chicago and the "Boss" Tweed scandal in New York. Stanley, with the money of James Gordon Bennett, pierces darkest Africa and finds Dr. Livingstone. Gomez conducts his fierce insurrection against Spanish tyranny in Cuba. Henry follows these things with some interest but for the most part he continues to lead his quiet life, applying himself to his books, no less than six of which appear during this decade. Between 1870 and 1876 the greater part of this original work appears. Cut from the same cloth, there is little that can be said about these poems. The old felicities, smoothnesses, lyrical qualities, pleasantness are implicit in them, always excepting that early freshness which first established Henry as an American singer. There is no growth here.

Henry does not appear to be aware of his own limitations and, indeed, there is no reason why he should, safeguarded as he is and coddled by loving friends who pen ecstatic notes on every book that is conceived in Craigie House. After all, he has ceased to be a figure

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who may be impartially criticized. He is a monument now and the sunny seventies form his calm afternoon of living. The postman deposits his pile of letters at the door each morning and Henry learns how well regarded he is throughout the world. He turns from his mail and passes the time in his pleasant study, writing slowly, turning the pages of rare books, bowing his white head over the much loved type. Fields comes to see him and they discuss new books. *Toujours les livres!* He smokes his cigar and his blue eyes twinkle at the thought of further efforts. Visitors come from all parts of the earth. One notes with amazement the host that turns in at the gate of Craigie House during this golden decade, among them, to note the more famous, Thomas Hughes, J. A. Froude, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, William Black, Charles Kingsley, Professor Bonamy Price, Dr. Plumptre, Dean Stanley, Athanase Coquerel, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Duke of Argyll, Salvini, Christine Nilsson, Admiral Coffin, Lord Ronald Gower, Charles Fechter, Auguste Bartholdi, Carl Schurz, Martin Tupper, Sir Joseph Hooker, Mme. Modjeska, and even an Emperor, Dom Pedro of Brazil. They all come to pay their respects and Henry meets them with that unfailing courtesy, standing erect in his frock coat and dispensing his Tokay with an easy generosity. He is the uncrowned king of the Republic in a certain sense, although by this time the Republic is moving sluggishly forward toward other manners and leaving Henry and his Cambridge somewhat behind. Still he knows nothing of this. He cannot realize that there are huge tracts where his name does not mean so much as it did a few years ago. Around him, in his immediate vicinity, the incense is still burned and the delectable odors rise to the blue skies above him.

Samuel F. B. Morse dies and Grant defeats Greeley for the Presidency. Greeley passes away soon after. Henry hears that there is a tremendous fire raging in Boston and the next day he discovers that eighty acres have been burned and that $70,000,000 has been lost. Juarez dies in Mexico and Théophile Gautier dies in France. The rumble of change now sounds close to the doors of Craigie House. The world is shifting after all. In 1873 Agassiz dies and Henry is disconsolate for a while. Louis Napoleon dies. Bulwer-Lytton dies. John Stuart Mill dies. Bells seem to be tolling this year and Henry, if he chooses to listen, may hear far off measured footfalls as the bearers carry an era to its tomb. He begins to be haunted by dreams. He dreams of meeting Tennyson at a hotel in an Italian town. Tennyson is elegantly dressed and possesses the easy manners of a man of the world. Henry dreams again that he is at a dinner party and that to reach the dining room he must pass through a carpenter's shop, climb out of a window and go over a roof. There is a clergyman there dressed as a woman in white. He dreams, too, of talking to the Emperor Napoleon who asks him if he remembers the portrait which the Princess Charlotte, cousin to Bonaparte, drew of him in her album at Florence in 1828. These dreams show that his mind is restless and laboring while his body sleeps. It is grasping at curious fantasies, mingling forgotten impulses with inexplicable impressions.

Early in 1874 Charles Sumner slips away from a fierce and restless career and Henry, though he has expected the tragedy for some time, is intensely shocked by it. It is days before he

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recovers from this blow at his immediate milieu. Sumner has been an inextricable part of his life, and though as always he strives to rise above his grief, he can never shake away the loneliness. Lowell goes away and the Craigie House grows more silent. It is true that Norton and Emerson and Holmes are still at hand, but Emerson, too, is aging and the conversations are apt to be more regardful of the past than of the future. Emerson, moreover, is never a very close friend. Greene, the faithful Greene, comes frequently from his Rhode Island windmill, but Greene, also, is old and feeble. It has become a world of old men so far as Henry is concerned, old men walking slowly beneath the elms and feeling the caresses of the sun with a vague disturbed pleasure.

Guizot and Michelet and Fortuny die. These bright eyed, brilliant boys who stood at the door of life in 1807 have reached the end of their cycle and they are passing, one by one, out of the world that is alien to them. Henry, in his late sixties, must realize that he has achieved that lamentable point of time when his contemporaries will steadily drop from view, when they will vanish silently into history. And of course, the face of the era will change, although his own conception of that era, so fortified by the years, will remain the same. It is a serious matter when any writer who has been great among his own people continues to live beyond the age of sixty. Modes shift cruelly and time alters accordingly. Henry is outliving his era now, for the young country in which he was once so admirable a prophet of foreign urges may now see for itself what Europe has to offer. It will take several decades adjusting itself to this new perspective but at the same time it will not want to be "told" things in the old primer way. As the country advances toward culture Henry's offering becomes more and more simple, therefore, and eventually is no more than pabulum for primary school boys.

Henry steps briefly into the midst of this new world when the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition opens in 1876, recovering from his attacks of neuralgia sufficiently to leave the safe harborage of Craigie House for a week in the Quaker City. He considers it a charming vacation and he expresses his wonder at the sights, for he is placable to progress, not quite understanding that it is undermining his leisurely milieu. He stands before the Main Building — it is 1,880 feet long — and gasps at its bulk. He walks for hours among the exhibits of mining and metallurgy, manufactures, education, and science. Flags wave above him, blue for buildings erected by the Centennial Committee, red for United States and states buildings, white for foreign concessions, yellow for restaurants and places of entertainment, and green for miscellaneous edifices, whatever they may be. Not since the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 has such a momentous undertaking been successfully achieved by a country and never before in the Republic. It is the great gesture of the country, the notification to all the world that the United States is a grown up country with vast manufactures and not so vast, perhaps, arts. And speaking of art, there is the Arts Building with its endless displays of paintings by such giants of the brush as G. H. Story, G. P. A. Healy, John La Farge, J. F. Cropsey, and Eastman Johnson, its sculptures, its architectural designs, its loan collections of foreign paintings where the gaping visitor may study Cabanel and Courbet, and its applied arts such as miles of chromolithography and cameos and medallions

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and enamels and enamel paintings and wall paper designs and inlaid bookcases and crochet and embroidery patterns and paintings on glass and silhouettes and bouquets drawn on silk and stained glass. Henry views it all and strolls about the Exhibition grounds, admiring Bartholdi's fountain and the Catholic Total Abstinence Fountain upon which a stone Moses smites water from a rock and the Dead Lioness and the colossal statue of the American soldier which is twenty one feet high and the monument to Bishop Richard Allen who, it may be explained, is the founder and first bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Then there are the restaurants, the Great American, the Trois Frères Provençaux, the German establishment, Gaff, Fleischmann and Company's Vienna Bakery and Coffee House, where the virtues of yeast are pressed on a reluctant public, and the New England Farmer's Home of 100 Years Ago and Modern Kitchen, conducted by Miss Emma Southwick of Boston. There is Colonel Lienard's Georama to see, where the cities of Paris and Jerusalem are modeled in gypsum, and on George's Hill the West Point cadets, three hundred of them, are encamped with their band. The popcorn venders shout and the hordes of people push to and fro, the women slanting their parasols against the sun and the men trickling into the beer gardens as often as possible. The

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nasal twang of the New Englander mingles with the lazy drawl of the southerner. Henry's interest must flag as he is pushed about. He cannot find much to thrill him in the Shoe and Leather Building, and neither can the monstrous array of trip hammers, silk and cotton machines, boilers and gas generating apparatus, and hydraulic and pneumatic inventions appeal to him violently. Yet the new America is here, vulgar, shoving, loud voiced, smart, essentially democratic, and it is difficult to understand how Henry does not sense it to some degree as he takes in the wonders of the Exhibition. . . .

His seventy second birthday dawns and with it comes a gracious surprise, the presentation of an armchair made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree. It is brought to him by the children of Cambridge and set down before him, and he welcomes it with one of his last gracious poems. And so the decade dwindles to a charming finale for him, although for the world at large it has been a period of tremendous gestations and transformations. It would probably be too much to assert that the old order in New England passes with the passing of the seventies, but it is certainly well on its way by this time. For some reason the younger men are not of the same calibre as the older figures. There may be a Howells or an Aldrich or, to grow slightly facetious, a Higginson, but there will be no more Hawthornes, no more Emersons, no more Thoreaus. The soil that developed them has been overtilled, and though younger and sprier figures may spring up in their shadow these youths will be no more than shadows themselves. The pulse of New England (like the pulse of the rest of the Republic) beats too swiftly for contemplation. The fine old tradition will stagger on for a decade or two or three before it collapses, but already it is not quite the same thing that it was. Henry is both a part of the tradition and, curiously enough, a part of another — namely, the Victorian. To be precise, both of them are wedded in him. At rock bottom he is American enough, but all his polished surfaces reflect a Europe that, for its own part, is also shifting into new ways. The old New Englanders, therefore, linger on in the world of their memories while the communities about them adjust themselves to mills and factories and manufacturing establishments. Shoes succeed sonnets and lathes displace lyrics. An unceasing growth of population raises urban centres and the life of the soil is shoved back into a secondary place. It is time to run now, and no longer to stroll along at a leisurely pace beneath tall trees in an Endymion waistcoat and with a mind filled to overflowing with bright dreams of Europe. And in the few shelters protected from this increasing materialistic urge, this itch for swiftness of acquisition, and this mania for a political equality and an economic inequality, silence falls. The old houses stand back from the echoing pavements, having surrendered their vitality for all time, and their draped curtains conceal an unperturbed and vanishing gentility. It is, after all, time for the soundless footfalls of many ghosts.

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THE LONDONER

Mr. Shaw and Broadcasting—"Novelists"—The Poet Laureate's Memoir of Dr. Henry Bradley—"American Speech"—More "New Writings" of William Hazlitt

LONDON, *October* 1, 1926.

I MADE a mistake last month in saying that the dinner in honor of George Bernard Shaw was given at the House of Commons. It took place at a hotel. Since I wrote, there has been a quantity of comment upon the situation, and Bernard Shaw has taken the "Manchester Guardian" to task for treating the governmental prohibition with levity. He says that an important principle was involved, whereas the "Manchester Guardian" thinks this point frivolous. As to that, I suppose there is bound to be a difference of opinion. Free speech is a jewel, and there is a great deal of free speech in England. But since broadcasting in England is at present more or less under government control I do not quite see how it can give absolutely unlimited scope to the men and women who desire to overthrow not merely this government, but the very form of government under which we at present live. The rule has been that there shall be no political speeches of any color. During the general strike that rule was abrogated, for obvious reasons; but of course an attempt was made — apart from appeals for volunteers — to represent fairly both sides of the question. That the attempt was successful, I do not claim. Nevertheless, during the present coal strike, or lockout (to use the words employed by either side) the broadcasters have invariably spoken of "the coal situation", and have refrained from obvious partizanship. More, it seems to me, cannot be demanded of them. Ideally, there should be a possibility of debate between the two opposing sets of views. Practically, as the leaders of Mr. Shaw's own party realize perfectly well, this is impossible. And it is not to be expected that the airing of views would be welcomed by the majority of those who listen to the wireless. My experience is that such listeners do not want politics pouring into their ears. What they want is casualties, murders, and Channel swims (of which there have lately been so many that one is getting tired of the dreary words in which further successes are announced). It is true that every speech made by a leading politician at a public dinner is a sort of subtle political propaganda. The politician may not mention politics; but his whole attitude to affairs, his pronunciation, his allusions, his assumptions, have this subtle effect upon the minds of listeners. I do not see how it can be otherwise, when men are divided between the maintenance of the present form of government and the upsetting of the present form of government. There is no longer, in England, a conflict between two strictly constitutional parties. If there were, I believe the matter could be adjusted. Both of the older parties were what is called "gentlemanly parties", and there is now only one "gentlemanly party". For that party to abandon its position, and to allow the other party to make use of all the facilities created

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by the political system which that other party wishes to overthrow, would be inexpedient. The utmost that can be expected of the Conservative government is that it shall not use the wireless as a direct means of influencing public opinion in its own favor. As I have said, the use of it for indirect and really uncontrollable propaganda in favor of the established order is not the crime that Mr. Shaw thinks it is. Personally, I should have liked to hear Mr. Shaw's speech, and I think the person responsible for the prohibition was foolish to deprive me of the privilege. But I cannot blame him for his prohibition, for Mr. Shaw wields the most terrible of all weapons — ridicule — and I think there can be no question that Mr. Shaw has made more intelligent converts to his own faith than any other man alive. He should feel complimented by realization that he is too dangerous to be given a free hand in the matter of broadcast speech.

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Meanwhile, Mr. Shaw has been the subject of attack from the "Daily Herald", the official organ of the British Labor Party. He contributed an article to a financial paper upon a financial subject. The "Daily Herald" contradicted him. He answered. He then left the country for a holiday in Italy, and was still more savagely attacked. H. G. Wells took up the cudgels upon his behalf, and the "Daily Herald", as if that were sufficient reply, called Mr. Wells, contemptuously, "a novelist". I am not interested in the controversy, in which Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw shone decidedly at the expense of the "Daily Herald"; but I am distinctly interested in the use of the word "novelist" as a term of abuse. Why it should be a term of abuse, having currency, I do not know. We are all familiar with Jane Austen's remarks in reply to an imaginary young lady who used the phrase "only a novel", and I do not know that we can go much further than she did in defense of the novelist's art; but I recall that during the war, when Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett were writing extremely good, interesting, and valuable articles in the newspapers, those who did not agree with what Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett said always spoke indignantly of these two men as "novelists". Now the fact is that the men who protested against the words of these "novelists" were themselves journalists. Both Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett began their literary lives as journalists, and Mr. Wells, in particular, must be tired of reading reviews in which his novels are dismissed, by journalists, as "journalism". I do not know exactly what men want, and I suppose that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with; but I am most curious to learn why the fact that a writer is a novelist should debar him from writing ably about matters which any unskilled fool is considered competent to discuss in print. In London, at the present time, there are men who write half a dozen reviews of the same book under different pseudonyms. Yet a novelist is much sneered at by such men because he makes more money than reviewers can do, even by means of multiple reviewing. He is described as a hack, a liar, a cad — I do not mean, of course, in so many words, but by means of the use of the term "novelist" as if it meant all the baser activities of man — and it is left to be inferred that the reason why all the journalists are not novelists, making tons of money, is that they will not stoop to venality. Now this is ridiculous. They are all the time stooping to all sorts of venality and petty vice. They are not novelists because they cannot be novelists.

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And the journalism of the novelists is frequently better than the journalism of the journalists, because most novelists can write grammatically, or if they cannot write grammatically, can write effectively. Skill in presentation is one of the novelist's essential qualities. Personally, I would rather be a journalist than a novelist, because it is easier to write journalism than it is to write novels. There is not the same imaginative strain. One is not all the time forced back upon one's own knowledge, but can skim notions and facts and fancies from the works of other men — chiefly from novels by the despised novelists. I instance Mr. Wells, who has supplied a great many of his critics with their ideas upon social and political subjects. I agree that there is much absurd nonsense talked about the "art" of our more sterile novelists; but even so I would rather read what these men have to say about any matter which does not call for precision of scholarship than I would read what some wretched anonymous hack, or some pretentious failure in the field of "belles lettres", has to say upon the same theme. Why? Because novelists must be men who are interested in life and in human beings, while these others are too often filling space for the sake of a few shillings, or are easing the uncomfortable vanity which failure has bred in their bosoms. To suppose that because a man cannot write a novel he is better able than others to form a judgment upon matters of passing interest, or to suppose that a man who writes novels is incapable of saying what is wise or true about politics, or about any other of the vital interests of mankind, seems to me to be ridiculous. Nor should I think it worth while to refer to this matter if it were not that Mr. Wells, in replying to the "Daily Herald's" insults, seems to admit that the cry of "novelist" must be answered by a reminder that he has written books which are not novels. Most novelists have written books which are not novels — alas! — and the reference was not necessary. It might even be taken as suggesting that Mr. Wells felt the implied charge that a novel was somehow less important than a compilation or a volume of dull essays. I am reminded of the fact that once a foolish woman, asked if she had read Mr. Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day", answered, "No. I've read all Mr. Bennett's novels, but I've never read any of his *serious* books"!

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Let us turn to other and more important matters — more serious matters, shall we say? — and speak of a book to which I am looking forward very eagerly. I suppose everybody will admit that the late Henry Bradley was one of the most remarkable men who have ever taken up the study of philology and become recognized throughout the world as masters in their own field. Dr. Bradley was one of the editors of the great Oxford Dictionary, and was himself responsible for some of its most interesting pages. He was a man of extraordinarily wide reading and learning. Nothing, I believe, came amiss to him, and he was not above making acquaintance, in his pursuit of knowledge, with the works even of novelists. In person, he was one of the most modest and charming of men, very gentle, very mild, and — as such men are — very merciless in his private judgments. For mock scholarship, and that sort of frippery which runs to grotesque "derivations", he had an impatience which was quite distinct from irritability. He was full of kindness and helpfulness, as all who have had

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their troubles over the origins and meanings of words will testify; but he was capable of writing the most gentle and devastating criticisms of any men who leaped into word lore with more enthusiasm than judgment. One intolerance he had, as far as I know, and this was toward all who used the word "dilapidated" — as large numbers, unfortunately, do use it — outside its proper meaning. Apart from that, I really believe he was pure patience, and would only laugh very gently at the charlatans, and remove them from pain with the greatest and kindest dexterity. When Dr. Bradley died, it was arranged that his old friend, Dr. Bridges, the British Poet Laureate, should write a memoir of him which could be prefixed to a collection of Dr. Bradley's miscellaneous papers. The memoir was written, but circumstances delayed the publication of the book. It has been in type — or at least, the memoir has been in type — for some considerable time; and I now learn that there is a prospect that the whole work will shortly make its appearance. I hope it will, for Dr. Bridges has probably made a fine monument to his friend, while Bradley was one of those who cannot really be dull upon any subject. These shorter papers will be a fit memorial to his powers, and to all those who have been led to more elaborate studies both into the origins of language and into Bradley's own work, by way of the little primer upon "The Making of English", it will come as a welcome addition to libraries in which many of the volumes are considerably less interesting.

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Speaking of Dr. Bradley reminds me that there has recently been received in England an American periodical called "American Speech". I have not seen the periodical itself, but I have been much amused at the bewilderment caused a writer in the English "Word-Lore" by a passage quoted in "American Speech", and in particular by the editorial "glossary " upon the quoted passage and others. I give a selected paragraph and a selected explanation:

> I've followed the red wagons for twenty years. Last season I was in clown alley on the Harris show. Had a swell walk-around with plenty of stops and worked the come-in. But I'm through with bein' a joey. Gettin' too old, thought I would never troupe again. But here I am back in quarters listenin' for the blue-bird and rarin' to go. I've joined out with the Harris show this season grindin' on the kid show and makin' openings. You say you're goin' with a hall show? Goodnight! The old lot, the big top and the yellow sleepers for mine.

As American readers will at once recognize, the speech is made by an old circus hand. Now follows the explanation of a word which the editors think needs interpretation. It runs:

> *Shillaber* — An employee of the circus who rushes up to the kid show ticket box at the psychological moment when the barker concludes his spiel. He and his fellow shillabers purchase tickets and pass inside and the crowd of towners in front of the bally stand are not slow in doing likewise.

It would delight Mr. Mencken to catch a glimpse of real English superciliousness in the comment upon this explanation: "With which lucid explanation of course we know all about the shillaber. But the glossary is silent as to *barker* and *spiel.*" Whether Mr. Mencken would approve of the further comments made by the critic, regarding "American Speech", to which journal he seems to have given his sanction, I am not sure. Mr. Mencken's notion of a language is his own, and I imagine that the writer in "Word-Lore" has his nose so buried in the past that he is almost indignant at sight of a newly coined word. As I see it, "American

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Speech" is really a contemporary document, intended for those who come later to the feast of an American language which shall be entirely distinct from the English language, and who will be able to study in its pages the making of a new tongue. This is quite an impossible thing in England, where slang, instead of being sedulously incorporated into language, is ignored by all but a few, and never goes far beyond spoken and merely seasonal use. My own view is that the English are in the wrong. There is as much that is racy and effective in English slang of the present day as there is in many of the old dialects and the old sayings. But I do not think it either so rich or so overpowering as American slang. American slang comes so thick, and is superseded with such great speed, that a record of it is important. As the American practice of giving slang a sort of printed permanence makes much exceedingly good American writing unintelligible to English readers, "American Speech" has still another usefulness. If, however, its usefulness is to be perfect, I think the editors must be very clear in their glossaries. For this reason, I believe they will be well advised to laugh at the English writer's comment, but to bear it in mind, none the less, for future guidance. In a hundred years, "barker" and "spiel" may be as obsolete as "shillaber", and they will save students of the future much trouble by "glossing" their "glosses".

* * *

I do not know whether any reader of these pages is as interested in Hazlitt as I am; but if there is such a person I have good news for him. It will be remembered that some time ago we had a charming volume of "New Writings". My news is that this is to be followed in a short while by a supplementary volume containing all the material now known to exist which has hitherto been uncollected. The editor in the present case, as in the case of the former volume, is P.P. Howe. The new book runs to well over two hundred pages, and I think will be found of interest quite equal to that of the first one. It begins with the long lost "Prospectus of a History of English Philosophy", which is among the Wyndham Papers in the British Museum; and it continues in chronological order until it comes to the three important lost manuscript essays, from the collection of Mr. A. C. Goodyear, of Buffalo, which have been lately published in "The London Mercury". These essays appear by permission of Mr. Goodyear. To me, some of the early journalism is of the greatest interest, ranging as it does from contributions to the "Morning Chronicle" and the "Champion" to a series of dramatic criticisms from the "Times". The discovery of the latter has the effect of nearly doubling the hitherto received length of Hazlitt's association with the "Times". Mr. Howe has been able also to add to the number of those introductions to Oxbury's "New English Drama" which are known to be the work of Hazlitt. Hazlitt's son reprinted some of the introductions in the second edition of "The English Comic Writers", but not all of them. Messrs. Waller and Glover, in their monumental edition, followed William Hazlitt the Younger in reprinting the introductions, but omitted to notice that there were ten further introductions, also written by Hazlitt. From a glance I have had at the proofs of this book, I have received some strange thrills of the authentic kind. An article, for example, regarding Southey and the Laureateship, is delicious Hazlitt. And there is a

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characteristic passage from an account of the Royal Academy exhibition which deals with Lawrence's portrait of Castlereagh and which incidentally brought to a close Hazlitt's connection with the "Morning Chronicle". I quote it:

Portrait of Lord Castlereagh, by Lawrence, is not a likeness. It has a smug, smart, upstart, haberdasher look, of which there is nothing in Lord Castlereagh. The air of the whole figure is direct, and forward: there is nothing, as there ought to be, characteristically circuitous, involved, and parenthetical in it. Besides, the features are cast in quite a different mould. As a bust, Lord Castlereagh's is one of the finest we have ever seen; it would do for one of the Roman Emperors, bating the expression.

Since the editor of the "Morning Chronicle", Perry, wished to have Lawrence praised, this reference, so far from being the "praise" desired, secured the contributor's dismissal. Again, Mr. Howe has been able to include in his pages that article upon Benjamin West's picture of "Christ Rejected" which Crabb Robinson records as having created a sensation upon its appearance. Closely analyzing this picture, Hazlitt says:

To begin with the figure of our Saviour — "whom the pencil has wished to represent as standing with a divine composure, while with a dignified and mute pensiveness and resignation, he is absorbed in the grandeur of the end, for which he came into the world." Such is Mr. West's own account: and, "so should his anticipation prevent our discovery", but we cannot find that the execution answers to the intention; — for instead of the image of the divine nature, shrouded in the veil of humanity, — of the understanding of the Son of God tempering the passions and anguish of the heart of man, — Mr. West has presented us with a naked, shivering, dough-baked figure, that looks "like a sick girl".

A quotation earlier from the artist's own blurb will show exactly the style of West's literary composition which moved Hazlitt to his rebuke.

Mr. West, in the present instance, without any apparent sense of impropriety, represents his grand work as if it were of a class by itself; places it on a level with the sublimity of scripture; professedly enters the lists with hallowed prophets and holy evangelists; informs us that he has here undertaken "the delineation of nearly the whole scale of human passions, from the basest to those which partake most of the divine nature," — and concludes in the following mingled strain of piety and loyalty: —"Mr. West feels that he should be deficient in his gratitude to the Supreme Being, who gave and continued to him life and health, and to his King who graciously bestowed on him the requisite means of exertion in the exalted department of historical painting, if he did not embrace this favourable opportunity to acknowledge these invaluable favours."

Invaluable indeed! I wonder what would be said nowadays of any painter who wrote in such a thankful style! I must dwell no longer upon this little book, which has been giving me very lively pleasure; but I should like to make just one further comment. It is this. There may be some who will say that old dramatic criticisms have little interest for a newer generation. I sometimes wonder, indeed, who reads the collections of last year's dramatic criticisms which are dished up periodically by those writers who cannot bear to regard their own work as ephemeral. But as I catch a glimpse of Hazlitt attending a very great favorite of my own, I find I do get a little picture of the performance of "The Beggar's Opera" given at Drury Lane on the twenty first of October, 1817. I also get pictures of Kemble and Munden, and a reminder of the qualities of "The Road to Ruin" which I am glad to have, besides many other delightful vignettes. Whatever Hazlitt wrote about the stage, as about art, or literature, or about human beings, has this peculiar attribute, that it seems to be spoken. Not dramatic reporting, this, but something very much like the actual exchange of good talk.

SIMON PURE

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MR. WELLS MAKES A GREAT EXPERIMENT

By Floyd Dell

OURS, above all times in history, has been a time of swift change — in machinery, in knowledge, in ways of life, in manners and morals. And H. G. Wells has been foremost among contemporary novelists in apprehending, as the especially significant aspect of our individual lives, the fact that they are lived bewilderedly and confusedly in an unstable and swiftly changing world whose direction and opportunities we can as yet hardly guess. He is the discoverer of the epic background of modernity. He is the original begetter of that kind of fiction, now so increasingly popular, in which the theme is the individual's adventure among the vast material and social changes of a modern lifetime. But he has not been content with the drama, however exciting, of a mere modern lifetime of change. An individual is for him the momentary protagonist of mankind — and every life story a fragment of the tale of mankind's epic struggle upon earth for life, knowledge, power, and happiness. He gropes backward into the past and forward into the future. And he has been obliged, in attempting to tell this story, more and more to exceed the narrow nineteenth century bounds of fiction. He may have felt that he was merely trying to recover the eighteenth century freedom of Fielding and Sterne. But indeed, for such a story, he needed more than that — he required the epic freedom of the poet: the freedom that Lucretius had in singing "Of the Nature of Things" and that Byron boldly recovered for himself in the epic satire of "Don Juan". It was inevitable that the time should come when his novels should cease to make formal pretense of being "well built" little structures of comfortable and orderly storytelling — when they must burst and shatter these limits and take on epic dimensions, not of mere length but of breadth. That time has come, and Mr. Wells is in a position to command universal attention to what is in effect one of the greatest experiments ever made in the field of fiction. This phrase would be reserved by some for application to James Joyce's "Ulysses". But that eccentric masterpiece is narrow precisely where this work undertakes to be broad, evasive precisely where this book sets itself the task of boldness. Joyce's book is the culmination of something old; the Wells book, whether a failure or a success, is something new.

"Why", he asks, "should one entertain the notion that a man is no more than his face, his manners, and his love affairs?" What else, then, is he? And H. G. Wells's answer, sufficiently characteristic of him, and staggering in its defiance to all accepted canons of storytelling, is — *his opinions!* This, then — the thing tabooed for more than a century in prose fiction, the thing which story writers have most desperately sought to conceal their possession of, the thing which only the boldest of poets have dared to make the substance of their work — is what "The World of William Clissold" announces as its chief theme by which to stand or fall.

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And now, as to whether it stands or falls, there is likely to be a great dispute. I confess that I changed my mind on that question midway of the book. In the first volume Wells had, or so it seemed to me, demonstrated conclusively the utter impossibility of his heroic task; but in the second volume he goes on triumphantly to accomplish the impossible, achieving what is perhaps the crowning masterpiece of his career.

In this rushing modern world of ours, there is no figure more oddly baffling to the novelist than the hard boiled yet semi-visionary "Big Business" man. He is half the newborn and blinking creation of these times and half the demiurgic creator of them. He has in him a touch of the buccaneer, and a touch of the poet. Ranged with the conservatives, he is a prime destroyer of old institutions and ways of life, and, whether he will or no, in some sort a revolutionary. Sometimes — and here he is seen in his most exciting aspect — he is half aware of his revolutionary rôle in the creation of a new society. But, whether aware of it or not, he and his kind tend more and more to take "all power" into their own hands; they become the real and effective governing agencies of mankind; legislators and administrators are their servants. Yet they do not yet govern the world for good or ill, being uncertain and divided in their purposes; they play a game among themselves, for the prize of private power that vanishes in the feeble hands of their posterity. A few of them dream great and perhaps foolish dreams of a world remade. But not a world remade by democratic and parliamentary processes — a world, rather, benevolently tyrannized over. They are Nietzscheans without knowing it, Machiavellians by instinct. Their morality is not the morality of those who work for them. They have none of the common man's awe of the law; they have made, broken, evaded too many laws — and even though the law sometimes catches them by the heels and flings them to a felon's or a suicide's grave, they have still only a humorous contempt for it. Yet they have their own ideals — sometimes tame and smug enough, but sometimes impatiently or wistfully utopian. The vulgarer sort was sketched at some length by Theodore Dreiser in "The Financier" and "The Titan", and again by Charles Norris in "Pig Iron". The more boldly imaginative kind was drawn fancifully and poetically by Shaw in "Major Barbara". But men like Robert Owen, Tom Johnson, Henry Ford, have not yet got into our fiction. The imagination of our novelists has been too tame to encompass them. Even Mr. Wells had, up to the present, contented himself with a comic portrait of one of the vulgar sort, and a shadowy hint of the other kind, in "Tono-Bungay". It seems that he did not know the breed well enough. Perhaps he does not really know it yet. But even a guess at the nature of this breed is magnificently worthwhile. To see the world through the eyes of one of these men — that is a challenge to the novelist's art. And it is to this challenge that H. G. Wells has risen in "The World of William Clissold".

William Clissold is the son of a bankrupt and suicide — a big business man who went too far and was too careless in his contempt of the law. His son goes into a laboratory — another son into advertising. William presently deserts science for business, to please his wife — only to have her run away with another man; he had stayed in the laboratory too long. He tells his

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own story. In one place he sums it up briefly: "I worked. I succeeded. I appeased myself with women." A hard boiled fellow — yet with some utopian dreams of order and beauty for mankind not quite relinquished from his student days. In his late fifties he retires, goes to the south of France, and — with some interruptions from the charming Clementina who is his companion at this stage — writes a book: this book. It is to contain the story of his life, in all frankness; but above all it is to give his view of the world. A noble conception!

Yet at first, I think, he fails. Of William Clissold we are told too little in the first volume. Meagre details of his early life are streakily interspersed among fat solid chunks of generalizations about this, that, and the other. One doesn't believe in this alleged Clissold; it is obviously H. G. Wells talking — and H. G. Wells, moreover, in his most belligerent journalistic mood, arguing in a high excited voice, cocksure of his opinions, liberal only in invective, intolerant, fussy, pedagogic. He remarks that as a young man he had called himself a Socialist — and then pauses to indulge in an angry thirty page polemic against Marx, the Communist movement, and Soviet Russia. When he has to his satisfaction wiped Soviet Russia off the map of the modern world and obliterated the Communist movement from the sociological landscape, he proceeds with a few more sparse details of the career of the alleged William Clissold — only to run foul of some other controversial or educational topic, and lecture and argue again till he is out of breath. The early history of mankind, the history of advertising, the Super-State, the Cosmic Man — much of the familiar Wellsian grist is run again through the hopper. "In the next two or three sections I propose to write a short history of human society as a labour-money complex evolved out of the primitive patriarchal family." And it is no vain threat — he does it, indefatigably, tirelessly, endlessly. . . . Sometimes Clementina comes in and kisses his ear, and we wait hopefully for news of this charming young woman; but she is put out of the room, and our education goes on. It is rather terrible. "This book at any rate", says its author defiantly, "is not going to be a home of rest for tired readers." No. One is somewhat cheered to discover that Clementina doesn't like the book, either. Poor darling, how bored she must have been! The verbal *mistral* beats about our ears, the turbulent flood of intemperate pamphleteering rolls on its destined course. . . . And then, at the beginning of the second volume, one reads:

"But now I must come to my own personal history, which perhaps I have kept back unduly." And a relief it is when it comes! Now one commences to believe in William Clissold. He remains a cousin of H. G. Wells — but a real imaginative effort has been made by his creator, and it is successful. He is trying to show us the world as it seems to William Clissold. H. G. Wells in all his fiction has exhibited a Victorian romanticalness about women. William Clissold is not romantic — he has a hurt disillusionment, with much of defiance, some brutality, flashes of pride, and a growing tenderness toward the other sex. There are four women who have been more than casual adventures in William Clissold's life, and they are all first rate studies, off the beaten path of fiction and full of the harsh beauty of reality. There is Clara, the art student whom he married. Bored at being the wife of a preoccupied young scientist, she went

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back to her art studies. While William Clissold was sitting over his petrographical microscope, "she and Philip Weston, having discovered they were perfect physical types, were obliging each other as models for a series of drawing from the nude. In the atmosphere of æsthetic gravity thus created, what the world in general calls misbehavior became an almost negligent extension of their interesting studies." There was Cirrie Evans, heroine of a notorious divorce case; there was Helen, the actress, whose egotism was incompatible with his; and finally there is Clementina, daughter of a Scotch father and a Greek mother, the beneficiary of "two sound religious trainings", whom he picked up in the streets of Paris, and would have married but for a fatal little joke of that mischievous deity, "Mr. G.", to whose cosmic sense of humor playful reference is made continuously in these pages.

It may seem at first that in winning and charming us in this second volume, Mr. Wells has only disproved his own theory of the novel — for what is this, it might be asked, but the best old fashioned storytelling? Yet, when William Clissold once exists for us in flesh and blood, Mr. Wells boldly returns to the subject matter of his opinions: and now, strange to relate, they become fascinating. The book ceases to be a well made story, and wanders over the wide earth, but it never flags in its interest. Yet there is a real difference between these opinions and those of the first volume. The note of dogmatic certainty has vanished — it is no longer a propagandist lecturing us on the Super-State, but a bewildered human creature groping in the darkness of life, trying desperately to understand what it is all about. Here, in dealing with the stuff of human actions, motives, wishes, Wells touches us more nearly. Here is kindness, here is pity, here is a sense of the baffling complexity of life. Nor do we now begrudge its author the star which he sees rising to guide us through the night. Here his utopianism is poetry rather than politics. And here, as perhaps never in the field of pamphleteering, can he convince us. For, with whatever scorn we may regard Mr. Wells's latest program for achieving Utopia in a hurry through the cooperation of "Big Business", however coldly we may regard those aspects of this book which are in the nature of a tract on behalf of what might be described as Intellectual Fascism, however ridiculous a creature this William Clissold may be with his plans for remaking the world, yet by the exposure of his hurts he has become one of us, not to be despised because of a mere difference in program. William Clissold has sought for order and beauty, and found too little of it. In that seeking, in that failure, and not least of all in his refusal to take refuge in the coward's paradise of despair, he is a significant modern figure with whose speculations the more intellectually courageous of us will find pleasure in identifying ourselves.

The war — and the peace — have discouraged the younger intellectuals of the western world. Our postwar literature has been distinguished by a feeble pessimism, which the multitude has hailed as a gospel of comfort. But it is quite possible that the populations at large have now had time to recover from their shellshock, and have a sufficient margin of energy to recommence the difficult task of trying to understand the meaning of life. If this book meets with any large popular enthusiasm, it will be a sign that the low vitality period in western literature

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is coming to an end, and that laurel wreaths will no longer be handed out to our writers as rewards for their having nothing to say except that life is a hopeless muddle and that there is nothing to be done about it. And that will be good news to those of us who are sufficiently robust to find in modern life a good deal more than that — who think the world is on its way and want to go along with it!

The World of William Clissold. By H. G. Wells. Two volumes. George H. Doran Company.

THE POET IS A MISER

By Martha Banning Thomas

ANOTHER day has joined the dead
With nothing written, nothing said
To save a fragment of the gold
Of morning sun for me to hold.
The careless moods of wind and rain,
The fluid cadences of grain,
Have slowly, softly seeped away
Into the flats of yesterday.
The lavish moon can squander riches
On dingy churches, streets and ditches
And then enchant the whippoorwills,
And trail her wealth through all the hills,
But greedy words will bruise the strong,
Clear loveliness of naked song,
And leave no treasure I can keep
To soothe a dark, uneasy sleep.

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THE NEW YORKER

The Gigolo at Work — A Wisecracking Comedy — More Marriage Complications — Miss Gish Scores — A Pair of Sixes Becomes Queen High — Castles in Latavia — A Brilliantly Acted Play

THE fall season in plays might be said to have begun with Labor Day, but actually this historic date was anticipated by several weeks, what with ambitious producers striving to get their wares before the public in advance of the rush. Anyway, on or about August 16 Brock Pemberton declared the summer season off and the fall one on with a play called "Loose Ankles". Even inexperienced theatregoers recognize the difference between a summer production and an autumn one, be the weather never so unseasonable. The autumn style is a shade more sophisticated, a degree better; and this characterization describes "Loose Ankles". It is a farce which the program calls a comedy, light enough, amusing enough, and credible enough to please anyone who does not take his theatre seriously. The fashionable gigolo again makes his appearance, but in this piece there are three. These youths who make a dubious living by escorting middle aged women to dances and flirting with them discreetly during intermissions provide most of the life of the piece. Their dialogue is gay, witty, and greeted with gales of laughter. For the rest, the play is rather flat, with a fantastic plot having to do with a rich young woman who is trying to be compromised at any odds. With the gigolos off the stage, it all sagged. We noted the title with distaste. "Loose Ankles" has of course to do with the pedal extremities of the dancing young men, but these semi-anatomical names do not appeal to us. Last season we bore "The Wisdom Tooth" bravely, but we shall have less courage if the vogue continues and we are forced to see something called, for instance, "The Floating Rib". Anyway, we predict this play will be a success. The theatre was full of youths with patent leather hair intent on learning how these stage gigolos did it, and many women of forty plus, some of whose ears were redder than even a prodigal nature had intended. With some to be instructed and others to be discomforted, and with a large class to laugh at both, how could it fail to go over?

We liked "The Home Towners" much better. Here George M. Cohan has written a comedy full of wise cracks mostly pointed at the small town guy who hopes to show up New York. P. H. Bancroft, admirably acted by Robert McWade, comes on from South Bend for the wedding of his boyhood friend who has grown pleasantly rich in Wall Street. To further the plot he disapproves of the fiancée at least twenty years younger than her prospective husband, and then proceeds to show up the entire family of said fiancée. Since the play is being produced at the Hudson Theatre in this City of New York, the hick is of necessity entirely wrong in his deductions as to the Calhoon family, who prove even their most extravagant claims to fame and fortune. If this farce comedy is ever produced in South Bend, the versatile Mr. Cohan will have to write

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another ending — but maybe South Benders won't care. We have never been there, yet we don't believe that real counterparts of these stage representations exist. Certainly the New York types were unfamiliar, at least to us. It was all very amusing, however, until the last quarter, when Mr. Cohan with a few minutes to go fumbled the ball so woefully that we shut our eyes in order not to see. When we opened them again everything had been arranged by some hocuspocus and the comedy was ending as all comedies should. Our advice is, catch that 11:05 train after all, and you will feel that it has been a bully show.

A flimsy little thing called "The Adorable Liar" showed up soon after. It was all about a cunning little girl who couldn't tell the truth because white horses and brave knights were all mixed up in her mind with harpsichords and lynchings. That doesn't make any sense, but the play doesn't make much either. This prevaricating child whose stage age is seventeen sets an entire town by the ears with her wild stories of abductions and whatnot. She involves a simple youth in her web and then to save him from the mob (one stage hand roaring in the wings) she entertains him in her bedroom from midnight on for quite a while. Don't get the idea that it is rough; there isn't an improper line in it. This little ninny was probably raised in the Virgin Islands, and the boy if more sophisticated was admirably restrained. Tom Wise as the sheriff was his usual amiable self. Eric Dressler made an acceptable hero, and all the others measured up. The trouble, we insist, was not with them.

"Service for Two" deals principally with what happens when a man's dark past rises up and confronts his new wife. The past in this case is a blonde and a movie actress as well, who finds herself in a hotel room adjoining that of one of her old flames. How they meet, what they say, and his struggle to lay this ghost of giddier days, make a pleasant two hours of froth. Marion Coakley as Peggy is a grand movie star. Her vitality is inexhaustible, her posturings immense; she has one eye always on "her public" and the other on a good time. She manages to give them both a fair chance. One minute she is fluffing up her fair hair, the next she is declaiming noble sentiments with gestures; she weeps over a chambermaid's sad story, and two minutes later is declaring savagely that her ex-lover shall never escape her. A small torrent of whims, foibles, passions, and tears. Incredible? Not much. Rudolph Valentino died last month. The spectacle of famous film beauties weeping over his coffin, fainting — artistically, we may be sure — and being revived by their doctors and nurses, still lingers with us. With everybody in the profession grabbing publicity from the inert hands of a dead man, we can believe anything of this new and strange race. The fact that half the shopgirls in New York were trying to imitate them only proves that we would all be on the screen if we could.

Movies do not as a rule draw us, but we could not resist going to see Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter". We have no particular fondness for the Hawthorne classic, which we reread recently in a house whose library consisted of that and "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations", and we were even more reluctant since only last winter we saw it produced as a play. But we felt sure that Miss Gish could make it live. We believe that she could give significance to anything she deigned to play in, from "Black Beauty" to "The

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New York Social Register"; and again we were not disappointed. There is no actress in motion pictures who can interpret so surely and with such finesse so many subtle emotions. To watch her face is to know what she is thinking. Only one doubt assailed us. We thought that Miss Gish looked entirely too young for the part of Hester Prynne. Most of the time she seemed to be about sixteen. Yes, we know, we saw her in "The Birth of a Nation" too, but time has done no more than give her a finer art. The rest of the cast was excellent, and we were glad to see again Karl Dane whose work in "The Big Parade" was so noteworthy.

We made a pilgrimage in the pouring rain to see "Queen High", simply because its cast contains that perfect comédienne Luella Gear. With the lift of an eyebrow she can convey more than others seek to push over the footlights by shouting and posturing. Our grievance is that the exigencies of the plot permit far too little of her cherished presence on the stage. We say "plot" without fear of contradiction, for this musical comedy adheres faithfully to "A Pair of Sixes" from which it was fashioned. There is real wit in many of the lines, and the lyrics are good. The orchestra boasts two pianists who perform energetically, and the dancing numbers bear testimony to the master hand of Sammy Lee. Charles Ruggles as the disgruntled butler particularly delighted us. And we have not recovered from our astonishment at beholding in this entourage John Rutherford, he of the incredibly black hair, whom memory conjures up as the sullen lion tamer in "He Who Gets Slapped" and the even more fearsome robot in "R. U. R." What's more, he can and does sing. Apparently every present day musical show is compelled by law to include a song called "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", but since this particular version was sung by Miss Gear we found it highly endurable. Earlier in the performance there was a reference to Michael Arlen's

THE DRAMA SHELF

"One of the Family" by Kenneth Webb (Appleton). The staid Adams home in Boston is the scene of uproarious mirth that New York found enjoyable last season.

"Technique in Dramatic Art" by Hallam Bosworth (Macmillan). A textbook for actor, director, public speaker, and teacher.

"Granite" by Clemence Dane (Macmillan). Emotional drama resulting from the entrance of a castaway into the life of a family on a lonely rockbound island.

"Literature in the Theatre" by W. A. Darlington (Holt). Essays on current drama by an English critic.

"Revues" edited by Kenyon Nicholson (Appleton). Florenz Ziegfeld writes the preface to this collection of brief sketches which have been used in the "Follies", "The Garrick Gaieties", and other revues.

"Lavender Ladies" by Daisy Fisher (Brentano). The clash of older and younger generations in a comedy with a strong Victorian flavor.

"Nathan the Wise" by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (Haldeman-Julius). The famous dramatic poem translated and edited by Leo Markun and published in the Blue Book series.

"Success" by A. A. Milne (Putnam). A play concerning a middle aged English politician who finds that success has cheated him out of the joy of life.

"Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play" by Brander Matthews (Scribner). Comments by an authority who still enjoys theatregoing after fifty seven years of it.

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plays, so we may be said to have spent something in the nature of a literary evening.

Another excellent musical show to make its appearance, this time from Chicago, was "Castles in the Air". It is built along substantial and time honored lines — the young American who masquerades as Prince Carol of Latavia — his struggles to make secure the kingdom with the help of a prospective wife's American millions — the discomfiture of all bad persons and — yes, you've guessed it — the fact that John Brown is the real Prince Carol after all. The music is delightful, the costumes pretty; Vivienne Segal, J. Harold Murray, and Thais Lawton, beautiful as ever, act, sing, and dance with ability and precision. "Castles in the Air" is a good show — mighty good.

There is no end to the triangle story of husband, wife, and would be lover. Alice Brady must have been aware of this when she chose "Sour Grapes" for her new vehicle, yet she went serenely ahead, confident perhaps in her ability to bring something new to it. The results justified her faith. We left the theatre somewhat dizzy, unable to decide whether there was really any meat to the play or whether it had been put over with some of the most superb acting we have seen in a long time. Now after a week of pondering we conclude that Vincent Lawrence, the playwright, had a good deal to do with it. Many of the lines are witty, climaxes come tumbling one on another but with such smoothness that they bring conviction, and if in the end the plot weakens a little it will find a thousand admirers among those who are not afraid of sentiment. It is this end which gives John Halliday as John Overton the chance for the most brilliant work of his career. We knew that he could act, but we had not dreamed that in him he had the making of a star of the first magnitude. In "Sour Grapes" he is just that. We could have sworn that his face became scarlet with anger, and once it seemed to whiten when he learned that his wife no longer loved him. His voice made us believe everything he said, and what is more, we wanted to believe it. Even Alice Brady, splendid as she is, was temporarily overshadowed by him. We can recommend "Sour Grapes" to anybody who likes smart comedy, and a little more. On the whole it has been a good month.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE VEIL OF GLAMOUR — Clive Arden — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Slow and a bit stilted at first, the story ends in a blaze of wild adventure.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* For the sweet girl graduate. The heroine almost slips in Baltimore but does the right thing everywhere else.

THE WOMEN OF THE FAMILY — Margaret Culkin Banning — *Harper.* Melancholia by autosuggestion and how it can be averted.

* WALLS OF GLASS — Larry Barretto — *Little, Brown.* Should a woman seek to appear perfect — to her son? What happens when he finds her out.

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Mr. Barrington (*sic*) mingles with people more interesting and more important than a whole cargo of "Leviathan" celebrities.

THE DETECTIVE'S HOLIDAY — Charles Barry — *Dutton.* A detective becomes involved in a mystery which ends in the capture of a dangerous gang of drug importers.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER — Nalbro Bartley — *Doran.* Social climbing deftly shown in a romance of American city life.

PADLOCKED — Rex Beach — *Harper.* To the pure all things are evil, Mr. Beach contends in his bastinado on uplifters; his heroine remains a virgin.

THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION — Helen Beauclerk — *Doran.* Fantastic and dainty, Miss Beauclerk bids for the honors of Elinor Wylie and Aldous Huxley.

PETENERA'S DAUGHTER — Henry Bellamann — *Harcourt, Brace.* Farm life deep in Missouri is described with unflinching realism.

*SHORT TURNS — Barry Benefield — *Century.* Louisiana and New York furnish background for a volume of charming stories. (*See page 360.*)

*LORD RAINGO — Arnold Bennett — *Doran.* A dramatic picture of how one man achieves success — yet fails. (*See page 356.*)

ALMOST PAGAN — J. D. Beresford — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Father and son break the same Commandment in practically the same way, and only the sinful father seems to care.

THE CHINESE PARROT — Earl Derr Biggers — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Although the parrot dies early in the story, he enables the versatile Chinese detective to uncover a villainous plot.

SINISTER HOUSE — Charles G. Booth — *Morrow.* Several villains and a sporty roadhouse add zest to a lively murder mystery.

MISTRESS NELL GWYN — Marjorie Bowen — *Appleton.* Decorative romance of the pretty witty orange girl and Charles, her friend.

THAT LAST INFIRMITY — Charles Brackett — *Day.* Social climbers are seldom so successful or so charming as is this heroine.

*EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* Another link in Mr. Bromfield's chain of masterpieces. (*See page 349.*)

TOBEY'S FIRST CASE — Clara Louise Burnham — *Houghton Mifflin.* Sweetish love tale mixed with murder mystery and served lukewarm.

HANGMAN'S HOUSE — Donn Byrne — *Century.* Mr. Byrne breathes upon dry bones and they become respectable but interesting persons.

*THE SILVER STALLION — James Branch Cabell — *McBride.* Thus far the Revelation in the *Biblica* of Cabell.

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THE MAN THEY HANGED — Robert W. Chambers — *Appleton.* An historically true life of Captain Kidd — one of love and adventure — told in a pleasing style.

THE LUNATIC IN CHARGE — J. Storer Clouston — *Dutton.* A too conscious attempt to relate humorously the complications that arise from leading a double — or to be more exact, a quadruple — life.

OKLAHOMA — Courtney Ryley Cooper — *Little, Brown.* When the Cherokee Strip was thrown open, the boomers' rush was no swifter nor more thrilling than is this story about it.

THE COMEDIANS — Louis Couperus — *Doran.* Smart historical tale translated from the Dutch of one of the greatest novelists of our time.

THE BELOVED RAJAH — A. E. R. Craig — *Minton, Balch.* All the color and charm of India sparkle in this novel.

DREAD DWELLING — Richmal Crompton — *Boni, Liveright.* A lively and well constructed story about the power of an evil house over the lives of its inmates.

THE BLACK HUNTER — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Delightful because its characters throw tomahawks when most of us must smirk behind desks and kill men with asides.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A sacrificing father and his boy climb valiantly upward through twenty years, four hundred pages, and the best seller lists.

MY SON JOHN — E. B. Dewing — *Minton, Balch.* The reconstruction of a genius through his letters and the memories of his family and friends. An interesting though not entirely credible experiment.

LESS THAN KIN — Charles Caldwell Dobie — *Day.* Golden Gate's society life mixed with artists and a smear of the tar brush make an exciting mélange.

*AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* Bright lights and stenographers were too much for him; he started business in Lycurgus, New York, and got as far as Ossining.

OUR DOCTORS — Maurice Duplay — *Harper.* A study of French medical practice and especially of one physician in which background and atmosphere are the most interesting features.

STYRBIORN THE STRONG — E. R. Eddison — *A. and C. Boni.* High romance of royal loves and battles long ago deriving from the Norse sagas.

*INTRODUCTION TO SALLY — Elizabeth — *Doubleday, Page.* Elizabeth adds a dash of ribaldry to her usual wit, with amusing results. (*See page 357.*)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* New light on family tantrums and the problem of the older generation is shed by the archæologist Erskine.

AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* Ended happily by the author in that postmeridian of life which some poets ask us to believe is the choicest period of experience.

SUMMER BACHELORS — Warner Fabian — *Boni, Liveright.* Skating gaily over very thin ice, the author of "Flaming Youth" still keeps abreast of the latest foibles.

*SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* The best of Miss Ferber's novels, filled with strong females and attractive members of the rapidly weakening sex.

DANIEL QUAYNE — J. S. Fletcher — *Doran.* This writer of detective stories writes a realistic masterpiece.

O GENTEEL LADY! — Esther Forbes — *Houghton Mifflin.* A delightful marionette in hoops moves among antiques and great men, carrying a good story with her.

I WANT TO BE A LADY — Maximilian Foster — *Lippincott.* Out in the Wild West, a strong willed girl makes a man out of a wastrel.

*THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Mr. Galsworthy again feeds us his tonic Forsytes.

*TRAIL MAKERS OF THE MIDDLE BORDER — Hamlin Garland — *Macmillan.* A novel of pioneers and of the Civil War — splendid stuff. (*See page 349.*)

WEST WIND — Crosbie Garstin — *Stokes.* In this third of the Owls' House stories the picturesque privateer, Ortho Penhale, brings his erratic adventures to an heroic finish.

*PORTIA MARRIES — Jeannette Phillips Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* The woman pays — only it's different now. (*See page 350.*)

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SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC — Alyse Gregory — *Harcourt, Brace.* A young girl oppressed by her parents breaks loose and has a fling before settling down to married life.

HILDA WARE — L. Allen Harker — *Holt.* Love as a consuming fire is strikingly contrasted with a wife's selfless devotion.

THE TRIUMPHANT RIDER — Frances Harrod — *Boni, Liveright.* The sketchy, disjointed, and unconvincing tale of the daughter of a prostitute and how she remained pure.

LEIF THE LUCKY — Clara Sharpe Hough — *Century.* Vikings in Greenland accept the Cross.

MANNEQUIN — Fannie Hurst — *Knopf.* One of those novels in which twenty years elapse and a child's identity is in question, but redeemed by the superior cunning of Miss Hurst's right hand.

THE BLOOD OF KINGS — Reginald Wright Kauffman — *Duffield.* Romantic, wildly exciting while almost farcically impossible, is this story of a Balkan intrigue.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* A girl with a long skirt and a pure heart stays down centre most of the time.

TIN WEDDING — Margaret Leech — *Boni, Liveright.* The quietly dramatic revelation of a man's infidelity to his devoted wife on the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

MANTRAP — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* A vacation novel, apparently written to save the mark (or franc).

THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Montague vs. Capulet on Cape Cod, with a happier finish.

PERELLA — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* Where marriage without love, involving a sacrifice, is successful.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* The kind of book which to New Englanders is anything but funny, and the kind of girl who to New Yorkers is just that.

THE TENDERFOOTS — Francis Lynde — *Scribner.* In which a strong but not silent New England youth of the late seventies fights for a gold mine and for the love of Jean.

* CREWE TRAIN — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* Miss Macaulay has great fun at the expense of sophisticated London. So has the reader. (*See page 357.*)

THE FORTUNES OF HUGO — Denis Mackail — *Houghton Mifflin.* Highly amusing yarn of a rich but rather simple youth's efforts to land a job and Lord Biggleswade's daughter.

* THE CASUARINA TREE — W. Somerset Maugham — *Doran.* Fine dramas of white men far from home. (*See pages 298, 361.*)

THE ENTERTAINING ANGEL — Samuel Merwin — *Sears.* Wistfulness is laid on a trifle thickly in this tale of a trouper and how she won her heart's desire.

THE DANCER AND THE FRIAR — E. P. Metour — *Doran.* A mediæval romance of the flesh vs. the church.

WAYFARER — Kathleen Millay — *Morrow.* A slangy but clear eyed Greenwich Village flapper weds an honest farmer and, after some uncertainty, decides that the Maine Coast and matrimony are preferable to the Village and unlimited individualism.

CORDELIA CHANTRELL — Meade Minnigerode — *Putnam.* A dramatic story of the Civil War period, in which Minnigerode the biographer frequently gets the better of Minnigerode the novelist.

THE DEVIL'S GUARD — Talbot Mundy — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Jim-Grim, hero of several stirring eastern romances, penetrates Thibet — we hope the next story will bring him safely out again.

* CHEVRONS — Leonard H. Nason — *Doran.* A doughboy saga with the kick of "The Big Parade".

THE BLACK FLEMINGS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Who stole Cock Robin?

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* For those whose friends spent the summer in France.

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* Can love find a way to overcome a modern woman's modernity?

JIG-SAW — Eden Phillpots — *Macmillan.* Plot and solution alike are unusual and clever in this mystery story.

WHITE WATER — Robert E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* Exciting tale of outdoor love on Bad River, where men are lumberjacks.

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JOHN OF OREGON — Dan Poling — *Doran.* Harold Bell Wright and George Barr McCutcheon with a strong story furnished by Dan Poling.

THE UNQUENCHABLE FLAME — Arthur J. Rees — *Dodd, Mead.* Tall but exciting mystery yarn concerned with "cadaveric phenomena", which are fully as creepy as they sound.

THE SECRET THAT WAS KEPT — Elizabeth Robins — *Harper.* Melodrama dull and long drawn out.

BELLARION — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* He starts out to be a scholar and ends up a soldier who uses armies to right milady's wrongs.

THE MASTER OF THE MICROBE — Robert W. Service — *Barse, Hopkins.* An extravagant tale of the control held by one man over the lives of the entire populace, with a good mystery story woven into it.

A MANIFEST DESTINY — Arthur D. Howden Smith — *Brentano.* How William Walker, famous filibusterer, nearly secured Nicaragua for us makes thrilling reading.

THE BAD SAMARITAN — Justin Sturm — *Harper.* A Yale football man turns traitorously to humor instead of bond selling in this really funny novel.

DRY MARTINI — John Thomas — *Doran.* Americans in Paris behaving charmingly and as Paris dictates in its more sophisticated moods.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* One of the "noncombatants" of modern warfare is the character upon whom Miss Thompson, age 24, hangs an important tale.

JARNEGAN — Jim Tully — *A. and C. Boni.* Strong meat about a violent Irishman who progressed from murder to a movie directorship.

THE LEFT LADY — Margaret Turnbull — *Reilly, Lee.* In which Miss Emmie romantically outwits middle age.

TORO OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE — Leo Walmsley — *Doran.* A three foot hero takes on the stature of Kipling's Mowgli.

*HARMER JOHN — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* A fine romance of an idealist against the world. (*See page 351.*)

A TOUCH OF EARTH — Lella Warren — *Simon, Schuster.* The story, with minor variations, of every feminine heroine of every autobiographical novel written since the war.

THE CORBIN NECKLACE — Henry Kitchell Webster — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A small boy does a neat job in foiling an international crook.

*THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD — H. G. Wells — *Doran.* Mr. Wells's outline of the soul of man in this age. (*See page 336.*)

*GALLANT LADY — Margaret Widdemer — *Harcourt, Brace.* A domestic tangle skilfully presented.

THE PAINTED ROOM — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* The author of the 1924 Pulitzer Prize tells the story of a flapper and succeeds through her distinct narrative gift in making it engrossing despite weak psychological structure.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Recommended for the scalp — hair raising and unpredictable.

*BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Adventure in crescendo, with the fortissimo on the capture of a beautiful maiden by a ferocious sheik.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The Divine Fire" by May Sinclair. By way of reassurance for those who are disappointed in Miss Sinclair's latest.

2. "The Odyssey." The new pocket edition of Sir William Marris's translation issued by Oxford University Press should comfort readers who vainly seek a hero in modern novels.

3. "The Testaments of François Villon." In one volume Boni and Liveright offer the complete poems of Villon translated by Rossetti, Swinburne, Ezra Pound, and others.

4. "Birth" by Zona Gale. This sympathetic portrayal of one of life's misfits should be more widely known.

5. "Notre Coeur" by Guy de Maupassant. The sixth volume in the set of Maupassant's works which Brentano's are bringing out.

The Novelist-Historians

IT would never have occurred to me before I read their latest books to group Louis Bromfield and Hamlin Garland in the same review. Yet after reading "Early Autumn" (Stokes) and "Trail Makers of the Middle Border" (Macmillan) I am convinced that they are doing, in their separate ways, much the same thing. And they are doing it so well as to make me think that of the American books which have come under my observation so far this season, these two, with "The Romantic Comedians" and "Chevrons", are the best. Mr. Bromfield is first the novelist, then the historian of periods and moods. Mr. Garland is secondarily the novelist, and first the historian. His publishers are announcing his book as a novel. Certain it is that his former middle border stories were definitely autobiographical. In the new book, which is far and away better than the others, he proves himself one of the few realistic chroniclers of pioneer days who maintain verisimilitude and refrain from sentimentality. This story of New Englanders moving to the west, in its essence the story of a boy's adventures, is filled with incident, humor, pathos, and romance. It should be read as widely as any of the books of Herbert Quick or Emerson Hough, and it has, of course, an artistry which neither of these robust authors displayed. Mr. Garland's treatment of the Civil War is masterly. Here is a book of great importance to men and boys, and for their wives and sisters and mothers, too. Hamlin Garland can show aces to any of the youngsters of the day. It's a great book!

"Early Autumn" is the third of Mr. Bromfield's American "Forsyte Saga". It is the finest of the three. Mr. Bromfield is an exceedingly clever young man. He realizes that in American society he has a broader scope than has Mr. Galsworthy, and he makes use of it. He has swung all the way from the middlewest to New England, to Paris, to New York, in these three books. He has challenged Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Lewis, Henry James and Mr. Hawthorne, on their own ground, and for a man scarcely thirty he comes off with flying colors. As a New Englander I find myself a trifle annoyed that a middle westerner should have written the most daring and complete portrait of decadent New England that has been attempted. "Early Autumn" will re-

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mind you of "The House of the Seven Gables". It will remind you also of "Jane Eyre". Mr. Bromfield has learned much about the novel from the great novelists; but he is learning a great deal about writing the novel from Mr. Bromfield. In "Early Autumn" we find him making use of lovely and amazingly pertinent description to evolve his moods and his characters. We find him developing in picturesqueness of style and in the ability to choose his detail. His critics have told him often enough that he uses the same adjectival descriptions over and over again, so we must put this mannerism down to a conscious effort to intensify characterization. That I find it annoying is in no sense a criticism. It is a mannerism from which I hope he will recover; but criticism of it becomes quibbling in the face of a story so rich and so varied. In the story of the Pentlands, struggling to preserve their honor and name in the atmosphere of Boston, Mr. Bromfield has written both a dramatic novel and a stinging satire. It is an important book, and an entertaining one. Scenes stand out from it with startling clarity. The episode in which Mrs. Pentland escapes from her confinement and for a few moments regains sanity is tremendous. The death of John Pentland is a masterpiece. It is not necessary that I should urge this book on you, since I fancy most readers of this magazine are already readers of Louis Bromfield; but it is as sure as fate that this novel will gain him a new audience.

A Feminine Gibbs

MRS. A. HAMILTON GIBBS has joined the increasing ranks of the writing family with a novel which is saved from mediocrity by a nice sense of character drawing and a real theme. Her style is spare and too undecorated for my taste, but her story is excellent and provocative. It is the opposite of that most asinine of books on the question of feminism, "This Freedom". It is well known that the author herself is an attorney, and she takes up the cudgels in "Portia Marries" (Little, Brown) for the woman who would have an active profession and a home as well. It is not a new theme, but the handling of it has not before been done with so much precision. Mrs. Gibbs knows her facts and she sets them down with an eye for drama. To be sure, I think she makes it perfectly plain that the professional woman must make compromises. She is not a member of the Lucy Stone League, and she throws a few jibes at her own heroine, as in this paragraph on page 43:

> Tommy grinned at her. "I'm not sure whether you thought I was a foot stool, or a carry-all. But you were mistaking me for something!"

I think that this newest fledgling among the royal Gibbses, who shares publishers with her husband, would agree with one of the most prominent of married American professional women, who happened to visit my house today. We were discussing "Portia Marries" and similar books which this autumn show the new woman and the new man. "I often quarreled with my husband the first year of our marriage," she said, "and all but once out of hundreds of times it was my fault. I had been so surrounded by men who petted and played up to my ego that when I came in contact with someone who loved me and yet wasn't a 'yes man' I thought he was selfish. I soon found that he was only human." I think Mrs. Gibbs might now do a novel showing the dangers that confront a professional pair whose success is not

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evenly divided. There's the rub, Mrs. Gibbs. There's the rub!

Hugh Walpole Again Contemplates Polchester

HUGH WALPOLE is probably exceedingly ill at ease when anyone in person or in print refers to him as the author of "Fortitude". Yet I hope that he will bear with me if I say that not since that book and "The Duchess of Wrexe", with due apologies to "Jeremy", has any of his books pleased this Walpole enthusiast so much as does "Harmer John" (Doran). With the same background as "The Cathedral", it is a far more convincing and powerfully sustained narrative. Archdeacon Brandon of "The Cathedral" was an example of misled religiosity and pomp; here Mr. Walpole has given us his direct opposite, the simple, straightforward idealist. "Harmer John" is a novel of four dimensional quality. Its characters, and there are many, are drawn with superb skill. Its romance is appealing and deftly woven with its theme. Like Dickens, Hugh Walpole always has something to say, and he says it with determination and a constant sense of the dramatic. Like Thackeray, Hugh Walpole is acutely aware of the foibles of his age, and he strips the hypocrites along the path of this book as naked as the day they were born. For this, and for his persistent writing of novels that are novels, he is to be thanked. The fact that his psychology is kept as background to his story does not mean that he is less the psychologist. It simply means that he is first and foremost the novelist. To a public misled and puzzled by some of the wanderings of the past few seasons in the book world, such books as "Early Autumn" and "Harmer John" bring reassurance that the novelists writing in English have not forgotten entirely to be novelists. Another thing for which we have especially to thank Mr. Walpole is that he has virtuosity and versatility. With a perfect understanding of his craft, he can turn from a colorful thriller like "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" to a rich character study like "Harmer John", to a whimsical story of youth like "Jeremy", to a social satire like "The Duchess of Wrexe", to a powerful adventure in irony like "The Old Ladies", to a masterful bit of fantasy like "The Prelude to Adventure", and so on. He is a novelist of stature and with an unfailing command of situation, setting, dialogue, characterization. "Harmer John" is one of the very best of his books. If I were to acclaim it his greatest, I should doubtless simply have to repeat myself when the new year brings forth another novel from his pen.

Versification, Verse, and Some Poetry

AS I open Carl Sandburg's magnificent volume of "Selected Poems" (Harcourt, Brace) and read the generous and keen preface by its editor, one of the great critics of her time, Rebecca West, I am reminded of the slurs cast upon Sandburg by a young Englishman now favoring America with the brilliance of his mind, and also of the remark of a great English novelist, largely self educated, who said, "I must go to Oxford some time when I have a spare year or two, and take a course in condescension." Perhaps this selected volume will make apparent, even to the young English poet, the fact that Sandburg is a great poet.

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One of the middle westerner's greatest faults has always been his inability or his unwillingness to recognize his bad poems and destroy them. In this new volume we have him at his robust best. "Skyscraper" with its tumultuous syllables is here, and "Prairie":

I am here when the cities are gone.
I am here before the cities come.
I nourish the lonely men on horses.
I will keep the laughing men who ride iron.
I am dust of men.

Here also, the magnificent "Cool Tombs", one of the most profoundly moving poems of our day, and "The Windy City". I defy anyone who has a spark of real understanding for America to read these poems and not realize that in them speaks one of our great and strongly native geniuses. The little fancy lyrics of most of our contemporary English and American poets fade before their strength, just as Poe recedes before Whitman. Miss West closes her preface with, "His is not a talent too easily accepted in this age, which is inclined to regard poetry as necessarily lyric and to demand that the poet shall write brief and perfect verse; but the reason he cannot satisfy such standards is that his art is dominated by an image so vast that it requires as house-room not one but a thousand poems."

Scarcely less significant are the "Selected Poems of Arthur Davison Ficke" (Doran), whose lyrics and sonnets have not only the quality of beauty but the modern note as well. Ficke has included many new poems here, and the old ones which have most rarity, substance, and power. This poet's mastery of the sonnet form is extraordinary. He uses it with grace and agility. He uses it for varying emotions and ideas, and in every unit of fourteen lines there is vision and beauty. In addition to the famous "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter" and "Nocturne in a Library", there are several other sonnet sequences and individual sonnets by the score. Arthur Ficke is an extremely important poet. This is a volume which will find many readers and many lovers. I hope the poet will forgive me if I quote here a poem which is far from his best but which happens to be my favorite, since I came on it first one evening years ago as a mooning undergraduate lying on a window seat looking out over the campus, just as the lights under the elm trees were appearing through the blue dusk. I am particularly self conscious about quoting it, for a kind lady from the middle west recently wrote the Gossip Shop that she wished it would stop talking about lilacs — what did she care about lilacs when all she could see was midsummer across the prairies?

Come forth! for spring is singing in the boughs
Of every white and tremulous apple-tree.
This is the season of eternal vows;
Yet what are vows that they should solace me?
For on the winds, wild loveliness is crying;
And in all flowers, wild joy its present worth
Proclaims, as from the dying to the dying—
"Seize, clasp your hour of sun upon the earth!"
Then never dream that fire or beauty stays
More than one April moment in its flight
Toward regions where the sea-drift of all days
Sinks in a vast, desireless, lonely night.
O wind from flushing orchards! — give me breath
Of one white hour here on the marge of death!

In "Citadels" (Macmillan), Marguerite Wilkinson comes surprisingly into her own. She has written a series of religious and mystical poems that have a quality of beauty and originality which we have found previously only in isolated instances of her work. She has always been an excellent poet. In this volume she often seems inspired.

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"Sonnets of the New Birth" are marked by a calm dignity and an upspringing reverence that is most unusual in this age, while every one of the "Cathedral Lyrics" is a gem. In them she has caught the mediæval spirit and tuned it to the present. To anyone who admires devotional poetry, or anyone who admires good poetry for that matter, this book is earnestly recommended.

From a somewhat limited knowledge of the young English poets of today, I should pick Humbert Wolfe as most likely to succeed Housman in his lonely magnificence as a writer of captivating lyrics. I have before urged you to seek out the work of this poet. I do it again with the appearance of "Humoresque" (Holt), a quaintly arranged volume, with piquancy, wit, and a quality so distinctive and so rare that it more than ever convinces that Mr. Wolfe is a poet of the first rank. Such poems as "Humoresque", "Noon", "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun", leave the reader breathless — this reader, at any rate. Mr. Wolfe writes light verse with complete abandon and overflowing charm. He invests his more serious poems with dainty rhythms which would be dangerous for a less accomplished artist. His volume should be popular, popular in a large sense, popular as Housman was. In fact, if you do not know him and do not seek him out, it is your loss and your fault.

If you are a poet, you will want to read "The Craft of the Poet" (Holt) by F. W. Felkin, which is the most sensible essay on English verse composition I have seen in many years. If you are not a poet, let me urge you again to look into the volumes of verse mentioned above. If they do not then inspire you to become a poet, they will at least give you a store of beauty with which to face the long winter ahead.

— *J. F.*

PRAYER

By Edwin Morgan

NOW that I know
That what I am must be,
Lord, take Thy rod
And change me to a tree.

Now that I see
And now the best is known,
Lord, wave Thy hand
And turn me to a stone;

A dull dumb stone,
Or a stark old tree,
Thy rain, Thy wind,
Thy lightning over me!

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THERE are the ana of two countries and of two decades in full flavor in Mr. Towne's "Adventures in Editing" and C. Lewis Hind's "Naphtali", the latter title, incidentally, being somewhat ponderously adapted from Genesis XLIX: 21 and the line, "Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words". Both books follow lightheartedly, yet with a little undercurrent of sadness, the pleasant road to literary yesterday and lost youth with its wharves and slips and sea tides tossing free. Curiously and without premeditation they overlap and blend, at times sharing the same ghosts and embodiments. There is the suggestion of the present in the point of view. The road broadens as it stretches back through the years. It attains its full width in the first decade of the present century and the golden nineties, to narrow again as it approaches the remote eighties. In both books the twenty years preceding the outbreak of the World War are the years in which the literary caravans are in busy march.

What a flood of memories is here! In the Englishman's book we see Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley as the dominating figures of their day, a day when "we tried to write like Lang because we knew that we wanted to write like Lang; we tried to write like Henley because we thought we ought to write like Henley". Henley, with his shock of red hair and tangle of red beard growing grey, and his burly laughter, was particularly all-powerful. Great names were included among those who were not ashamed of being known as Henley "young men": Gilbert Parker, Charles Whibley, G. S. Street, Barry Pain, Arthur Morrison, and even Kipling and Barrie. Indeed, Kipling and Barrie were the only ones writing for "The Scots Observer" and "The National Observer" whose copy was not freely edited by Henley. Those were the years when Kipling, living in the Embankment Chambers in Villiers Street, London, was just beginning to live down his title of the "Man from Nowhere". It was the morning of life too for others who have since achieved fame. When Mr. Hind was editorially connected with "The Pall Mall Budget" a young man by the name of H.G.Wells was introduced to him. "Mr. Wells, I believe you could write stories. I want some for the 'Budget'. Send me in a few; we'll call them 'Single Sitting Stories'." For months he sent them, sometimes two a week. That was the beginning of H. G. as story writer. Visiting Wells the editor met Conrad, who was then writing "The Nigger of the Narcissus". Conrad said, "Ah, if only I could write zee English, good, well! But you will see, you will see."

A few years later, perhaps, but in substantially the same period, Mr. Towne in his editorial capacity was helping to make literary discoveries on this side of the Atlantic. A beautifully typed manuscript, with never a pen made correction, heralded James Branch Cabell. Then came a young man from Virginia, whose efforts had hitherto been rewarded by nothing but rejection slips. His name was Henry Sydnor Harrison. He was on his way to the writing of "Queed". A hand-

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written story that was like copperplate found its way into the office. It was seventeen hundred words in length and, being accepted, was paid for at the regular rate of a cent a word, the order sent out on a blue slip to the cashier reading: "Pay Sydney Porter (O. Henry) for a story entitled 'By Proxy' seventeen dollars ($17)." In a minor capacity on the editorial staff was a "young redheaded lad from somewhere in the middle west — a high strung, nervous, tempestuous fellow who made swift movements and talked like a streak; a gawky, lank six footer, who banged doors and lost his temper at the telephone and seemed out of place, cooped up in an office". With that fulness of description, identification would be superfluous.

Along that road to yesterday the reader encounters personalities who were not discoveries. In Mr. Hind's book there is Henry James in full verbal panoply. Once Hind took two ladies to tea at Henry James's home. The conversation flagged; to ease the strain the visitor praised the canary. "Yes, yes," said Henry James, "the little creature sings his song of adoration each morning with — er — the slightest modicum of encouragement from me." Later, recalling the visit in question, James commented: "Lewis Hind — oh, yes — he brought two females to see me last summer". Then, reflectively, "One of the wantons had a certain languorous grace." Being shown a page of prize beauties James examined, then handed the paper back saying: "My dear friend, life is so crowded with various and conflicting interests that I am obliged rigorously to curtail my field of vision."

It was at a literary supper in New York that Mr. Hind first met Amy Lowell. He did not know her when, half an hour after the beginning of the meal, she marched in to take the vacant seat at his side. But after an essay at conversation involving several rebuffs, he ventured: "I believe you are Miss Amy Lowell." "Who the hell did you think I was?" was the lady's retort. A little later in the evening, after she had taken a cigar from her reticule, lighted it and talked freely, he asked her why she had not been present at the James Russell Lowell centenary celebrations. She replied: "Because I'm the only member of the Lowell family worth a damn."

Two interesting figures appearing in the course of Mr. Towne's recollections are Edgar Saltus and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Saltus, when Mr. Towne knew him, had ceased to be the literary *enfant terrible* whose daring writings had so shocked the ultra Victorianism of America in the late seventies and early eighties. But he still retained his witty impudence. Once a high born looking dowager entered a restaurant where Saltus was dining and took her seat with others at a nearby table. Saltus, noting her splendid apparel, her white hair resting like a coronet on her proud head, said: "Ah! a grande dame is generally damn grand." Mr. Towne particularly recalls Saltus's manuscripts. Always written by hand on large sheets of yellow paper, they were characteristic by reason of the few alterations. He had small use for the writer who had not mastered his craft sufficiently to put down his thoughts in order. "Plasterers do not replaster, and bricklayers don't relay bricks. Why should weavers of words have to be constantly changing their blocks of sentences? God deliver me from the amateur in any art."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, believing herself to be an evangelist who spoke in rhyme to her immense audience, was

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encouraged in that belief. The merely "literary" were inclined to flout her, but her enormous mail, probably larger than has ever come to any other single author, attested her wide popularity, and cemented her conviction that she was born into the world to be a reformer. The passion for reform often cost her the friendships of years. Also she was quick to resent anything that could be interpreted as a slight. A rejected manuscript was a bitter blow to her self esteem and she was slow to forgive. But it was a typographical error that hurt her most of all. She had opened a set of verses with one of her most cosmic lines, "My soul is a lighthouse keeper." The printer, setting it up, caused it to read: "My soul is a light housekeeper."

Adventures in Editing. By Charles Hanson Towne. D. Appleton and Company.
Naphtali. By C. Lewis Hind. Dodd, Mead and Company.

THREE NOVELS OF SATIRE FROM ENGLAND

By Stephen Graham

THE chief characters in Arnold Bennett's new novel are well known British politicians drawn so vividly and brilliantly that their false names seem inappropriate. Andy Clyth is Mr. Lloyd George; Tom Hogarth is Mr. Winston Churchill; Sid Jenkins is the late Will Crooks, Ockleford is Curzon. Lord Raingo himself is easily identifiable, though the story of his mistress and his son and his death is of course an invention. But few reviewers would care to say who it is Lord Raingo is intended to be.

One seldom finds Bennett in a humorous vein, but this is a wonderful piece of mockery. It is Mr. Lloyd George and his war cabinet of 1917–18 who form the object of his wit. Seldom in the history of any reputable country has there been such charlatanry as there was in London during the last stage of the war. Ordinary prose will not describe it. It needed the psychological humorous method which is employed in "Raingo". For the novel is not a farce. It is in reality a closely written analytical piece. One laughs immoderately as one reads, but the weight of the books's authenticity remains. Bennett is a great novelist, perhaps the greatest of his time, and he has one characteristic which should endear him to the reader: he is very painstaking. With all its fun and rapid movement, "Raingo" is most conscientiously written.

Of course one is more thankful for the humorous part than for the sombre ending. Mr. Lloyd George's quaint breakfast habit of wanting people to eat porridge with him, his wariness and sentimentality, his magniloquence, his winning-the-war mood, his cynicism regarding honors and posts, his tirelessness and zest for the fray, are all shown in his relationship with Raingo. Perhaps the most daring and yet the most amusing episode is where the Prime Minister (George) is discovered by Churchill (Hogarth) taking soup from the same basin as his new political crony Raingo.

Sam Raingo is a retired company promoter, millionaire, who is given a peerage and the job of directing British war propaganda. His character is extraordinarily bad; his genius, if he has any, lies in chicanery; but his real weakness is in his fretful and very mean mind. He knows he is a bounder and that he has not even a presentable face for the photographer. A millionaire with an inferiority com-

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plex is surely a curiosity — but it is here in Raingo. For he frets after every human contact. He cannot take with a serene mind the luck of his life. The devil is always at his elbow suggesting tricks, cheats, plots. This is shown most acidly in the piteous story of himself and his mistress Delphine whose life he ruins. There is something very charming in this illicit bond, this nest of love and harassed statesman's retreat. For the girl is very unselfish and devoted and beautiful and loving. Raingo never deserved to have had her. But nevertheless all their meetings are charming.

Andy Clyth, Ockleford, and the rest prove too much for Raingo's health. He contracts pneumonia and dies. And all through his illness he is thinking deliriously of the lost Delphine — though actually it is his wife's name that is on his lips when he dies.

I venture to think that the illness and death of Raingo occupy too much of the book, and that Arnold Bennett is a little too fond of describing deathbeds. The end of the novel, the last hundred pages, show the hero sick. The story remains and holds one, but the hilarious mood of Bennett's satire necessarily passes and we put the book down feeling sympathy for the man at whom we have been laughing.

After Arnold Bennett, Elizabeth's "Introduction to Sally" is a romp. Elizabeth's new novel is a sex extravaganza written with speed, gusto, vulgarity, and even ribaldry. It is very, very funny, but much of it belongs to the smoking room rather than to the boudoir. Sally is so beautiful that men seem to change into dogs at sight of her and follow her around, hanging about her lodgings for days. Her young husband is terribly scared by the fact that all men run after her and want her, and his endeavors to hide her provide a good deal of the mirth. Sally herself, illiterate, innocent, unawakened, has little or no interest in men as such and hates being kissed, but submits, being very submissive. Her husband, an undergraduate of Ananias College, has a very bad time. So does everyone in the book until the end, when Sally has acquired a home and is to have a baby and all goes merrily. The novel reads so well and is so amusing and daring that it is bound to have success. But Elizabeth has thrown off many disguises which we would rather she had kept on. Perhaps she has been amazed at being called the new Jane Austen. No one can call her that after "Sally".

Rose Macaulay's "Crewe Train" is better reading, though slower. The subject is, however, akin, being that of a primitive girl brought up by an indolent retired clergyman in the mountains of Spain and then let loose on sophisticated modern London. Asked what she thought of the Russian dancer Massine she replied that she had not tasted it, and to, "Did you see the Guitrys?" she can reply, "No, but the hair of my dog is coming out." Miss Denham Dobie is, however, a much more credible person than Mrs. Sally Luke, and really more interesting, if less diverting. Rose Macaulay's satire is directed against the chatter and unreality and absurd conversation of life in cultured society. There is no real content to life — it is unsatisfying. "Crewe Train" proves to be a very interesting addition to the literature on the theme of what a woman wants.

Lord Raingo. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.
Introduction to Sally. By Elizabeth. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Crewe Train. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright.

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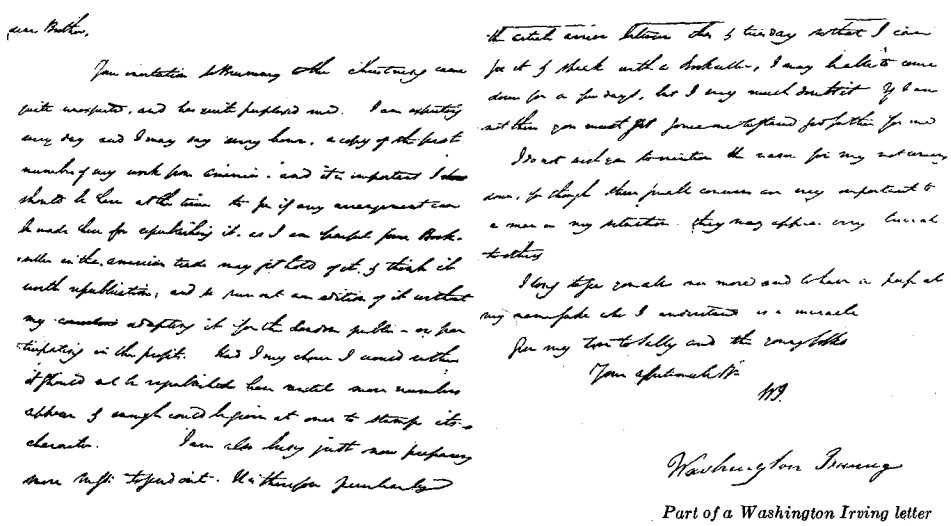

Part of a Washington Irving letter

OUR FOREBEARS GO VISITING

By William R. Langfeld

THE British traveler's habit of visiting this country and voicing his opinions in book form has become proverbial. That from the earliest days of our national existence there has likewise been a respectable body of American comment on England, both laudatory and critical, is not such current knowledge. Robert E. Spiller has gathered the gist of this literature into "The American in England", arbitrarily limiting its scope to the years 1776–1835, the period during which America emerged from her colonial state and attained economic, social, artistic, and political self consciousness.

The early American visitors to England were largely students, artists, or commercial, religious, or diplomatic envoys. Later came the tourists and journalists. Early in the century Benjamin West, John Trumbull, Washington Allston, C. R. Leslie, Gilbert Stuart, Samuel F. B. Morse, Stuart Newton, Copley, and the Peales formed veritable schools of painting and largely influenced English art. They were most favorably received, but the earlier ambassadors had a struggle for the necessary social recognition and the acceptance of the United States as an international factor. Both Jefferson and John Adams were scornful of the English aristocracy and its empty formalities. Adams was austerely conciliatory and Jefferson found much material benefit to be derived from the study of British institutions.

Early students sought education in England principally in the sciences, as Benjamin Silliman in chemistry and Benjamin Rush in medicine. From this group came the founders of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Spiller is unprejudiced in disclosing the observations of these travelers and quotes liberally both those favorable and the reverse. In general their democratic independence scorns British caste and the servility of the lower classes. They find the Englishman an inconsistent mixture of friendliness and

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GLEANINGS IN EUROPE.

ENGLAND:

BY

AN AMERICAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA

CAREY, LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

1837.

Title page of a volume published anonymously by James Fenimore Cooper. This volume and the Washington Irving letter are in Mr. Langfeld's private collection

reserve, but sincere and honest, and they recognize a natural kinship. They admire the beauty of England's landscape, her wealth and prosperity, but find an appalling gap between the poor and the rich. They are accepted with greater cordiality toward the end of the period discussed. Especially piquant is Harriet Balch's summary of London as "an overgrown elegant place crowded by thousands of people; the one half know not how they are to get the next meal". These people seem to have met most of England's celebrities; the book is replete with descriptions and anecdotes of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Disraeli, and others.

There is a chapter on Irving, the literary ambassador who so thoroughly mingled with England's best and whose personal charm aided in cementing amicable relations. Cooper receives another chapter, concerned chiefly with the farsighted but caustic social criticism contained in his books of travel, now little known and out of print. Willis's sojourn is also covered at length.

The book evinces assiduous research and the painstaking gathering and marshaling of material, much of it hitherto unpublished. Necessarily, the author must exercise discretion in selection and exclusion. Irving's "Lines in Deep Dene Album" are a definite index to his mental attitude, and he was introduced to Mary Shelley by John Howard Payne, but the omission of such data is unimportant. Historical repositories, journals, diaries, letters, private and public libraries, and manuscripts, family records, periodical contributions, and books now unobtainable yield a wealth of information — descriptions of persons and places, of customs and habits of life; social, political, or character analyses. There is a profusion of fact and of incident. The volume has the value of an historical document both in its revelation of the condition of England and of the development of the United States. It has a decidedly literary flavor. It is chatty but solid, engaging without being frivolous, tinged with the romance of travel, and distinctly interesting to read.

The American in England, during the First Half Century of Independence. By Robert E. Spiller. Henry Holt and Company.

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SHORT TURNS IN DIVERS PLACES

By Blanche Colton Williams

EVEN to one who has read some twenty thousand short stories, milling through magazines at two thousand a year for a decade, these collections of Mr. Benefield and Mr. Maugham appear uncommonly good. The authors no more resemble each other than "The Chicken-Wagon Family" resembles "The Moon and Sixpence". Mr. Benefield's scene is Louisiana, occasionally New York; Mr. Maugham's, the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, Singapore, the Eastern Ocean. Yet read in succession these volumes provoke the conclusion that the authors are alike in breaking away from worn story patterns. That each uses no extraordinary stuff from which to cut his story adds to his triumph in creating something new and not too strange.

The primary reason for Mr. Benefield's distinction lies in a Louisiana heritage completely realized by his life in New York. Early events and emotions, remembered in a state of tranquillity, he records with something of poetic feeling and rhythm. Carrie Snyder, for instance, disappears down the track, "bravely as with banners blowing", while "a little boy mourned the loss of a friend more loyal than he knew". I do not mean to imply that Mr. Benefield reports actual incidents or portrays living characters. Some years ago when I asked him how he came to write "Miss Willett", he replied that the story had its origin in a show window exhibit where a Negro woman of most forbidding aspect used to demonstrate a folding bed. He noted the exhibit in a book and left it for months. One day when he needed an idea he stared at the scribbled note and experienced the elements of the story as they floated to the centre of consciousness to join in a more or less complete whole. The story, of New York, shows his way with Louisiana. The significance of such procedure, its value, lies in the lack of conscious effort. Unconscious metabolism does the work. So the black woman of forbidding expression becomes the blonde Miss Willett whose radiance, inspired by the plaster figure, "kept 'em comin' in droves". He has peopled his setting, frequently the town of Crebillon, with simple folk — unfortunate women, unfortunate and villainous men. Small chance here for humor or gaiety. The one exception I recall is that found in Cesar Honfleur, present in more than one story, who is a villain only in thinking himself one.

Most of the tales are, in one way or other, about lovers. The young pair who spend two nights down Bayou Dubac under the chaperonage of Lyd; the engaging couple of "A Fiery Sweetness" brought together officially by the matrimonial bureau and spiritually by the author; the romantic lovers of the "Graveyard Ghouls"; lovers who go out in tragedy, as does Zeb Deakin of "Maybe This is Love". Yet to describe "Short Turns" as a volume of love stories would give a false impression. Rather, in touching the lowly and the fated as he does in the best of the tales, the author establishes a common ground of humanity. Without didacticism or apparent intention, he points out the good there is in the worst of us. "Daughters of Joy", in particular, illustrates the generosity of his intention. Here is a worthy companion to Cobb's "The Lord Will Provide" which, I am given to reasserting, is the most poignant of the Judge Priest group. In "Daughters of Joy" and in "Blocker Locke" are flashed the only surprise endings of the collection. Even

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in this overworked device to thrill or shock, Mr. Benefield plans with a maximum of logic and a minimum of trickery. Nothing could be more probable, from his delineation of the mother, than her former life; nothing more probable, from Locke's state of mind, than his final error.

Just because the average short story centres around a crisis in character, I find increasing pleasure in that which dares to do the work of the novel in creating character growth or degeneration. My choice of the fourteen, then, is "Glow Peddler". Interest in Abe Pittle's temptation, surrender, deterioration, and death the author arouses and holds from the first dollar to the incredible but convincing, "'Ten dollars a week', he answered in his saddest, huskiest little voice." I have read nothing better of its kind since Edith Wharton's "Descent of Man".

Why, I wondered in reading the long galleys, had Mr. Maugham chosen for his embracing title "The Casuarina Tree"? Ragged and spiked and leafless, the tree might stand for the hard lives of Englishmen far afield. Now here comes the book, with a foreword by way of explanation. To betray the author's initial misapprehension and his final adjustment of the symbol would spoil the reader's pleasure in that charmingly informal preface.

Mr. Maugham's primary distinction lies in his stimulation by the Orient, a world realized by contrast with his English background. As Mr. Benefield's stories are of the soil, Mr. Maugham's are exotic.

These six tales both gain and lose from an awareness of ways and means. Moved by the dramatic and even melodramatic event, this author knows that the most tragic instance is but a repetition of instances in life and in fiction. He plays, therefore, not to the external climax but away from it. A woman, for example, kills a man. Old as Singapore, itself, that peak of "The Letter". By setting out with the case the lawyer sees, puzzling with him, finding with him the solution, Mr. Maugham creates not a detective story but the behavior of a complex character. His ultimate picture of Mrs. Leslie Crosbie is, then, his real climax. So in "The Force of Circumstance", Guy's life with a native woman is unfolded as a past episode; the author's immediate concern is with the discovery of that past by the English wife, Doris, and the conflict it produces in her soul. With her exit, the story is done. So in "P. & O." Gallagher leaves his native wife, to return to England. A spell, challenged in vain by a counter spell, apparently works his death. Although the reader sees developed the repellently appealing rite of exorcism, he hastens on urged by desire to learn the effect of Gallagher's death on Mrs. Hamlyn. So in "Before the Party", the murder is dwarfed by the result of its disclosure upon the conventional English household.

These illustrations are not by way of adducing that Mr. Maugham cares more for his people than for his fables. In fact, he expressly states in his postscript, " . . . the disposition and appearance of a person in a short story are dictated by the exigencies of the intrigue." But he is at pains to reveal that disposition and appearance through the ramifications of the intrigue. No small skill is needed to heighten interest in descending from the summit of the more objective drama; Mr. Maugham has that skill and uses it admirably.

A long call from the hanging moss of Louisiana to the casuarina tree of the tropics! But, as Mr. Maugham ob-

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serves, "A work of fiction . . . is an arrangement which the author makes of the facts of his experience with the idiosyncrasies of his own personality." The two collections, measured by this test, are alike works of art.

Short Turns. By Barry Benefield. The Century Company.
The Casuarina Tree. By W. Somerset Maugham. George H. Doran Company.

Saul of Tarsus

THE OUTLINE OF RELIGION

By Charles W. Ferguson

ANY considerable work on comparative religion that appears today must at least impersonate the scientific posture. It must observe impartially the fundaments of all religion and assign peculiar cosmic dimensions to no single form of belief and practice. Most works for the reverent have heretofore been on contrasted religion, with a view of showing that Christianity has a demonstrable edge on all competitors. They have partaken of the scriptural feeling that "the gods of the heathen are devils" and "their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being the judges". But this attitude is fast becoming out of date; many intelligent churchmen are near enough done with it to enjoy Dr. Lewis Browne's effort to set in proper array all the prominent faiths of the believing world.

Though his book is dedicated significantly to H. G. Wells and essays to be merely an outline of historic religion, it may prove a syllabus for those who would go further into detail, and a fine introductory offer to those as yet unfamiliar with Ikhnaton, Chandraguptra, et al. In defining faith as man's imperishable illusion that he can master the universe, and religion as one means of nurturing this illusion, the author satisfies the emancipated and riles the faithful not too greatly — for his spirit is always benign enough to enlist the attention of any who may hold an antipodal point of view.

Dr. Browne wisely begins with a phylogenetic review of primitive religion. Taking his cue from the recorded lore of anthropologists, he sees man's ubiquitous fear as the genesis of religion and man's endeavor first to coerce then to cajole preternatural forces as the development of religious practice. His résumé passes then to the great religions as viewed in their historic settings; points of similitude and bases for inferences constantly emerge. The author's treatment of Christianity is in the same casual tone with which he speaks of the fertilizing rituals of the ancient Celts. He recounts a story of Jesus that is leagues more interesting than the general run recounted by devout followers. Even here he does not

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lose his historian's eye, but traces the rise of Christianity as the work of Paul and Constantine, quite apart from the part Jesus played. Indeed, he exhibits Jesus as "not the founder, but the foundling of Christianity". The assessment he makes of the apostle Paul's character is done in a manner hitherto neglected, for some strange or definite reason.

What will be the impact upon Christendom of this and kindred studies, only time and sophists can tell. There is a growing body of sympathetic but analytical literature designed to be circulated to some extent at least among Christians. Are such works playing Delilah to organized Christianity? Will detached consideration of religious mysteries by churchmen emasculate the church? Dr. Browne does not fall into the error of telling us. But he does suggest that religion has served most of its purpose in enabling us to escape fear, and that highly effective ecclesiastical organizations have preserved many religious bodies long after they had lost their charm and strength.

The illustrations with which the author has bedecked his work should receive honorable mention. They are for the most part sketchy, but they are expressive of the book's contents. Dr. Browne's rendering of the apostle Paul is conspicuously good. It expresses that zealous entrepreneur of Christianity so much more strikingly than the cards we used to carry home from Sunday School that one could almost wish it appointed to be hung in the churches.

This Believing World. By Lewis Browne The Macmillan Company.

FLAME

By Dorothy E. Bryant

BETWEEN the andirons lies the last of fire
One restless flame that weakens as the few
Ends of brave logs lose shape and take the hue
Of agèd long used things that must retire
To soundless rest from flame's demanding ire
And warm caress. Look how young flame that grew
Strong with their strength asks mutely for a new
Hard log to grow in while it reaches higher.

Silence chills slowly. Smoke alone goes high,
Unvital, breathless, a cold ghost of flame,
That climbs and wavers to lose form in air.
A live spark quivers out the fire's last sigh.
The andirons stand unmoved as when it came,
And only ashes show that flame grew there.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

OF good things all compact are the two volumes of "Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney" (Harper), admirably edited by Grace Guiney. It requires, one feels sure, no particular acquaintance with the writer's essays and poems (which, however, are certain now to find new admirers) for any lover of gay, brave, though seldom unmasked self revelation to enjoy what Miss Guiney wrote to many well beloved friends from her schooldays in 1872 to 1920, the year of her death. Here is the best of talk about a vast variety of persons and subjects such as spring, Bliss Carman, "poeticules and their rhymelets", Roman Catholicism (she describes herself as "a persistent Papist"), the Stuarts (a passion with her), "Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, bless him", charades, books and out-of-doors, together with charming glimpses of London and Wales and rather pathetic particulars about her term as postmistress at Auburndale, Massachusetts, in the nineties. An attractive preface to the volumes is contributed by Agnes Repplier.

In a volume entitled "Four American Party Leaders" (Macmillan) Charles Edward Merriam, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, uses varying types of national politicians as a basis for his discussion of the essential problems of leadership. He compares and analyzes the differing characteristics of Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Bryan. It is a broad minded, stimulating discussion that he presents; of the paradoxes in the personal equipment of Lincoln; of the magnetic, many angled Roosevelt; of the enigma that was Wilson, and the dramatic power in Bryan. In a final analysis Professor Merriam shows that all four men were peculiary sensitive to the trend of popular movements; and all of them, with the striking exception of Mr. Bryan, had the "dash of luck that goes with the final touch of victory".

John A. Dyche, the author of "Bolshevism in Trade Unions, A Plea for Constructive Unionism" (Boni, Liveright), was for several years general secretary of the International Ladies' Garment Union and an outstanding figure in its administrative activities. Therefore he is fitted to write with inside knowledge of the Union's progressive history since the great strike of 1910. Unfortunately, being himself now an employer of labor and in consequence at odds with union policies, he allows his indignation at the stupidity and wilfulness of the garment workers to distort facts. But where prejudice and irritation do not hinder him, the book has sound practical value and authority. Julius Henry Cohen writes an appreciative introduction.

One may easily be misled into thinking "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" (Harper) to be the rhapsodical treatise of a theologian. It is, indeed, a rather reverent series of nature and bird studies by one who stands in the apostolic succession of Audubon, Thoreau, and Burroughs. The title grows out of a story which the author, Dallas Lore Sharp, tells in the first sketch of the book and is the imagined cry of birds on an island off the coast of

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Oregon which Roosevelt finally had converted into an asylum for wild animal life. The island previously had been ravished by intrepid huntsmen who shot at the birds from behind the ramparts of a pleasure tug. Mr. Sharp is keenly aware of the terrifying rapacity with which the armed mammal attacks animal life. In these fine sketches he sets himself eloquently against the fatuous practice of hunting and pleads for watching to replace killing.

"The Letters of Maurice Hewlett" (Small, Maynard) gives one a distinctly intimate view of that brilliant and versatile author, his methods of work, his conceptions of life, literature, and his own books, of that inner self which he revealed only to his family and his closest friends. His letters begin in 1886, two years before his marriage, the majority of them being addressed to the lady who became his wife, to E. V. Lucas, J. C. Squire, Laurence Binyon, Mrs. Walter Leaf, Sir Henry Newbolt; they end in the spring of 1923. Mr. Binyon edits the work, Edward Hewlett contributes a brief memoir of his brother's earlier years, while the concluding portion of the volume is composed of the diary which Maurice Hewlett kept during his Grecian travels in 1914.

For one who cares to check up on the accuracy of the historical novelist or hike through one of the gaudiest and most sordid periods of English history, "England in Tudor Times" (Scribner) will prove a rod and staff. L. F. Salzman, following the demand of the times, here endeavors to do on a postage stamp what has hitherto been splashed on a ten league canvas, and there is no reason to doubt that schoolmadams, history students, antiquaries, outline fiends, tired editors, and a motley host of others will be immensely grateful to him for his work in miniature. Mr. Salzman's skill in verbal portraiture is exceeded only by the excellent collection of pictures which adorn the pages of the volume. One loses interest in the contents of page 27 because on the opposite page is a most delightful view of leg amputation as practised by early surgeons. But interest soon returns to the reading matter, for one wants to see what the author will say about the beheaded wretches on page 62. And the comments of the author, be it said to his credit, are for the most part as interesting as the pictures.

"Mind Makes Men Giants" (Dodd, Mead) is the title of a recent book by Richard Lynch, member of the Unity Society of Scientific Christianity. He states as his premise: "This book enables the student of the powers of the mind to take the right position. . . . The countless success students in this and other countries require a first book, a book that is easily read and understood, and one that will remove from their minds the impending beliefs held about genius and great mental development. . . . I shall treasure the hope that this book may be practical to all success seekers, and that its counsels will be taken to heart intently." The book will obviously appeal to members of the Unity movement, and to those who believe autosuggestion capable of curing all mental, moral, physical, and financial disarrangements.

"If you must cook — " cook by the book of this title (Dodd, Mead), for in it Jennette Lee gives not the mere rules of thumb for making special dishes found in regulation cookbooks, but rather the underlying principles of food preparation and the technique of effi-

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cient kitchen management. The recipe for this little book is as varied and suprising as one of Mrs. Lee's own casseroles. She writes as she cooks, with a scientific approach, a solid foundation of common sense, philosophy to blend the whole, a dash of imagination, and a sprinkle of humor to spice it. And then, most important ingredient of all, with art; for as the author reiterates, "It is not so much what goes into the pot as the way it goes in that is appetizing."

Wilfrid Thorley's anthology of French poetry, "A Bouquet From France" (Houghton Mifflin), contains one hundred French poems with English translations opposite them and brief notes about each poet. It is a good collection, containing poems of Rimbaud and Baudelaire that are seldom seen in anthologies. The translating is smooth but not outstanding, not sharp. Mr. Thorley has tried to make his translations sound like the originals but, "If sometimes I have said not what the French poets would have said had they been one of ourselves, but rather what myself would now say, I would plead that even this daring is better than, by a literal and vain fidelity, the saying of something in a manner which no poet would assume." The volume is beautifully bound and arranged. It opens with Froissart and ends with Paul Fort.

A title such as "Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem" (University of Chicago) is hardly one to allure the general reader. Yet Edith Abbott has compiled a volume of public documents and other out of print material bearing on the story of American immigration prior to 1882 which has special value to the student of American sociology. The fact that the material collected in this sourcebook represents a considerable number of individual contributors—from Peter Brunnholt, who wrote on "Recruiting German Immigration" in 1749–50, to the "New York Nation" editorials of 1882–3, dealing with the immigration problem at that time—lends it more color than a reference work of the kind can usually pretend to, and it is a social service contribution of unquestionable authority.

Even in our own enlightened age it is difficult, by and large, for the parallel biographer to improve on Plutarch. Yet Chesla C. Sherlock has done a good job in his "Tall Timbers" (Stratford). In period he runs from the American Revolution to the Civil War; and his towering human trees comprise a brace of "Practical Philosophers", George Mason and Benjamin Franklin; two soldiers, the immortal George and "Old Hickory"; two statesmen, Hamilton and Madison; and two popular champions, Jefferson and Lincoln. Whether or no we agree with all the author's conclusions, it must be admitted that his character studies are direct, interestingly written, and human, and the comparisons between his coupled heroes are well drawn.

Forrest Ried's "Apostate" (Houghton Mifflin) is a little book of beauty without end. Other books by this Irish Englishman — "The Bracknels", "The Spring Song", and "Following Darkness" — have revived other vivid memories; but this book does the trick in the straightforward manner of that only sort of autobiography — "the spiritual" — which counts. Poet's work, in other words. It resembles a little "The Education of Henry Adams" in its grim honesty; a little, the wistful manner of the higher notes

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of Ludwig Lewisohn's "Up Stream"; a little more, perhaps, the living lyricism of Charles Baudelaire alone with his "Psyche".

"Negro Workaday Songs" by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson (University of North Carolina Press) is planned to interest the student of sociology rather than the lover of artistic folk songs. The material is taken, not from the oldest songs, the most unusual or the best, but rather from songs typical of those being made and sung today by the rank and file of Negro workers. Many of the selections are frankly the poorer versions of the better songs. Consequently there is not much duplication of the material in Dr. Scarborough's book on the same subject. Neither do the authors attempt more than the stiffly technical presentation of the sociologist. But their classification is an intelligent one, and the songs speak for themselves, giving a fascinating picture of the modern Negro.

A great number of Americans who are the proud possessors of Encyclopædias Britannica, "Cambridge Edition", think vaguely of Cambridge as Oxford's less famous sister university, and let it go at that. But if they really want to know for what the great collegiate institution behind their encyclopædia stands, Brian W. Downs's "Cambridge Past and Present" (Doran) tells the tale from the beginning to our own day so that it makes entertaining and enjoyable reading. Many charming illustrations in colors add to the attractiveness of the text. A companion tidbit volume is Oskar Teichman's "The Cambridge Undergraduate One Hundred Years Ago" (Cambridge: Heffer and Sons). It appeals specifically to the college student, and is a meatily atmospheric and full flavored little book, in which the cant terms used in the University in 1824 form but one of numerous amusing features.

In the preface of "An Outline History of China" (Appleton) by Herbert H. Gowen and Josef Washington Hall, we find a point well taken: that past school "boning" of the history of Babylonians, Egyptians, and Persians, whose bones have been dust for many centuries, might well be balanced by present knowledge of the Chinese, "of equal antiquity and who, the only nation with immortal life, now meet us in cultural and commercial intercourse". Two specialists in the same field have joined forces to produce what may perhaps be called the best Everyman's story of China to be found. A fine map in colors and a "Students' Bibliography" add to the completeness of the work.

Since it becomes more and more evident that most of the scientific rejuvenators who have located the fountain of youth in the go-getter glands cannot prevent the artery pipes from rusting or the main heart reservoir from bursting under the strain of youth regained, Dr. Carl Ramus in his "Outwitting Middle Age" (Century) gives us new recipes. Middle age is one of humanity's chronic diseases, it seems, and can be cured. Turning from the Bible — the blind acceptance of whose dreary "The days of our years are three score and ten" tends to drive us ultimately into our graves — to Bulgaria, we find that out of 7,000,000 people no less than 3,700 are over a hundred and are still going strong. Why? They drink *yogurt* (you can get it in the tablet form in the drug stores). But this is only one of the many ways in which Dr. Ramus

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shows how we may linger with the longest. Of course, when he says, "*Realization* that aging is preventable *is power*. . . to transmute age-old subconscious tendency to resist it and remain young indefinitely", we are not quite sure whether the Doctor is kidding himself or us: perhaps it is both. In any event, whether we *yogurt* with the Bulgarians or repeat "a Coué formula three times daily", the book is cheering to read. The splendid array of the historical long-lived in itself will take ten years from the reader's age.

"A Study of British Genius" by Havelock Ellis, published over twenty years ago, has been reissued for a new generation of readers (Houghton Mifflin). It is a valuable attempt at statistical inquiry in a field in which legend and sensational generalization usually pass unchallenged. Biographies of some thousand of Britain's most eminent men and women born between 1101 and 1850 have been tabulated in respect to race, social class, heredity, marriage and family, disease, stature, and pigmentation. Men eminent partly because of rank have been excluded, but "genius" is used to designate merely the degree of ability sufficient to cause eminence. Consequently many names are but vaguely familar to American readers, and many of the poets and men of letters are hardly major, creative, writers. The conclusions are not startling, but perform a service in showing that there is no important connection between genius and an insane heredity.

Despite the fact that William James has been everywhere lauded as an intellectual, there are those of us who may dispute the claim. It is possible that he was a trifle too submerged in life, and too affected by its events and circumstances, to be able to stand at a sufficient height above it for intellectual prowess. Surely he was the essence of vitality, and vitality, we find, is but seldom associated with the superior mind. Whatever his status, however, there is no doubt that his remarkable observation and his brilliant ability to form caricature have made more than interesting that collection edited by his eldest son, Henry James, and entitled "The Letters of William James" (Little, Brown). The book, although carrying the reader on with great speed and perhaps leaving him tired, cannot help but make for a definite and lasting satisfaction. The publishers have simplified the older editions by bringing the two volumes into one.

Viola Tree, wishing to spare posterity the burden of editing and issuing her letters, has done the trick herself in "Castles in the Air" (Doran). Miss Tree and her correspondence are of little significance but some interest. One rather expects a Tree to be original, capricious, and more or less witty. Viola is all three. She careens at singing with a huge zest and pours out her doubts, hopes, opinions, and trivia in amusing letters to various persons. Much of the correspondence is between Miss Tree and her then fiancé, but there is a fair sprinkling of letters from Asquith and other notables. The letter filled with the most common sense is, of course, from Bernard Shaw. Viola Tree has one merit, not always shared by writers of memoirs — she admits her failure in her chosen work of singing. She does not hide behind a thousand excuses — although she naturally makes some extenuation for her final fiasco. To young women studying

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"voice" we earnestly commend a careful reading of Shaw's letter. It may help them. As a book of contemporary memoirs "Castles in the Air" is too slight to be of importance. But it is amusing — which is often the greater virtue.

The interpretation of dreams is generally believed to be a field of thought predominated by fakers, gipsies, and mediums; and that elusive entity, the general public, is prone to scoff loudly at the dream state, perhaps because dreams are such ridiculous things. That there is something, however, which attracts serious thinkers to experimentation with dreams, is evidenced by the fact that Professor H. L. Hollingworth approaches "The Psychology of Thought" (Appleton) through the medium of dreaming and sleeping. Those who like to wrestle with a book so concisely written that it is a distinct achievement to read a page without losing the thread of the thought, will here discover that dreams may be discussed interestingly without hocuspocus and in a seriously academic vein.

"More Uncensored Recollections" (Harper) by the anonymous author of "Uncensored Recollections" and "Things I Shouldn't Tell" continues to prick pleasantly American complacency and to play peekaboo with the privacies and peccadillos of English and French nobility, demimondes, journalists, artists, and actors — in general, continues to jump international hurdles into discreet "social, financial, literary, artistic, sporting, and political" fields, indiscriminately. To our way of thinking, many of these "things one shouldn't tell" are not worth the telling.

In her "Tu Enfanteras", crowned with a Grand Prix by the French Academy — translated by Madeleine Boyd as "A Child is Born: A Romance of Maternity" (Cosmopolitan) — Raymonde Machard describes a prospective mother's hopes, fears, joys, mental and physical whorls, from conception to delivery of her firstborn child. Its numerous naturalistic passages our Puritanism shies away from quoting. How unfortunate for America's numerous medical philosophers that we do not have also a French Academy!

From a somewhat dull title and beginning, Moysheh Oyved's "Visions and Jewels" (Holt) proceeds to tell the story of a Russian Jew's life: how he runs away to London, runs away from military service — and runs his watch shop and jewelry business. Not an admirable personality, this petty "thief" here and acute economist everywhere, by sheer beauty of his excuses and anecdotes, genius of language generally, wins our undenominational approval! Artless frankness with sudden bursts of art unquestionable rounds this little casual journal into one of the best "soul autobiographies" of our time.

How excellently James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" prepares the way for John H. Randall, Jr.'s "The Making of the Modern Mind" (Houghton Mifflin). This "survey of the intellectual background of the present age" is divided into four masterly books, "The Intellectual Outlook of Mediæval Christendom", "The New World of the Renaissance", "The Order of Nature — The Development of Thought in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries", and "The Growing World — Thought and Aspiration in the Last Hundred Years".

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Half a dozen authors, no more, in the years through which this monthly score has been kept, have achieved the distinction of two concurrently popular titles. Now Bruce Barton joins the company which includes H. G. Wells, Edward W. Bok, Albert Edward Wiggam, and two or three others. The wide interest displayed in Mr. Barton's restatement of the old sacred records furnishes another evidence that the readers of this day are seeking light on the old truths as well as the new — if there are any new truths! — and require only that they be restated in language conforming to the idiom of the times. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
2.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
4.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
5.	The Hounds of Spring	*Sylvia Thompson*	LITTLE
6.	Show Boat *	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	Beau Sabreur *	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
8.	The Blue Window	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
9.	After Noon	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
10.	Mantrap	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
11.	Hangman's House	*Donn Byrne*	CENTURY
12.	Beau Geste *	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES

GENERAL

1.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
2.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
3.	The Book Nobody Knows *	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
5.	The Arcturus Adventure	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
6.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
7.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF
8.	The Story of Philosophy *	*Will Durant*	SIMON
9.	Intimate Papers of Colonel House	*Charles Seymour*	HOUGHTON
10.	Fix Bayonets! *	*John W. Thomason*	SCRIBNER
11.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
12.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT

*This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The Last Days of the Romanoffs — Politics in Czechoslovakia — Printing as a Fine Art — George Courteline and Jules Renard — George Sand's "Journal Intime" — Remy de Gourmont — More Translations

THE tragic story of the last days of the Romanoffs is retold in a little book, "Das Ende des Czarengeschlechts", recently published in Berlin. This account is based on official Russian documents hitherto unpublished.

In his introduction P. M. Bykoff gives an account of the "White Terror" under Nicholas Romanoff. In the years 1906–1909, 6,268 men and women were sentenced to death by hanging in Russia, the majority through the military courts "by order of His Majesty". In the year 1908 the number of executions varied between seven and thirty six every week.

Early in 1917 it became evident to the rulers of the old Russia that some concessions were inevitable. Even members of the Czar's own family urged him to abdicate in favor of his brother Michael Alexandrovitch, but Nicholas II remained indifferent to the rising murmur of revolution. Petrograd (as it was then) was seized by the insurgent soldiers and workmen on March 12, and on the fifteenth the Czar abdicated.

The masses were infuriated at the prospect of "yet another Czar" and civil war seemed possible. Michael Alexandrovitch, however, prudently renounced the succession.

Meanwhile the Czar's personal safety was becoming increasingly doubtful. The Soviet, hearing of the attempts which were being made to arrange for the removal of himself and his family to England, decided to arrest them. Kerensky was besieged with deputations agitating for the Czar's execution. On August 14 the Czar and his family and retinue, thirty five persons in all, were transferred to Tobolsk in Siberia, where for a time they lived in comparative freedom.

The October or Bolshevik revolution precipitated the situation. A military committee was appointed at the end of November to protect the Romanoffs, as it was feared that an attempt might be made to rescue them and organize a counter-revolutionary movement. They were removed to Ekaterinburg as an additional precaution. The Moscow Central Executive decided to put Nicholas on trial, with Trotsky as public prosecutor.

In the meantime civil war spread. Cossack irregulars were advancing, with the Czech legionaries in the rear. When the capture of Ekaterinburg by the Whites seemed inevitable it was obvious that the trial could not take place as planned; and the local Soviet, fearing the rescue of the Czar, decided upon his execution.

At midnight on July 17, 1918, Nicholas, his wife, son, and four daughters were taken with their attendants into the cellar of the house in which they were imprisoned and shot. The bodies were buried in the forest and all traces carefully concealed. The Czar's brother, Michael Alexandrovitch, was a prisoner at Perm. His death was clamored for by one mass meeting after another. Finally he fell into the hands of a group of workmen who eluded his

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guard. They took him out and shot him. The remaining Romanoffs, who were prisoners at Alopayevsk, were executed by the decision of the Ural Soviet as the White front approached. They were shot in the night of July 17 to 18. Ekaterinburg fell into the hands of the Whites on July 25.

The foregoing is an outline of the seventy eight pages of M. Bykoff's book, published by the Neuer Deutscher Verlag. It is a grim chapter in history.

* * * *

I am indebted to Paul Selver for a note about an interesting and valuable little book entitled "Political Parties in Czechoslovakia" by Josef Chmelař, published in Prague by the Orbis Publishing Company.

"The political situation of Czechoslovakia", says M. Chmelař, "appears to foreigners to be very complicated. In few European States does one meet with so many political parties and with such an apparently complicated combination of political views." The author provides an account of the conditions which have led to this multiplicity of parties, and analyzes the political functions of the parties themselves. He accordingly begins with a concise but adequate historical sketch of Czechoslovak political affairs in modern times, and then proceeds to deal with the development and present aims of the parties, the apparent complexity of which he simplifies by a division into four main groups — Bourgeois, Agrarian, Socialist, and Conservative. This is followed by a similar description of the parties representing the racial minorities in Czechoslovakia (German, Magyar, Polish, and Jewish). The somewhat complex politics of Carpathian Ruthenia are treated separately. Copious statistics are provided to show, for example, how the population of the country is constituted as regards race, religion, and social status. Also, by means of the figures relating to the voting at the last general elections, it is demonstrated how the principle of proportional representation is applied in actual practice. The interest of the book is increased by biographical details concerning the chief political personalities, and the press organs of the various parties likewise receive due attention. In view of the controversial character of much of his material, the author is to be congratulated on preserving a careful impartiality throughout.

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The fine art of printing, represented in America by the Mosher publications and, in another sphere, by Bruce Rogers, numbers several exponents in Paris, among whom François Bernouard merits attention for his superb craftsmanship. His significance to the American reader is that he has now launched a series of limited editions of the works of American authors, printed in the original. The first large quarto of this series is a poem from Walt Whitman, "The Sleepers", which, being one of the best known and most admired of the poet's works in France, fell naturally into the hands of M. Bernouard when he cast about for some representative piece with which to begin. The type is well chosen, and so large that a few stanzas comfortably fill the page. Sixteen original woodcuts by Marcel Gaillard comment upon the text rather ambiguously, yet in two instances with such happy results that occasional discord must be forgiven. Those American connoisseurs who have not yet seen "The Sleepers" may be familiar with Bernouard's "Types de l'Armée Américaine", where ten wood-

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cuts epitomize the Yankees with a distinctly pungent collection of soldiers' marching songs which grew naturally out of the printer's experiences in the war, and which reflect, like "What Price Glory", one of the war's most picturesque elements.

* * * *

M. Bernouard is a friend of Jean Cocteau, Blaise Cendrars, Canudo, and Remy de Gourmont, whose poems he has printed. He is now engaged upon two monumental editions which have long been needed. As Victor Llona said recently in regard to his "Les Pirates du Whiskey", the French editor usually waits until he has carefully explored the market before publishing a de luxe edition. For the works of George Courteline and Jules Renard that time has now arrived. Courteline, whose fine humor and gentle, yet effective wit have excited unusual praise and won for him the same epithet which Augustin Hamon applies to Shaw, "the Molière of the Twentieth Century", is one of the most lovable of modern French dramatists. His fortitude under difficulties, his innate gallicism, and his "Boubouroche", which is never off the boards, have endeared him to every school of criticism.

Jules Renard will be principally known (even in France where his "Poil de Carotte" enjoys perennial success at the Comédie Française and where his "Histoires Naturelles" have inspired Maurice Ravel to set them to music) by the "Journal Inédit" of which the third volume has just appeared. The erudite Jean-Paul Hippeau is supervising the publication from Renard's own manuscript.

Awaited almost as impatiently as the long delayed Goncourt Diaries, the impressions set down by this provincial politician and litterateur fully live up to expectations. At the *répétition générale* of "L'Aiglon" he writes, "It is a prodigy of virtuosity a bit too long drawn out. It crushes one with beauty and boredom. One admires without emotion. It is unequalled, yet banal. A play where people yawn with admiration. One seems to be watching a beautiful waterfall: soon, one wishes to move on. . . . No one but Rostand could do better." Returning, himself, to reread passages of this journal before his death, Renard wrote his own epitaph: "I read some pages of my Journal. Whatever happens, it is the best and most significant work of my life."

* * * *

Another most interesting "Journal Intime" has just appeared to mark the fiftieth anniversary of George Sand's death, and to suggest a possible revaluation of this author's voluminous production. As George herself once wrote to Flaubert: "Lévy promises to send you my complete works; they are endless. You must stick them on a shelf in a corner and dig into them when your heart prompts you." Actually one hundred and five volumes were listed at one time under George Sand's name on her publishers' lists. Few enough remain today. Notably the rural novels still appeal, redolent of the soil, expert as to characterization, mature and artistic in composition. They are her masterpieces. At the Comédie Française her most popular play, "Maître Favilla", reduced to a tight little one act version by M. Jules Treffier, pursues a happy career, adored by the audiences at *matinées classiques*, and applauded as a curtain raiser for any longer drama in the repertoire.

Aside from this relatively slight production, the rest of George Sand's work

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seemed doomed until recently. One was astonished to discover, after an unusually thorough execution of "Lélia" by Paul Souday, in the "Temps", that this novel and many another of George Sand's earlier, less neatly jointed novels might be riding back to popularity. M. Souday was accused of political partiality by a writer in the "Quotidien". He is, I notice, opposed to the view of Anatole France as expressed years ago, during George's blackest eclipse: "They tell me that the novels of George Sand, today quite forgotten, will find their readers eventually. I hope so; I should like to see people reading not only the more peaceful and innocent of her works, but also the more ardent, those of the first hour, 'Lélia' and 'Jacques'. One would undoubtedly find in them an audacious vindication of the rights of passion."

Written near the close of this "first hour", the "Journal Intime" combines the best of all George's many manners. In it one encounters her ripest wisdom and disillusionment embedded in some romantic wail against the inconstancy of man. Poetry as lovely as the most limpid passage in "La Petite Fadette" has a profoundly emotional effect when she describes a moonlit night with Liszt improvising beside an open window and the songsters of the evening silencing their melodies to hear. Now George is posing for Delacroix and one romanticist advises another how best to cast off the despair of love. Now she is talking impersonally (if ever she did talk impersonally) upon the education of her children and the value of public schools. Unpublished poems, unpublished notes, unpublished impressions of the many great men who buzzed about her candle, make this latest volume by George Sand one of the best possible avenues of return to that luxuriant, perfumed, and tempting garden which is her vast life work.

* * * *

Another author who is now read only esoterically in France is Remy de Gourmont, whose wit and classic predilections are comparable only to Anatole France, while in subtlety and style he surpasses the master. His "Lettres Intimes à l'Amazone" have recently been magnificently set up and printed in a limited edition with original lithographs by André Rouveyre. The "Amazone" is an American woman who knew Remy de Gourmont as she knows most of the modern French writers. Her peculiar friendship with him dates from 1910 until the year of his death, and is attested by this series of two hundred and twenty two charming and distinguished letters, built round a core of poetry and a slight, though never insistent, thread of sentiment. De Gourmont, the victim of a hideous, deforming malady, lived on into the Great War under the scourge of a self consciousness which led him ultimately to avoid his fellows as much as possible.

In 1915 he wrote to his physician, Dr. Voivenel, "The thought of death leaves me utterly indifferent. At this time, when so many young lives are being blighted, what does mine matter? Yet I am not old enough to suffer the agony of being cast away from the world — and I am already almost there." Here, in this highly personal letter, is suggested a most pertinent question which has already been posed in regard to Strindberg, de Maupassant, and Nietzsche: what rôle did this mortal illness and fatigue play in the last works from this author's pen? From external evidence, little enough can be observed. Was Gourmont deprived of the company of his cherished Sixtine, to whom another series of letters has been dedi-

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cated and preserved? Was his philosophy embittered or, on the other hand, was his skepticism even shaken by the approach of a wasteful, harrowing death? For all that touches upon the medical and psychological aspects of this question a first and already definitive answer has been offered by no less a person than Dr. Voivenel himself. Contributor to the "Mercure de France" and other publications, author of "Littérature et Folie", "Le Génie Littéraire" (Alcain), and "Le Cafard" (Grasset), Dr. Voivenel has long looked at biography and criticism, and often analyzed the abnormal psychology which inspires its literary victims ere it destroys them. He is the French Joseph Collins, more personal, yet less literary. His hundred and forty pages on Gourmont are not so concise and solid as any similar piece taken from Dr. Collins's work, yet he gradually imposes upon the reader a very vivid impression of the sick man. No one who has read "Remy de Gourmont vu par Son Médecin" will ever approach the "Epilogues" and other last works of this man without marveling at the fortitude which produced great, spirited literature while its creator was combating great agonies. Voivenel's analysis of Remy de Gourmont finds its keynote in one of the writer's own evaluations, not of himself, but of Schiller, who seems also to have had the faculty of sublimating his emotions until, from having been purely sensual, he became uniquely sensuous. "There is", writes Gourmont, "a whole category of men whose emotions, controlled in their full vigour, transform themselves at once into intelligence, æsthetic consciousness, religious ardour, morality, or cruelty, according to circumstances and place, and following the most obscure of dynamic laws." In this category, set up by Remy de Gourmont, his physician would in turn range the writer himself, and would support his thesis by hitherto unpublished letters which give a further documentary value to his pamphlet. The "Editions de Siècle", which has published this study, has published also two volumes of "Dissociations" which continue, posthumously, the six volumes of "Epilogues" and "Dialogues" already published by the "Mercure de France". Complementing the beautiful "Lettres Intimes à l'Amazone" which were edited under the supervision of one of the directors of the "Mercure", M. Bourquin, of the "Editions de Siècle", has produced a handsome edition of the "Lettres d'un Satyre" illustrated, broadly and aptly, by the Flemish artist Frans de Geteere.

* * * *

"The Wood Demon", the play by Anton Chekhov which he afterward used as the groundwork for "Uncle Vanya", has been translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky, and will be published in England by Chatto and Windus. The same publishers have in preparation "Shoot!" the first of Luigi Pirandello's novels to be published in England. This has been translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff who has included a bibliography of all Pirandello's work. This translator's next two volumes of Stendhal in English will be "Scarlet and Black" and "The Abbess of Castro".

J. Lewis May, whose translation of M. Nicolas Ségur's "Conversations with Anatole France" will be published in England by John Lane, is also preparing a new translation of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques". The "First Decade" is promised in a limited edition under the title "Ten Droll Tales", illustrated by Jean de Bosschère.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WHAT a sideshow New York City is! Caught on jury duty and kept there by a most urbane but firm judge, Kennedy of Wyoming, who seemed to have little sympathy for the busy season of an effete easterner, I had a chance to observe the Miller-Daugherty trial getting under way and the arrival of at least one Channel swimmer. Jury duty, by the way, is not so bad, because it gives you a chance to renew your newspaper acquaintances. It was nice to wander again to Monetta's and indulge in rich Italian food across the table from Prosper Buranelli and F. Gregory Hartswick of cross word puzzle fame. Nearby was Bill Johnston. Another day I found Harry Hansen and Harry Salpeter in their cubbyhole from which proceed the literary dicta of the New York "World". In the hall Herb Roth happened along, his red beard redder than ever; and Milt Gross, swinging a cane and with no nize babies in tow, helped me through a weary half hour or so. There, too, was Jimmie of the information desk, who had some difficulty in recognizing this former reporter after a lapse of seven years. He had the grace, instead of remarking, "How fat you're getting", simply to say, "Oh, I couldn't see you very well at first as you got off the elevator." There was Henry Tyrrell translating a French book and Karl Kitchen surveying the theatre with an eagle eye. There were Roderick Butterworth and Ernie Bushmiller, once office boys, now artists. There was J. O'H. Cosgrave, just the same as ever. It was good to drop in on them all, even though it was the bugbear of jury duty that brought me toward Park Row.

I have a private feeling, hitherto divulged only in soliloquies to be published posthumously, that writers in this degenerate hour are given to scooping quite as much as is the "Evening Graphic" or the Denver "Post". I state this somewhat petulantly because I have been scooped a time or two. Philosophically stated, the principle is: There are too many books being loosed today. If there is a book that hasn't been written, someone has it in preparation. Take one of my own novels, as a means of justifying my lament. I have had it brewing for a decade, while I carried oilskin paper with me on bus rides, made contacts with publishers, talked about it as much as Heywood talked about "Gandel" — and under the same facetious guise. Then the ogre of Baltimore, under contract to supply the "World" a weekly column, came out one Sunday and *advertised* for my novel as though it were a lost article — urged the whole of American novelists to get busy and write my book. Since then I have had visions of a hundred scraggled literati turreted in half as many garrets, all working feverishly to beat me to press, and I have no doubt that they will. Worse evils have befallen me from the autumn lists. As a result I have given up any intention to be creative. As soon as I am fired for my fearless advocacy of the new freedom, I shall start a writers' idea bureau and supply the Byron Kassons of the land with

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little suggestions at $2.50 and postage. Perhaps in this way I can get some of the royalties I deserve. Well, to continue apropos of that invisible choir that is forever scooping me, there are several books out and coming that I could have written if this mad journalistic age had but given me time. I am angry with Harvey Fergusson for two reasons: He has beaten me to the capture of the new southwest of Fords and "Jesus Saves You" written on the pikes; and he has anticipated my revolt against the modern method of progressing a story by telling what went on in our hero's mind while he meditated, between the back porch and the water pump, upon what some character in fiction felt when she read a first edition of an obscure writer's study of Pyramus and Thisbe. I can't say Carl Van Vechten has written one of my novels, but he has been the Trudy across a channel I have wanted to swim. Alfred Edye's "Mainly About Women" crowds me on a curve where I once hoped to lead the field. Herbert Asbury, encouraged by the 300 columns of publicity "Hatrack" brought him in the "Mercury", has stepped down centre to exhibit "Up From Methodism", a book I could have written if I had had the nerve and Asbury's style. He has five other books in preparation. If he makes enough to get off the night shift of the "Herald-Tribune", he is going to write a book on journalism. "Fraternity Row" has walked with desecrating hoof across a field that is sacred to my fiction heart. The excellence of its satire makes what I started to say in my college novel sound complimentary, or read like a catalogue. How many of your books are on the autumn lists under pseudonymns?

Since mentioning that idea bureau for writers, the brilliance of the scheme has seized me by the forelock and I am led to prate for a moment about its many good facets. First, it fits

Cover Design for "Cordelia Chantrell"

in with modern specialization methods. My function would be only one pace removed from those agencies which have from time to time circularized me for manuscripts to correct and market. Just as the agencies lift the onerous burdens of revision and placing from the galled back of the writer, so would my bureau give the writer surcease from those cruises for ideas which sometimes prove futile and at other times lead him or her into waters of plagiarism. You see at once that all the time now dissipated upon discovering stuff could be directed to the task of easy writing. The good done American letters would not be negligible, I believe, and who knows but that the general plane of literary ideas might be elevated if we had some such correlating agency? I should not need an office staff in

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excess of a few attractive girls to handle correspondence, answer phone calls, give the place the proper bustling atmosphere, and supply me with ideas to telegraph to all parts of the world in case my own supply ran low. But I do not think it would. I believe I could get contracts with innumerable litterateurs who know that they have more stuff than they can ever develop in three score years and ten. Bruce Barton would, I venture, send me four original ideas a month for a pittance. James Branch Cabell could send me plans for mundane stories which I wager have tempted him through the years. Eugene O'Neill should be willing to let me have at market prices anything else like "The Great God Brown" he may have on tap. Willa Cather could be induced to come in on my list anonymously. Frank Sullivan I should want as a partner, for fear he would start a rival concern. . . . You see the possibilities. The bureau might become reputable enough to be patronized by Margaret Pedler, Theodore Dreiser, and others. In such a case, the sport would be immensely increased, for Dreiser might get hold of one of Barton's ideas and write something no one has hitherto known. Certainly the plan would conduce to a greater spirit of fellowship among our writers, and all the while there would be that unspeakable joy of doing something furtive and elevating.

Ellen Glasgow arrived in New York just before the publication of her new novel, "The Romantic Comedians". She had come from a rest at Yama Farms in the Catskills. If you do not know it by now, her novel is one of the brightest of the year. At a dinner I had all too little chance to talk with her; but over in one corner where she was engaged in banter with Hervey Allen, just about to leave town for Poughkeepsie and his duties as lecturer at Vassar College, I could hear discussion of childhood reading. Miss Glasgow's father, it seems, had a huge library of the classics, and it was on these that she founded her superb technique and brilliant style. After a short stay in Massachusetts, Miss Glasgow will return to New York, to indulge in brisk social activity for a time before she returns to her native Richmond for winter and writing. Stephen Graham is also in town, finding out what goes on in the big city between midnight and dawn. "I have been told that very little happens here", he said. At which everyone laughed heartily. I judge that by this time he has learned. Edna Ferber, glimpsed briefly after her legal contretemps, has gone away to Chicago to renew acquaintance with the shore of Lake Michigan and rest from the tribulations of Central Park West. I saw her at the first night of "Sour Grapes", Alice Brady's new starring vehicle. She was, I believe, with the courtly F. P. A. Directly back of us sat S. Jay Kaufman, recently returned from abroad with his beautiful wife — Hungarian I believe. This was our first first night of the season and it was good to see all the old faces, including Mr. Woollcott's. To be sure, some of the old faces are a trifle new, if you know what I mean; but after all, everyone has a right to do what he or she wants with his own face and why should we criticize, or even notice? This was the night of the great storm. Miss Brady having been delayed by lightning on the way to the theatre, we had a good chance to look about us at the Paris fashions. The play, by the way, is entertaining and Miss Brady magnificent. I long

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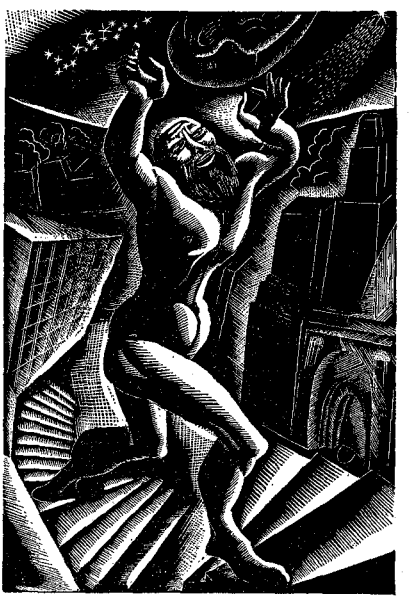
ago gave up any expectations of seeing celebrities at those second nights which are allotted to us magazine scribes, so it was consoling to find in the first row, at "Queen High", the imposing Lowell Sherman, turning about to chat with Norma Talmadge who sat behind him. And just as we were leaving the theatre Marcus, whose portrait sketches of dramatic folk have long graced the pages of the Sunday "Times", called my attention to the vanishing coat tails of James W. Gerard. The fact that this indefatigable first nighter chose to appear twenty four hours behind schedule filled me with hope for the coming season.

The first publication of the John Day Company is an exquisitely designed edition of a Cabell short story, "The Music from Behind the Moon". It is a beautiful story which has something to do with Mr. Cabell's philosophy of art, particularly the art of writing, to say nothing about the art of living. I enjoyed its mellifluous phrases and beauty, and must admit to a growing joy in the works of this writer. But I don't honestly believe I understand them any better than I ever did, although I pretend to do so. Incidentally, I should like to say in this department that I have read "Nigger Heaven" by Carl Van Vechten and "Tampico" by Joseph Hergesheimer and think them far far better than did the lady who reviewed them for these pages. She has a right to her opinion; but it seems to me that "Nigger Heaven" is far and away the best of its author's novels, and that "Tampico", while not so enjoyable to this reader as "Balisand", is nevertheless an excellent piece of work. Perhaps it isn't fair for me to disagree in the same pages with a reviewer, but after all it's the only way I have of presenting this perfectly legitimate opinion. Of Miss Sinclair's "Far End", on the other hand, I have little that's good to say; yet Mr. Hansen of the "World"



From "The Music from Behind the Moon"

believes it to be very fine indeed; so there you are! Here sits my wife beside me reading an old book when there are plenty of new ones in the house, and here sit I with "The Oxford Book of English Verse" at my elbow, having put it down after luxuriating through "The Scholar Gypsy". She's reading "The Golden Beast", and a good thriller it is. It has to be, to hold her interest through the pounding of this faithful but temperamental Remington.

The Conferences in Creative Writing at the Bread Loaf School of English proved a fascinating experiment, to me at least. The students, some thirty five of them, were exceptionally brilliant for a class in the first

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season of any new educational scheme. The whole course might be discussed at some length and I have asked Grant Overton to do a study of it for THE BOOKMAN later in the season. For I am thoroughly convinced that it is only by direct contact with editors, publishers, critics, and writers that those who are trying to write will be able to diagnose their own cases and know whether or not they have any chance in their field. In looking over the work done in the Creative Writing classes conducted by Dr. Gay of Simmons and of Harvard, I found much that was interesting. This unique summer school, under the guidance of Wilfred E. Davison its dean and Paul D. Moody, president of Middlebury College, is establishing itself as one of the most intelligent and broadening influences in the teaching of English to English teachers and others in the country. Many interesting people were there. William McFee arrived in a whirl and left after delivering a positive and gay lecture. Honoré Willsie Morrow told the story of her struggles to become a writer, of the preparation for her new Lincoln book. She was superb. Harriet Monroe, kindly and brilliant always, proved an able representative of American poetry. Edward Davison, Grant Overton, Arthur McKeogh, Robert Gay, Doris F. Halman, Isabel Paterson, lent the rays of their personalities and wisdom to a series of talks and conferences which became violent with advice and opinions and drew out some of the most provocative theories on writing and publishing it has ever been my privilege to hear. The business of advising young writers is becoming this autumn next to impossible. No one has any idea how many of them put in an appearance in the editorial offices. What's wrong with America that every boy out of college wants to sharpen his pencil and tune his typewriter? Marcella Burns Hahner, that wizard of Marshall Field's, Chicago, who sells books by the millions and makes a friend a minute, took me to a delightful tea party given by the parents of young Mr. Cobbin, about to be married. The room was filled with talk, and with beauty you may be sure. Suddenly a young man was introduced. "How does one earn a living writing?" he asked, whereupon the clouds descended and the wind blew. I told him that our purpose at the Bread Loaf School had been to analyze specific cases in order to see, in the first place, whether the students wanted to make a living writing, and, in the second, whether by any chance they could.

For the historian who wanteth to chronicle our benighted times: September 13, 1926—A Courier hath just arrived at the Inn. He cometh from the province of Tennessee, all out of breath, with dispatches saying that Father Black hath just burned on the public square the historie of one Wells and a novel of that Rabelaisian writer Mr. Zane Grey. The priest thinketh these volumes to corrupt the minds of youthe by propounding the Doctrine of Evolution and subverting beliefe in the holie Sabbath. Methinks it doth not go without significance that Father Black did keep out to examine a volume on the Foundation Stones to Success. I pressed the Messenger on this point particularly and quizzed him most severely, but he sayeth of a truth that at the burning the Priest did but glance at the preface of this tome and did tuck it affectionately into the bosome of his frocke. I am most Cynical

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on this point and waxed loud over it, for it seemth to me that the literature of what Friar James hath called "the Bitch-Goddess, 'Success'" doth more to corrupt us than Evolution. Fothergill Finch and I did talk long and most heartily over our cups about this Point and we left each other in perfect Accorde. We agreed that Success doth make monkeys out of us, whereas Evolution only possibly hath done so at one time. Forsoothe I am glad it was not Mr. Wells Himself that they burned. . . . Another volume which will disturb the maker of bonfires is "This Believing World", which Dr. Lewis Browne could more properly have entitled, "This Gullible World". It is dedicated to Mr. Wells. Hence it is an outline. Without essaying to be subtle, I will say that the Doctor draws as well as he writes. For fear his outline may some day fall into the hands of what H. L. M. has so expressively called the rural pastors, I hope someone will clip and preserve some of his sketches at least.

Dr. William Dorsey, author of one of last season's foremost best sellers, has returned from England. I do not know the title of his next book, but it may well be a revised edition of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" with particular reference to anything enlightening he may have picked up in England. A good part of the explanation may be found in England. Mr. S. G. Dimond's "The Psychology of the Methodist Revival" ought to unearth something on this moot question of our behavior, for Mr. Dimond endeavors to examine the social background of the Wesleyan movement and the whole psychology of Methodism and conversion. And who knows but that "Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, 1669 to 1748", by Norman Sykes may go far toward telling us, to use the happy phrase of Dr. James Harvey Robinson, "how we got that way"? But alas! we shall doubtless never know. As for me and my house, we shall read Eleanor Youmans's "Skitter Cat and Little Boy" and pine through winter evenings for more of Sandburg's tales of the Rootabaga country. It is such tales that delight all people who are not so young that they have to pose as grown. I am not surprised at the number of juvenile books abroad, for, as wise and mercenary authors know, adults enjoy them; even if they don't there is a never ending train of young readers. I am told that Clarence B. Kelland still draws annually enough royalties from the sale of "Mark Tidd" to more than care for tips and the milk bill. But Dillwyn Parrish, coauthor with Anne in "Knee High to a Grasshopper", has turned to stronger stuff. His "Smith Everlasting" appeared in October. It is a story of household and family life, with due attention to the eternal problems of the hearth — problems not fully stated in the sociology books.

As for Anne Parrish, a woodland elf has whispered in my ear that the manuscript of her next novel is in the hands of her publishers and will appear in the spring under the title of "Tomorrow Morning". She is, the elf says, fairly well pleased with it and has had a world of fun writing it. That's all any author ought to want, but I suspect Miss Parrish has already begun to worry over its reception, for "The Perennial Bachelor" is an exceedingly difficult book to follow. She should have been retired with full pay and the rank of a general when it appeared. I am fearful lest I read "Tomorrow Morn-

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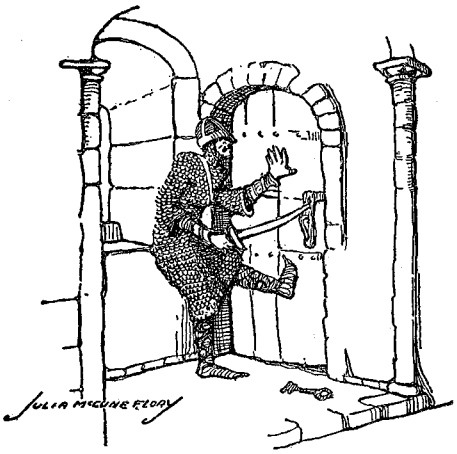

From "Roundabout to Canterbury"

ing" with the same disappointment with which I read the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" in earlier childhood. There are, of course, more ways for a woman to make a fortune than by writing a novel. There are, in fact, "101 New Ways for Women to Make Money", according to Ruth Leigh in her new book, the purchase of which entitles you to personal advice from the author. "Two Dollars for this book may help you to earn $200." Plan Number 101 is designed for those women who have the special gift of keeping goldfish alive for more than three months, and rather tacitly suggests an aquarium in one's back yard. Plan Number 45 suggests a toy hospital. All the plans are "tested, workable, definite, profitable". Time was, and may be again, when Bishop Manning would have been in the market for this volume. "Roundabout to Canterbury" has the most attractively pied type on its jacket I have ever seen; I have had the staff photographer make a plate to show the printer what a slouch he is. The contents of this last travel volume of Charles S. Brooks must await an occasion for attentive reading, but I have already seen some of the drawings by Julia McCune Flory and they are as delightful, if not as bizarre, as the art work of the jacket itself.

I had luncheon the other day with Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Oursler at their charming new apartment. Mr. Oursler was in the midst of the rehearsals of his first play, the dramatization of his novel "Sandalwood", which opened "cold", as he put it, without a tryout, in New York the last of September. The Ourslers are indeed a family who share their fame and glory. Mrs. Oursler, who was Grace Perkins, gave up acting when she was married and has now taken to writing. Her children's book on music, "Music Al", illustrated with delightful pictures by her sister Bobbie Perkins of "The Garrick Gaieties", is numbered among the autumn publications. We had a very interesting chat, during which Mr. Oursler confessed to a great love for magic and spiritualism. A mystery play entitled "The Spider" which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Brentano is being cast. It promises many thrills. His first novel he is also dramatizing for later production.

Westward bound is Catherine Cranmer, who has tarried long enough en route to send us this bit of gossip:

During Tex Austin's big Rodeo in Chicago, August 14 to 22, a number of writers on western themes were guests of the Chicago Association of Commerce which sponsors the Rodeo as an annual sports event in "the world's greatest cattle market". Walter Noble Burns, author of "The Saga of Billy the Kid", and Karl E. Harriman, editor of "The Red Book" and "The Blue Book", headed the Chicago committee for entertaining the visiting authors. Such a good time was had by all that the writers carried out a long cherished plan of forming an organization to insure regular fraternizing among members of the western

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wing of their craft. Thus came into being the Western Writers' Association to which authors, playwrights, poets, editors, and scenarists whose work has dealt with the west will be eligible for membership. These officers were elected: President: Will James, Billings, Montana; Secretary: Karl E. Harriman, Chicago; Vice Presidents: Clem Yore, Ross Santee, Walter Coburn, Frederick R. Bechdolt and William H. Hamby.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is to have a more pretentious book page than it has ever boasted before. C. Tefft Hewett will edit, at the request of the Pittsburgh bookstores, a weekly book page on the Pittsburgh "Post". It will be his endeavor to create a feeling for books — a fellowship of books which has been lacking in a city whose book consumption has been fair and warmer. The Carnegie Museum of Art has done a great deal to foster an appreciation for art, but curiously enough corresponding excitement about writers and their works has lain dormant. Mr. Hewett hopes, as do almost all book page editors, to stir it up and to gather in those great numbers of readers whose common enthusiasm for a good book should band them together. At Niagara Falls, New York, where I went, though not on a honeymoon, I grew dejected at the counters of department store and drug store fiction. Across the Niagara gorge, however, I brightened a bit on discovering, among the Gibson girls on the walls of an old, old hotel which served good Canadian beer and ale, a large and lovely photograph of the always beautiful Mary Roberts Rinehart. This was not a bookish place, and it gave me a homelike feeling to sit there under her picture eating pretzels and wondering how the picture found its way there.

In the East Nineties an apartment house I know boasts two literary tenants, at least — Fairfax Downey and the Woodwards. Helen Woodward, one of the most successful advertising women in the world, wrapped her small form in a purple négligée and, wagging one sky blue velvet mule at me, told me how everything in the world is bunk — business and success being the particular bunk to which she was referring. And since business is bunk and "does something terrible to people after they reach thirty", she has retired and turned authoress. She showed me appreciative letters from advertising people who envied her her courage in exposing them "Through Many Windows". It doesn't seem credible, but when she was nineteen she worked eight months for nothing and then received the munificent raise from nothing to five dollars a week. She says, though, that writing is the hardest work she has ever done. She and W. E. Woodward are in New York for the winter after a summer near Westport, Connecticut, where they lived in a real log cabin, with lavender curtains and a collie dog. We agreed that women are the realists in this world and that there is less bunk about them in business; that they accomplish more even though they never speak of efficiency and system; and that they have to fight it out with men and prove themselves capable before they are even offered the usual opportunities held out to men. "Business is a scramble", Helen Woodward states, "and there isn't any use prating about diligence and faithfulness and all that sort of thing." I would refer any employer I know to her article in a summer number of "Harper's" as to the proper behavior of the employer toward his workers. I'll have to admit some amazement at the sight of her — the same feeling one entertains on meeting the miniature Anita Loos. Mr. Woodward has lost twenty

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pounds over his friend George Washington, whom he had just presented to his mentor, friend, and publisher, Horace Liveright. With his hand on his back, he limped away muttering: "There goes the biographer of George Washington, old W. E. Woodward." I asked him if he had psychoanalyzed the father of our country and he said: "No, I have written about him as if he were plain John Smith. I hate to say goodby to him after all these months, although he is a rather stuffy sort of dinner companion." Woodward may write a play next, or another novel. He says he has lots of themes.

I'm waiting for a letter from Mrs. Woodward, who has promised to tell me the person she suspects is the author of "The Great American Ass". I interviewed him yesterday, by proxy. His publisher tried to give me leads but I am not at all good at conundrums. Biographies as well as autobiographies flourish, especially the disrobing kind. A southern gentleman whose hobby is psychoanalysis has written Benjamin Franklin's life. Benjamin Franklin it seems was somewhat of a ladies' man, particularly in Paris, and he had virtues not generally attributed to him — a certain flair for smart conversation, and a continental sophistication we have never been led to suspect in him. Phillips Russell, the aforementioned biographer, I interviewed by proxy also, since he is in Tennessee on vacation. He wrote his book while in London working as advertising manager of "Printers' Ink". He collected documents in Paris and London which assisted him in writing a significant picture of this American diplomat. Mr. Russell has taken an advertising position in this country but he plans to write more biographies in the modern manner.

Parents and teachers write to ask us if manuscripts submitted in our Children's Book Week Essay Contest may be typewritten. Naturally the weary eyes of the judges are gladdened at the sight of typed pages instead of the prescribed pen and ink. There is just one reservation, however. The manuscript must faithfully record the work of the child, without any corrections of spelling, punctuation, and suchlike by the person who does the transcribing. As to the return of manuscripts: it is extremely difficult to sort out from the hundreds of compositions those whose owners desire to have them back again. We therefore urge contestants to keep copies of their essays instead of requesting the return of the originals. For those who did not read in last month's issue the conditions of the contest, we repeat:

In celebration of Children's Book Week this year we are asking boys and girls of fifteen and under to write an essay describing the one out of all their book friends whom they would select as a chum. Tell us why this particular boy or girl appeals to you, and what you imagine you would do in his or her company. Let's have some fascinating adventures! But be sure that you are not carried away by them to the extent of writing more than 800 words. Essays that exceed this length are ruled out. Nor may the composition be shorter than 300 words. Write in ink on one side of the paper only, and put your name, age, and address in the upper right hand corner of each page. Every composition must be signed by a teacher or parent who vouches for its originality. For the best paper on "My Book Chum" THE BOOKMAN offers twenty five dollars in cash; for the second best, ten dollars' worth of books; and each of the eight remaining prize winners will receive a book of his choosing. Two of the best essays received by October 10 will be printed in the Christmas number. Announcements of awards, and the first and second prize winning essays, will appear in the January issue. Address manuscripts to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" in care of THE BOOKMAN; and be sure to mail them so that they reach New York no later than November 1.

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Charles G. Norris

Portrait by Bertrand Zadig of Charles G. Norris, whose novels of the American scene, the latest of which is "Pig Iron", have won him a place among our foremost realists.

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Portrait by Bertrand Zadig of Louis Bromfield, whose "Early Autumn", the third novel of his American saga, is gaining wide critical praise and public approval

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